

# THE LEGENDS OF THE PANJÂB.

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## PREFACE TO VOLUME II.

A second year of work has enabled me to add twenty-one fresh legends to those already published, and brings to me the task of writing a second preface.

A work of this kind grows upon its author. When I commenced printing I expected to have matter enough to fill some 1,200 of such pages as these volumes contain, but now that this much has been accomplished I find that not only is the work very far from complete, but that the lists so far do not by any means include even all the *celebrated* legends. Matter sufficient to fill Volume III. is already far advanced in preparation, leaving still bulky undigested MSS. to be gone through. Even as I write information comes in of more stories locally of much celebrity, though hitherto unknown to literature; and it is becoming apparent that the comprehensive collection of the Panjâb popular legends is a question of opportunity and patience.

Personally I am much encouraged to proceed onwards, and to do what in me lies towards placing the traditions of the Panjâb populations before European students by the very favourable reception that was accorded to my first attempts to grapple with this heavy task. When the former preface was written my other essay to bring Panjâbî folktales to public notice was yet in the press, but it has been now published some months, and I have been gratified to find that the views I put forward in *Wide-awake Stories* met with a ready acceptance in many places. These views the present volumes are intended to emphasize. Briefly they are as follows:—The collection of folktales should be as comprehensive as possible, detailed, accurate and systematic: the tales thus collected should be separated into two parts—themes and incidents; these parts should be held to be capable of a separate analysis and treat-

ment, and to have a separate history, though a temporarily joint existence: the method of treating them should be the historical, in order to arrive at the facts of which they are the phenomena: and the manner of investigation should be the collection of these phenomena under fixed heads as they appear at certain ascertained and unquestionably connected eras.

Mr. Gomme in the *Folklore Journal* has strongly advocated the view that Folklore should be held to be a 'science,' and the reviewers of his statement seem to be of opinion that though the Folklore Society may accept this the general public is not at all likely to do so. Whether Folklore, like Religion, Language, Mythology, and so on, is a 'science' depends entirely on the manner of study, and that it should be studied as a 'science' cannot, it seems to me, be too strongly insisted on by all earnest students. The serious study of Folklore is a new matter, and at the commencement of all such there are always to be found a certain number of *dilettanti*, who will take up a subject as long as it is light, as well as interesting, and capable of rewarding them with an easily acquired reputation for learning, to drop it the moment others better equipped for the work make it deep enough to be troublesome. As long as the result of the labours of the careful have not reached very far the *dilettante* can easily keep pace with the best of them, and is sure to make much more show; but the force of the old fable of the hare and the tortoise gradually becomes apparent to him, and in time he sinks further and further out of view, as he realizes that the race is not to the swift. Sooner or later then it surely comes about that the student properly so called—the man of science—is left to himself. The early 'collecting' period is the heyday of the light-hearted and the enthusiastic before what is most obvious has been all recorded, and it becomes a laborious task to add fresh matter to the pile, and before, too, it behoves the collector to be careful as to what he puts into his store, lest critics point out that he is accumulating rubbish. Philology had to face a long period of this kind before it could emerge as a true science,—the stigma of empiricism sticks to it still,—and it seems that Folk-

lore is yet in the very midst of one. It should be the duty of those who would see it take its place among the recognized scientific pursuits to raise it to that rank, as philologists have raised the study of tongues.

Except as a science I venture to assert that Folklore is not worth serious study at all. Its nature is such, in the phase of folktales and legends at any rate, as to make its facts largely capable of literary treatment. Such being the case, there is no reason why it should not be made as attractive in a literary sense as possible, provided it loses nothing thereby in scientific precision. Studies are none the better for being shorn of what capabilities for pleasure they may chance to possess, but there this advantage ends. To subordinate science to the tickling of the mental palate is to waste time. In Folklore, for instance, can it be fairly said that, however well told by the *raconteur*, a genuine tale of the people is likely to be a better literary production than a story invented by a genius like Hans Andersen? If the object of a hunt in the by-ways of rustic life is to serve up dainty dishes for the 'general reader,' is it worth while? Would not the time and talents of the hunter be better spent in the writing of novels, which would have the advantage of bringing more grist to the mill?

It must not be thought that the adequate representation of a series of tales is a matter to be lightly undertaken, or one that can be handled with but a slender equipment for the purpose. What ought the proper apprehension of an Indian folktale, for instance, to involve in the case of the original collector and annotator? A knowledge of the particular vernacular of the narrator in its vulgar forms, and this he will find will sooner or later lead him to tread the difficult ways of Indian philology. A wide knowledge of Indian History of all kinds—political, social, and literary,—and that, too, in its most obscure and untrod-den paths; for it is quite impossible to say beforehand where a particular tale will land him in its historical references, and the unraveling of the tangled threads of folk-history in a single tale often necessitates an acquaintance with widely separated portions of the records of the past. A knowledge, too, not easily

acquired, of the religions and social structure, the habits and manners and hereditary customs of the people, their ethnology, antiquities, and philosophy. Geography also of all times and eras will force itself on his attention. Surely a subject which involves all this is well worthy of even those, whose mental endowments are of a high order.

The wide term anthropology covers all the subjects from the examination of which we are led to grasp the details of that complicated structure, the modern human being in his mental and physical aspects. Folklore is, or at least should be, one of these subjects. Just as physiologists are enabled by a minute and exact examination of skulls or teeth or hair and so on to differentiate or connect the various races of mankind, so should Folklorists, as in time I have no doubt they will, be able to provide reliable data towards a true explanation of the reasons why particular peoples are mentally what they are found to be. Folklore then as a scientific study has a specific object and occupies a specific place. Such are the principles, so far as the limited scope of books containing original collections has permitted me, that I have endeavoured to sustain in these volumes. How far I have succeeded in practice in attaining my ideal it is not for me to say.

When a writer is engaged on works of original research he is necessarily teaching himself while he is teaching others, and so it is no matter of wonder to find that as these volumes proceed, the tales they contain are found, as it were, to develop. The first volume began with the adventures of 'Rājā Rasālā,' giving a disconnected series of stories fastened on to the name of this popular hero. Since then the stories of 'Princess Adhik Anūp Dai,' of 'Silā Dai' and of 'Pāran Bhagat,' have appeared, showing that these are really stories, or series of stories, belonging to a cycle, and indiscriminately applied to the Northern Śālivāhana and any of his immediate legendary descendants. These tales, or at any rate some of them, are elsewhere shown to be equally applied to the Southern Śālivāhana; but whether the Northern and Southern Śālivāhanas of modern legend were one and the same personage, or lived at the same

period, I do not think we are yet properly in a position to say. In the *Calcutta Review* for 1884 in an article on Rājā Rasālū I have endeavoured to show that he really did live and who he was, showing at the same time that the history of the tales fastened on to him as a popular hero has no connection with that of himself as a man. These tales, as we accumulate them from different sources, are beginning to show so strong a family likeness to the Sindibād cycle as to presume a common source. It should be remembered that the Sindibād series is demonstrably of Indian origin, and that we have yet to show what has become in modern folklore of its originals on Indian soil. If Rasālū be, as I think, the representative of the Hindū, or perhaps Buddhist, opponents of the first Arab invaders of India in the 8th and 9th Centuries of our era, then he is also the hero of a vast quantity of Arabic-Persian folk-tales which would be well worth investigation. It is to be hoped that some one will be found to take up this phase of the subject.

The tendency of hards is to make their stories run in cycles. They love to connect all their heroes in some way or other, and I think a little reading between the lines of the Indian classical legends shows that this was always the case. Stories are indiscriminately told of several heroes, and if one calls to mind the names of the most celebrated they are sure to be found to belong to a group all genealogically connected with each other. If I mistake not, the Greek and Roman classics exhibit the same phenomena. All this goes to show the truth of what I have previously insisted on, that it must not be presumed that hero and story, or story and incident, have any real historical connection, until it is demonstrated that such is the case. In this volume we find that the modern legend of 'Gopī Chand,' said to have been the nephew of Bhartrihari, is on practically the same lines as a classical one of Bhartrihari himself, who there becomes the elder brother of Vikramāditya. Gopī Chand again has a nephew Rājā Chandarbhān, about whom a legend is told of a nature familiar to folklore students, and this Chandarbhān is described as giving his daughter in marriage to the

grandson of Vikramāditya. This launches us at once into a cycle, for Śālivāhaṇa is closely connected with Vikramāditya in his wars, with whom are connected by family Rasālū, Pûran Bhagat, Sirkap, Hoḍī and a host of others. In the tales of Vikramāditya, Gopī Chand and Chandarbhān, and in those of Śālivāhaṇa, Rasālū, Pûran Bhagat, Sirkap and Hoḍī we have, as it were, the stories of the chief heroes of both sides of what must have been at one time a life and death struggle between races in India. I say 'as it were' advisedly, because it may be taken as established that historically Bhartṛihari and Vikramāditya cannot have belonged to the same era, nor could Hoḍī and Rasālū, while we may take it as fairly certain that Rasālū is only figuratively the 'son' of Śālivāhaṇa, even if he be of the same race. The business of the bard being to make tales interesting, and it being obviously to his interest to connect at least the noble part of his audience by descent with some one or other of the national heroes, the temptation to pious frauds in this direction is clearly great. As the bard is not a model of virtue in any other respect there is no reason to suppose that he resists this temptation, and hence many a purely mythical genealogy may well have arisen from no other cause than a desire to rouse interest in the actors in a tale by connecting them with a great national movement or recognized national heroes. The apparently modern tale of 'Dhol and Mārwan' is attached to the very celebrated story of 'Nala and Damayantī' by making Dhol to be the son of Nala, probably for this reason only. In the stories of the quite modern Panjāb this tendency is strongly marked. It is not likely that the date of Hīr and Rānjhâ as historical personages goes back much beyond 300 years, and the story is really a tribal one of the abduction of a Rājput girl by a man of another race and of the subsequent vengeance of her tribe. But there happens to be a tomb of some local sanctity at Jhang built to this pair of lovers, and in this volume are versions of their story evidently framed so as to connect Rānjhâ as a wonder-working Saint with Gurū Gorakhnāth and to glorify his memory in order to add to the revenues of the tomb. His development into a Saint of the

Sakhî Sarwar type is evidently a mere matter of time and opportunity. In the *Janam Sâkhî*, or orthodox *Life* of Bâbâ Nânak, the founder of the Sikh Religion, are long purely mythical chapters, containing his adventures in lands he could never have seen and his dealings with such personages as Shekh Farid and Bahâ'u'l-haqq, who, as it can be shown to demonstration, were not his contemporaries at all and did not even live in the same century as he did. Several tales are given herein of Sakhî Sarwar, and in them the same tendency to make him the hero of well known stories really attributable to other persons, often as not Hindûs, is strongly visible, and in the succeeding volume will be given a series of stories of the Saints of Jâlandhar, an entirely local and essentially modern body, which will be found to run in the old grooves and not infrequently to be appropriations of portions of older and better known tales. These hagiological legends, too, are made cyclic, *i.e.*, every saint is connected either by descent or adoption with a recognized line. The development then of the Panjâb Legends as research proceeds takes two directions: externally into cycles and internally into groups of details.

In this volume, as in the first one and for the same reason, there has been no attempt at systematic order in recording the tales. Among the heroic legends are XIX 'Râjâ Chandarbhân and Rânî Chand Kuran,' XXIX 'Râjâ Jagdeo,' XXX 'Râjâ Nal,' and XXXI 'Râjâ Dhol.' To this class also belong XVIII 'Râjâ Gopî Chand' and XXXIV 'Pâran Bhagat,' but there is much of the sanctified nature of pure hagiology in these last, as also in the modern series of XXVIII 'Abdu'llah Shâh of Samîn,' XXXVI 'Ismâ'il Khân's Grandmother,' XXXVII 'The Bracelet-maker of Jhang' and XXXVIII 'Hîr and Rânjhâ,' all belonging in various ways to the Siyâl tribal tale of Hîr and Rânjhâ. Of pure tales of Saints are XX about 'Nâmdev,' XXI and XXII about 'Sakhî Sarwar,' XXVI about 'Abdu'l-Qâdir Jîlânî' and XXVII about an obscure Saint 'Rode Shâh.' The others are modern ballads, *viz.*, XXIII 'Châhar Singh,' a Sikh tale, XXIV and XXV tales of Hamâlayan Râjpûts, XXXII of a Râjpût of Central India, XXXIII a quite modern mythical

ballad concerning the murder of an English Officer, and XXXV a national ballad of the Baloches.

I have already explained my method of comparing the incidents in folktales and legends in the Preface to Volume I. and in my Survey of the Incidents in Modern Indian Folktales attached to *Wide-awake Stories*, and it is of no use to go over the same ground here. Suffice it to say that an increasing knowledge of the folktales of India and the examination of greater and greater numbers of them does not enable me to add much to the heads and sub-heads gathered together in the 'Survey,' though they bring an ever-increasing number of data upon which to work. In this volume the fresh evidence gathered is as follows:—

Our old friend the ogre turns up once more as a demon merely, but with the true ogre's attributes of devouring human beings and being slain by the hero, in the story of 'Rājā Jagdeo,' part of which is indeed but a variant of the usual ogre story by which he eats an inhabitant of a city daily together with something else,—in this case 12 loaves of bread. Rājā Jagdeo's demon, however, knows that he is destined to be killed by a person resembling the hero and this much is new. This same story of Jagdeo represents another favorite feature of Indian folktales, the substituted hero, who is here supplanted by a mere accident and not through malice as is usual. He and his younger brother by another mother are born within a few days of each other, but the messenger carrying the news of his birth is outstripped by the other, and so the younger brother is entered in the royal books as the elder and the king refuses to alter the register. 'The hero and his companions' is always a point worth noting, and we find that after Jagdeo is supplanted and is induced to acquiesce in the matter quietly he starts to seek his fortune first with a horse and a servant and afterwards when his first venture is a success with a wife, her maid and a following. The witch pure and simple is only found once in the tale of Pûran Bhagat, where she turns an entire company of *jogis* into bullocks by throwing (enchanted) mustard seeds over them. In a priest-ridden country like



India the doings of Saints and holy personages must always occupy a considerable place in legends, and in this volume, as heretofore, we find them granting sons and position in life, punishing neglect by the infliction of leprosy and curing it again, restoring the dead to life, curing snake-bite through the efficacy of their sacred fires, setting fire miraculously to the city of those that injure them, and bursting the ropes and fetters that bind them. In one case two sons are granted by the old expedient of making the two queens of a king eat an (enchanted) apple. Generosity—in the form of almsgiving to religionists—is highly extolled in all oriental works, and accordingly we here find a semi-religious hero giving *his own head* in alms when asked. A new point about religious mendicants occurs in the refusal of jewels or presents of value as alms.\* Stock miracles usually, but not by any means necessarily always, attributed to certain saints as their specialty frequently occur. Of these may be mentioned of Gorakh Nāth, setting fire to his opponents and burning them to ashes; curing a blinded and crippled hero by procuring eyes for him from Indra through prayer, and making him whole by sprinkling holy-water over him; restoring men metamorphosed into bullocks by tossing his holy ashes over them and patting them; changing women into she-asses by the same process, and restoring them by making them pass his standard; drying up all the wells in a district; making the earth sink in by striking it with his staff; making earrings by shaking them out of his wallet;\* of Nāmdev, raising a dead cow to life, invulnerability to the attacks of elephants: of Pūran Bhagat, restoring life to a dried-up garden by sprinkling water over it, restoring his mother's sight by making a companion throw a kerchief over her, granting his step-mother a son by making her eat miraculous grapes and rice: of Sakhi Sarwar, turning

\* It is to be noted that the cures here are on the usual lines, and that the notion of the inexhaustible bag also occurs. Of Pūran Bhagat it is also related here that he procured miraculous son-giving grapes and rice out of the wallet of a companion at command: a kind of *miracle by proxy*

the gold of an unfaithful follower into brass, and making him vomit whole the food he had digested, making his own fields flourish without cultivation, creating a large following when wanted, filling an empty pitcher with rice and milk, making whole torn-up garments, bringing a horse that had been cut up and eaten to life, making fruit to ripen out of season : of 'Abdu'l-Qâdir Jîlânî, bringing up a boat and its drowned inhabitants from the depths of a river : of Rôde Shâh, making the *dûb* grass green and sweet for ever in reward for furnishing him with a bed of itself, non-liability to be burnt by fire because he escapes in the smoke, destroying a girl's beauty because she deceives him : of Khwâjâ Khizar, re-creating the body of a saint after it had been cut up and eaten by fish : of 'Abdu'llah Shâh of Samîn, bringing a fair wind by making some birds fly away that wore on the shore : of Rânjhâ, transporting a saint by holding his hand and shutting his eyes. In the same way a miracle is attributed to Jai Singh Sawâî, the great astronomer Râjâ of Jaipûr, arising very curiously out of the memory of his scientific proclivities, by which he is made to keep a *private moon of his own* ; but the hero is equal to him, for, sending for Jai Singh's 'moon-makers,' he sets up an opposition moon ! The sanctity of the shrines and tombs of saints is also insisted on repeatedly : to restore such is to procure great wealth and position, and prayer at such is blessed with a long-wished-for son. Deceased saints and ordinary ghosts are mixed up, and *both* are said to be only able to be abroad at midnight. One point among the actors in tales I have previously overlooked, though it occurs once or twice in the first of these volumes, *viz.*, the *avenging hero*. Its occurrence again more than once in this volume inclines me to give it a separate heading in analysis. The typical form of story is that the hero is fated to slay his parents, who take precautions, usually by shutting him up in a pit till the danger is past, to prevent his fulfilling his destiny. An interesting point about Miries turns up in the tale Pûran Bhagat. The heroine, originally a fairy, is attached to the earth for ever, because while sporting in a garden her wings have touched the '(un-

lucky) *aubergine* or egg-plant and have become 'heavy,' so that she cannot fly: an idea prettily varied in a well-known tale in the *Alif Laila*. And lastly, the step-mother once again falls in love with her husband's son, and when repulsed grossly ill-treats him, by having recourse to the old-world devices of Potiphar's wife.

Turning to the progress of the tales we find that the sup-  
planted hero starts the tale by going to seek his fortunes  
at random. Tricks of the usual kind also appear. The hero  
wishes to stop a horseman whom he suspects to be a saint in  
disguise, but the horseman drops his whip, and while the  
hero stoops to pick it up he is off. The heroine pretends  
that a snake has bitten her finger so that the hero her lover  
may be summoned to cure it. In the old tale of Nala and  
Damayanti the gods assume the form of the hero in order to  
puzzle and test the heroine, and in the tale of Dhol and  
Mârwan the heroine's maids all assume her shape to try and deceive  
the hero; this performance being part of those tests before  
marriage which so frequently take the form of impossible tasks  
and impracticable riddles. In this same tale the heroine  
sends messages to the hero, but her rival, his wife, plays a  
series of tricks upon them to prevent the messages from  
reaching their destination. A Brâhman is sent and he is got  
rid of by the favorite trick of seating him on an insecure  
couch placed over the mouth of a concealed well, and then  
comes a minstrel, who is frightened away by the heroine's rival  
assuming a soldier's dress. The minstrel, however, eventually  
turns the tables on her by making the hero's guards very drunk and  
so passing them, and then by cheating the heroine's rival herself.  
She always slept with her husband's clothes tied to her own  
and his signet ring in her mouth: the minstrel cuts the knots  
and inserts his fiddle-string key into her mouth in place of  
the signet ring. In the pretty tale of Chandarbân and  
Chand Karan, the swan, who acts as go-between, compromises  
the heroine with the hero by taking him to her while she is  
asleep and making him exchange rings with her. Her father  
then catches him by sending her a bottle of Holî powder, a red

concoction which the players at this Indian carnival throw over each other, and she, although it is the wrong season, immediately throws this over him: he is therefore at once recognised by his red-stained clothes. This leads us to the means of identifying the hero, so common a feature in folktales. In 'Rājā Dhol' he is identified by the lotus-mark on his leg, in 'Pūran Bhagat' by his voice, and in the tale of Nala and Damayantī the heroine is identified by the manner in which she cooks. Identification by marks leads by a natural transition to the signs of the coming hero, which are seldom wanting. Here we have the hackneyed one of being able to shoot down a brass cup from the top of seven bamboos placed one above the other, varied as shooting down three cups and killing a serpent. These may also be classed as among the impossible task tests, as they are in these instances preliminaries to marriage with the heroine. The Biblical story of Jonah in the Whale's Belly\* has made us familiar with a tale much varied in Indian Folklore, and in *Wide-awake Stories* I have shown that the extraordinary voracity notion is a mere variant of this idea. In this volume a couple of gods, as children, eat up at a sitting a meal meant for 250,000 people! A variant or rather corollary of the idea of extraordinary voracity is that of extraordinary strength. Here we have a hero pushing open the gate of a city and destroying the 15 guns and 55 soldiers behind it at one shove, and the heroine dividing a tigress into halves at one blow to help the hero. As a means of helping on the progress of a tale may be added as new the notion of *miraculous misfortunes* seen in the tale of Nala and Damayantī in the swimming away of a cooked fish and the flying away of a roasted partridge. This unfortunate couple are also entrusted with a necklace on a peg, and suddenly the peg swallows up the necklace and then disappears into the wall! Their account of this occurrence is not believed by the owner, and really he can hardly in reason be blamed for his want of credence! All these three incidents occur

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\* As a conscious variant of this, at page 505, Rānjhā is made to walk alive into Hīr's grave and be swallowed up.

elsewhere in Indian folktales, but have not been classified as now.

We again see the ordinary *deus ex machina* of Indian folktales; the talking animal that steps in to help the actors in the time of need. A cricket gives Rājā Salwān a hair which is to help him in trouble out of gratitude, just as in the former volume one was given to Rājā Rasālū, his son; a friendly crow carries messages between hero and heroine and warns the hero not to visit his wicked step-mother; and a swan helps Princess Chand Karan to meet her lover, apparently because he himself has fallen in love with her, which is a new feature. To imaginations that can swallow a talking animal, a talking thing comes easily enough. In the former volume we had mangoes and plums and plantains and *pipals* and the bed's legs equal to the occasion of the hero's need, and here we have again plum-trees and a lake telling a disconsolate wife whither her faithless husband has gone, and a lamp, a pitcher, a necklace and a conch successively advising the hero not to marry the heroine. The idea is further developed in one case where a sandal tree merely relates its adventures to the heroine as an incident. Heroes and heroines, however, not only have to be helped out of their troubles, but if a story is to be a story they must be brought together. One common way is by the prophetic dream: hero dreams of heroine and heroine of hero and the thing is done. Here we find it used in two such very different tales as those of Jalālī Lohārī and Rājā Dhol. Another favorite device is for the hero to assume the disguise of a *faqīr* and to beg at the heroine's house: this is made successful in a variety of ways, mostly tricks. A loud or miraculous cry will often rouse up the absent when wanted, an idea varied into playing on a miraculous flute or conch. Messengers are not infrequently sent directly from the heroine to the hero: these may be ordinary mortals, or fairies, or, as in the case of Princess Chand Karan, a swan, and as in the case of Princess Mārwan, her father's cranes. In this connection the miraculous vehicle is necessarily in frequent requisition. In the former volume we saw the most extraordinary and unexpected articles in use. Here we find

on various occasions *faqirs* taken across rivers on a grass mat and a mat of loose reeds and again on a gourd and staff ! Rājā Dhol is taken to his mistress on the more ordinary conveyance of a talking camel. These carry us to the subject of enchantments, of which we have a curious instance in Pūran Bhagat's garden, where no birds can fly. Another most effectual way of clinching a tale is the device of telling a story to explain the situation, introduced here with much effect in the story of Gopī Chand. The notion of temporary death, being widely spread throughout Indian folklore, has so dramatic an effect in a story that is not likely to be absent from any collection ; accordingly Gopī Chand's sister dies and is duly brought to life by a saint by the familiar device of being sprinkled with the blood of his little finger.\* Closely connected with this notion is that of miraculous cures in general, and we now have holy earth to cure leprosy, and a dip in water to cure blindness ; and a noteworthy *cure by proxy* in the legend of Rājā Dhol. His camel breaks its leg and the way it is cured is by firing a donkey's leg and applying the fired limb to the camel's wound. The same idea is found in ' Pūran Bhagat,' where the hero cures his mother of blindness by making a companion cast his kerchief over her. A great aid towards investing the actors of folktales with a deeper interest than they would otherwise possess is the capacity for invisibility. This is often natural or inherent, as in the visible and invisible crowds that follow a saint or holy man : a favorite notion that occurs no less than four times in this volume. The quality of invisibility is also used distinctly to help on the tale, as when Nala is made invisible to all but Damayantī on his being sent to her as their messenger by the gods, and as when a groom, and then a shepherd, miraculously help the hero across impassable rivers, and then at once disappear.

To turn to miscellaneous incidents in folktales. The old

\* The mysterious power of blood is curiously exhibited in the legend of Pūran Bhagat, where his executioner slays a fawn instead of him and shows its blood as proof, but as this blood will not stain a pearl cast onto it the trick is exposed.

Indian marriage by public choice of a husband occurs according to the ancient classical ideas, in the *swyamvara* of Damayanti, and so do the favorite punishments of setting the heroine to scare crows and of casting the hero into a well and covering the mouth with a stone, varied in the case of Pâran Bhagat by the addition of maiming. Gambling, which appears to be to the vulgar Indian mind the usual and proper occupation of the great and wealthy, takes various marvellous shapes in these pages and is actually upheld as one of Nala's virtues. A queen gambles with a king for her brother's head; and the hero gambles with his younger brother for his kingdom and wealth, and then for his body and jewels. Gambling for extraordinary stakes also appears as one of the 'impossible' conditions before marriage with the heroine on more than one occasion. That common variant in India of the delicate heroine which makes her weight only one flower, or more commonly five flowers, is again seen in Princess Chand Karan, who is weighed daily against flowers and who, when she falls away from the paths of strict virtue, outweighs them and is so found out. The ordeals that occur are of the usual type: plunging the right hand into boiling oil to prove innocence, and being drawn up out of a well by a rope of a single strand made by an unmarried virgin\* to prove holiness. Lastly we are treated to one or two omens, though these, so very common in every-day Indian folklore, are somewhat conspicuous by their absence in the folktales. It is lucky, we find, to meet a pregnant woman with her implements of trade and a horseman riding with a bridal procession when starting on an important errand, and unlucky for a partridge to call on the right and a crow on the left during a journey.

Such numbers as occur are found to follow the same lines as in all other collections. The most frequent is *twelve*, the old holy number, as a measure of age and space especially, and there are indications of the common occurrence of *two*, *four*, *eight* and *sixteen* as parts of twelve, the last being one

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\* *Married* virgins are of course common in India, where girls are married from three years old and upwards.

and a quarter of twelve. In the same way *eighteen* would seem to be meant for one and a half of twelve. *Thirty-two* is I think merely used as a double of sixteen. *Three* and its multiple *nine* are very common, and so is the familiar *seven*. *Thirty-six* appears to be used as a conscious combination of three and twelve, and *eighty-four* of seven and twelve. *Five* is very common in this volume and its before-noticed aliquot parts *two and a half* and *one and a quarter*: the rather frequent use of *three-quarters* is probably due to the native love of fractional numbers. In this connection *three and a half* turns up as (?) an aliquot part of seven. The combinations of three and five in *fifteen* and of five and twelve in *sixty* are also found. *Fourteen* and *twenty-one* are probably conscious multiples of seven. *Eleven* also finds a place and the celebrated Indian numeral *fifty-two*. *Forty-nine*, possibly as seven times seven, occurs, and for the rest the large numbers are mere exaggerations of the familiar small ones as in *one hundred and sixty*, *eighty*, *seventy* and *three hundred and sixty*: and again in *sixteen hundred*, a favorite number for wives (!) and *seventy hundred*. But *ten* and *one hundred* are themselves not at all common. Numbers in groups are not uncommon; seventy and seventy-two together being frequent in the tale of Hîr and Rânjhâ.

I have adhered to the plan of the first volume and made my notes as short as possible, avoiding dissertations on matters still unsettled in the world of research, and have given linguistic notes only where such were unavoidable. One or two reviewers have said it was a pity that I have so confined myself, but to do otherwise would be to change the character of the work, which merely aims at giving data for future disquisitions when the subjects involved shall have been more thoroughly mastered than it is at present the case. It does not seem to me advisable to burden my pages with footnotes on philological matters which may well be disputed, and such a course would moreover enormously add to my labours without any adequate benefit to the student. The temptation to discourse upon the many—the very many I may



say—interesting forms that occur in nearly every legend is, I admit, great.

I have again given much prominence to the legends of saints and holy personages, and it seems to me that my former remarks as to the importance of this branch of popular lore in India are confirmed by the evidence adduced now. I have long had a favorite theory that the average villager one meets in the Panjâb and Northern India is at heart neither a Muhammadan, nor a Hindu, nor a Sikh, nor of any other Religion, as such is understood by its orthodox—or to speak more correctly authorized—exponents, but that his ‘Religion’ is a confused unthinking worship of things held to be holy, whether men or places; in fact Hagiolatry. These legends of saints as herein given speak to the beliefs of the peasantry with an authority that no amount of argument can controvert, and it seems to me that a careful reading of them forces such a conclusion on the student. I purpose giving many more of these saintly stories in the succeeding volume, and it will be found that they are all framed on the same line, and are the outcome of the same mental habits.

I have again to record with gratitude much help unselfishly given me. In this volume my chief helper has been Mr. M. Longworth Dames, of the Civil Service, who has placed at my disposal such of his Baloch legends or stories as are suited to my pages, and has moreover performed upon them all the work necessary in translation and annotation. He has also given me the benefit of his great linguistic learning and local knowledge. I owe to him now, and shall continue to owe, much that is most valuable in my volumes. Legends procured by Mrs. F. A. Steel, Mr. J. G. Delmerick, Mr. Denzil Ibbotson, Mr. M. Macauliffe, Sirdâr 'Atar Singh of Bhadaur, and Ghulâm Hussain Khân of Kasûr also appear. Mr. A. P. Webbe, of Baraut, in the Merâth District, has, through a well known bard, supplied me with several admirable stories to enrich the coming volume. Chainâ Mall and his assistants have again given me the benefit of their valuable labours.

In conclusion I may add that my official work during the past year in no way diminished, and that the difficulties thus unavoidably thrown in the way of producing a satisfactory book have been as great as before.

R. C. TEMPLE.

*Ambala, May 1885.*

# THE LEGENDS OF THE PANJÂB.

## NO. XVIII.

### THE LEGEND OF RÂJÂ GOPÎ CHAND, AS PLAYED AT JAGÂDHRI IN THE AMBÂLÂ DISTRICT

[This wearisome agglomerate of interminable platitudes is one of the most favorite *swangs* or metrical plays of the Panjâbîs. It is valuable in so far as it belongs to the cycle of legends that has collected round the memory of the great Saṁskṛit author, Bhartṛihari. Gopi Chand is always described as being his nephew (*bhāīyā*, sister's son), and usually goes by the name of Gopi Chand Bhartari or Bhartali.]

[The Legend of Gopi Chand closely follows that of Bhartṛihari himself, in that he gave up his kingdom and became a religious mendicant, it being remembered that popularly Bhartṛihari was the elder brother of Vikramāditya, in whose favour he abdicated.]

[In the Legend Gopi Chand's capital is called Dhâranagar, which I take to be Dhârā, the seat of Vikramāditya. The hero's country is, however, said to be Gurū Bangālā or Bengal, while the bards always understand Panipat by Dhâranagar.]

#### TEXT.

#### SWÂNG RÂJÂ GOPÎ CHAND.

- 1 Sibh ke sut gaz badan hain ! churan niwâṁn sîs !  
Pair padam Gaurîpati, kirpâ karo Jagdîs !

#### TRANSLATION.

#### *The Legend of Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

- 1 The son of Siva is elephant-bodied !\* (At his feet) I  
bow my head !  
O Lotus-footed Lord of Gaurî,† Lord of the Earth,  
favor me !

\* Ganesa is the god of all beginnings.

† Śiva as the husband of Devî = Gaurî, Gauri, Gaurjâ.

- Kirpā karo Jagdīs ! Māt merī karo kañṭh meñ bāsā !  
 Chhand gyan sur karo: ānke dekheñ log tamāshā !  
 5 Gopī Chand ke sāng kahan kī dil ko lag rahī āsā.

Rahte Shahr Ujjain Rāo nit karto bhog bilāsā.  
 Gauṛ Bangālā, des jinhon kā tyāg dīā biswāsā.

Kahte Bansi Lāl, " Māt merī, pūran kījo āsā !"

*Muktāl.*

- 10 " Māt Shākumbharī, Māt,  
 Ānke karo sahāi !  
 Main mūrakh āgyān,  
 Budh dījo, Mahā Māt !"

- Favor me, Lord of the Earth ! O mother,\* take up thy  
 abode in my throat !  
 Give me knowledge of good verses: the people have  
 come to see the play !  
 5 I have a strong desire in my heart to relate the Legend  
 of Gopī Chand.

The King lived in the City of Ujjain in every comfort  
 and happiness.  
 Gauṛ and Bangāl was the home of him who had given  
 up all care.

Saith Bansi Lāl,† " Mother mine, fulfil my hope !"

*Refrain.*

- 10 " Mother Shākumbharī,‡ O mother,  
 Come and be my help !  
 I am simple and ignorant,  
 Give me wisdom, great mother."

\* Saraswatī, goddess of speech.

† The author, see *ante*, Vol. I., p. 122.

‡ Devī, see *ante*, Vol. I., p. 122.

- Gopī Chand mahilon chale, dhar Ganpat kâ dhyân,  
 Â utare ranwâs moi karan lagô âshnân :
- 15 Kuran lage âshnân Râo ne, chandan chauk bichhâi !  
 Chamkat badan kanak jaisâ, aur mukh chandar kî niyâi,  
 Nikasâ bhân gagan meñ Surij kî ik jot chhip chhâi.  
 He mirg nain, kanyth koil, mukh wâ âpmâ kahî jâi !  
 Morî baithî, nain nihârî Mainâwantî Mâi :
- 20 Tap tap âusâ parê dharan pur, thamti nahîñ thamâi :

*Rânî Mainâwantî.*

“ Adhbhut râp nihârî !  
 Bharosâ har kâ Bihârî,  
 Rukhîñ charan lo lîn !  
 Madan, Mohan, Girdhârî !”

- Gopī Chand went into the palace and worshipped  
 Ganpat,\*  
 And going into the palace he began to bathe.
- 15 The King began to bathe, and placed his sandal-wood  
 chair.  
 His body shone like gold and his face as the shining of  
 the moon.  
 His glory so appeared in the heavens that the splendour  
 of the sun was eclipsed.  
 O eyes like the antelope's, throat like the cuckoo's, face  
 beyond praise !  
 At the window sat his mother Mainâwantî weeping.
- 20 Drop drop fell her tears on the ground, and ceased  
 not for (all) her trying.

*Rânî Mainâwantî.*

“ I behold his lovely form  
 God,† the hope of all,  
 I give thee my worship, take it !  
 Madan, Madhan, Girdhârî.”‡

Guncân.

† Kṛishṇa.

‡ Names for Kṛishṇa.

*Rājā Gopī Chand.*

- 25 “ Purwā pachhwā hai nahīn; he Dātā, kyā kīn ?  
Nahīn gagan mein bādārī, bānd paṛī do tīn !  
Bānd paṛī do tīn : bāndīn kaun disā se āī ?”

Sis uthāke dekhān lāge, na kuchh dīā dikhāī.  
Jo dekh morī mein baithī Maināwantī Māt.

*Rājā Gopī Chand.*

- 30 “ Kyā ranwās kisī Rānī ne khoṛī bāt sunāī ?  
Khāl kaḥāke bhūs bharwā dūn ; dūn bhanurī girwāe.  
Sachī bāt batā de, Mātā ; kyān nan rudan lagāī ?  
Main Gopī Chand Rājā,  
Jagat ke sārūn kājā,  
35 Wo Trilokīnāth,  
Hāth un ke hai lājā !”

*Rājā Gopī Chand.*

- 25 “ Nor east wind nor west : O God, what hast thou  
done ?  
No clouds in the sky and two or three drops fell !  
Two or three drops fell : whence have the drops fallen ?”

He lifted his head to see, and could see nothing,  
But when he saw his mother Maināwantī sitting in the  
window (he said) :

*Rājā Gopī Chand.*

- 30 “ What ! hath any Queen of the palace said shameful  
words to thee ?  
I will flay her skin and fill it with chaff ; I will throw  
her into a pit.  
Tell me the truth, mother, why is thine heart sorrowful ?  
I am Gopī Chand the King,  
I do my duty in the world.  
35 The Lord of the Three Worlds,  
In his hands lies my honour !”

*Rîni Mainâwantî.*

- “ Aī botâ, sun lîjiye ; kahôn gyan kî bāt.  
 Dekh tumhâre rūp ko main sochôn din rât.  
 Main sochôn din rât : putr, main tujh ko bachan sunâyâ.  
 40 Pitâ tere kî sunder murtî jalke hogî chhâyâ.  
 Lîjo jog, suphal ho jag meû, amar rahegî kâyâ.  
 Yeh supnâ sansâr jagat hai jhûthâ jâl banâyâ.  
 Sat kâran jâke Harî Chand phir janam nahîn pâyâ.  
 Dhru, Pahlâd, nâr Gotam kî nâ mehîn sat ñigâyâ.

*Rîni Mainâwantî.*

- “ My son, hear me ; I speak words of wisdom.  
 Seeing thy beauty I ponder day and night.  
 I ponder day and night my son : I will tell thee some-  
 thing.  
 40 The glorious body of thy father hath been burnt and  
 become a shade  
 Take the saintship, it will prosper thee in the world and  
 thy body will remain deathless.  
 This world is a dream, this world is a false tangle.  
 Living in the way of truth, Hariśchandra\* was not  
 born again.  
 Dhruva, Prahlâda, and the wifo of Gotama did not lose  
 (sight of) the truth.†

\* Allusion to the legend of Hariśchandra's piety "conquering heaven" and procuring him a seat there "Not to be born again" is the *summum bonum* of a believer in metempsychosis, as all natives are

† Dhruva, rewarded by being made into the pole-star, became a *jogî* like Gopî Chand. Prahlâda, the son of Hiranyakāshipu, was the devoted follower of Vishnu in spite of all his father's persecutions. He was finally united with Vishnu. Ahalyâ, the wife of the Rishi Gotama, the personification of beauty, was deceived by Indra into thinking him to be her husband, so her adultery was no fault of hers : such is the popular story.

LEGENDS, OF THE PANJÂB.

- 45                   Putr, tû jogî ho jâ.  
                       Mân le kahî hamârî.  
                       Yeh kanchan sî deh,  
                       Amar ho jâgî thârî!"
- Râjâ Gopî Chand.*
- "Ai Mâtâ, tain sach kahî, hai jhûthâ janjâl.  
 50 Yeh solâh sau Rânîân, in kâ kaun aḥwâl ?  
       In kâ kaun aḥwâl ? nahîn kaniyân parnâî.  
       Tû hûî nipat nâdân, dayyâ tujh ko nahîn âî!  
       Ai Mâtâ rî, nâ âge putr râj kâ thâmanhârâ."
- Aise kahke bachan nain se âûsû dârâ.
- Râjâ Gopî Chand.*
- 55 "Aisâ bachan kathor, Mât, hain se kah dînâ.  
       Mât pitâ sut jog kahô kis kis-ko dînâ ?

- 45                   My son, become a *jogî*.  
                       Hearken to my words.  
                       Thy glorious body  
                       Will become deathless "
- Râjâ Gopî Chand.*
- "O mother, thou speakest truly, (the world) is a false  
       tangle.  
 50 (But) these sixteen hundred queens (of mine), what will  
       happen to them ?  
       What will happen to them ? Nor is my daughter  
       married.  
       Thou art very foolish, and hast no mercy !  
       O mother, I should not leave a son (behind me) to  
       guard my kingdom."
- Saying this tears fell from his eyes.
- Râjâ Gopî Chand.*
- 55 "Hard are the words, mother, that thou hast said to me.  
       What father or mother hath ever urged a son to be a  
               *jogî* ?



- Suno, Mainâwantî Mâi,  
 'Aqal tain kahân gaurwâi?  
 Ham ko detî jog!  
 60 Dayyâ tujh ko nahîn âi !”

*Rânî Mainâwantî.*

- “ Betâ, tain jâne nahîn, Râm Nâm hai amol.  
 Phir janam pâve nahîn jo Har ke ân kol.  
 Jo Har ke ân kol, Râm padh aisû piyârâ.  
 Mahmân hai param pâl, Nigam pâve nahîn parâ.  
 65 Ai betâ ro, jag meñ hai Srf Râm bol, dũjâ nahîn kol.  
 Kyûñ nahîn lete jog, mukat donoñ gat hoi ?  
 Kĩû Bhartarî jog gyân se man chit layâ.  
 Chaurâsî hũ sidh, Nâm Har kâ gun gâyâ.”

- Hear, Mainâwantî, my mother,  
 Where hast left thy reason ?  
 Thou wouldst give me the saintship,  
 60 Having no pity in thee !”

*Rânî Mainâwantî.*

- “ My son, thou dost not know that the Name of God is  
 beyond price.  
 They are not born again who approach Hari.\*  
 That approach Hari, so lovely is the service of God !  
 So infinite is his glory, that the Scripture hath not  
 fathomed it.  
 65 O my son, in this world is the name of the Holy  
 God taken, there is no second (to him) !  
 Why not take the saintship, and obtain salvation in  
 both worlds ?  
 Bhartarî sought the knowledge of the saintship with  
 heart and soul.  
 Released from the eighty-four (transmigrations of souls)  
 he praised the Name of Hari.”

Vishnu, i.e., God.

*Rājā Gopī Ohand.*

- “Ai mātā yeh charaj\* kyā ? ham se kuhā na jāc.  
 70 Parde andar tū raho, kahūn tumhoū samjhāc.  
 Kahūn tumhoū samjhāc : gyān kis se tū lāi ?  
 Kaun gurū taiñ kī ? mujh so de bhed batāc.  
 Mujh ko yeh sandeh hai, kahūn jāno na pāc ?  
 Āth pahar din rain ruhī chintā nit yalhān.  
 75 Tūn Rājōñ kī sutiya, kīe taiñ bhog bilāsā ;  
 Kahe agam kī bāt : baīā yeh ajab tamāshā !”

*Rānī Maināwantī.*

“Ai betā, sun lījīye kis se pâyā gyān.  
 Hai Gurū morā Gorakh jatī ; sat sat karko jān.  
 Sat sat karko jān ; ro betā, Gurū Gorakh maiñ pâyā.

*Rājā Gopī Ohand.*

- “Oh mother, what wonder is this ? I cannot say it.  
 70 Thou livest in secret,† I tell thee.  
 I tell thee ; who gave thee this knowledge ?  
 Whom hast thou made preceptor ? Tell me the secret.  
 I have doubts that will not leave me.  
 During the eight watches day and night‡ doth this  
 trouble ever remain with me.  
 75 Thou art a king's daughter, that hast dwelt in ease and  
 comfort,  
 And thou speakest unfathomable words : a truly  
 wondrous thing is this.”

*Rānī Maināwantī.*

“O my son, hear from whom I have learnt knowledge.  
 The holy Gorakh (Nāth) is my preceptor : know this  
 for a very truth.  
 Know this for a very truth. O my son, I have found  
 Gurū Gorakh (Nāth).

\* For *achar*.

† Behind the screen.

‡ The livelong day.

- 80 Charpaṭ Nāth merā Gur bhāī, jog panth main dhyāyā.  
 Paṛdā andar baiṭh, Kañwar, main Har charnan chit lāyā.  
 Antar jog kamāo, beṭā, sukhī rahegī kāyā.”

*Rājā Gopī Chand.*

“Ai mātā, ham jāt haiñ, jogī hon faqīr.”

- Itñ kahke chal paṛe, nainon ḍhalte nīr.  
 85 Nainon ḍhalte nīr, Kañwarjī, chale bāgh meñ āe,  
 Jahāñ baiṭhe the Nāth Jalandhar, jukke sīs niwāe.

*Rājā Gopī Chand.*

“He Gur Deo ! Karo tum kirpa ! Mātā ne tumheñ batāe.

- 80 Charpaṭ Nāth\* is my brother disciple : I am bent on  
 the doctrines of the saintship.  
 Sitting in secret, my Prince, I bent my heart to the  
 worship of Hari.  
 My son, practise the real *yogā*† and thy body will remain  
 at ease.”

*Rājā Gopī Chand.*

“My mother, I go to be a penniless *jogī*.”

- Saying this he went off, dropping tears from his eyes.  
 85 Dropping tears from his eyes, the Prince went into the  
 garden,  
 Where sat Jalandhar Nāth‡ whom he respectfully.  
 saluted.

*Rājā Gopī Chand.*

“Hail, my Lord Gurū ! Have mercy ! My mother sent  
 me to thee.

\* Nothing is known of this worthy apparently.

† *Yogā*, the modern *jog*, may be best described as being the science of abstraction from worldly affairs. It is the ‘devotion’ of a ‘devotee’ (*jogī*).

‡ The opponent of Gorakh Nāth and Machhandar Nāth, therefore, flourished 15th century A.D.

- Kân phârke mundrâ dâlo ; jog len ko âe.  
 Nâth, chelâ kar lîjo ;  
 90 Jog kâ rastâ dîjo ;  
 Chîro mere kân ;  
 Âj, Gur, kirpâ kîjo.”

*Jalandhar Nâth.*

- “Jâ, landî ke, bhâg jâ ! kyûn chirwâve kân ?  
 Bâlî ’umar nâdân hai : tû kyâ jâne gyân ?  
 95 Tû kyâ jâne gyân ? Bâware, kis ne tujhe bahkâyâ ?  
 Kyâ kuchh tujh par bhîr parî hai, jog len ko âyâ !  
 Nâ koi din râj kîâ hai ! nâ koi din khâyâ !  
 Jâo mahil ko, baith, Râojî : kyûn phirtâ bharmâyâ ?  
 Abhî jaldî se jâo.

- Bore my ears, put in the (*jog's*) ring : I am come to  
 take the saintship.  
 My Lord, make me a disciple.  
 90 Show me the way of devotion.  
 Bore my ears.  
 Have mercy, Gurû, on me to-day.”

*Jalandhar Nâth.*

- “Go, thou son of a cur ! Be off !\* why bore thy ears ?  
 Thou art young and foolish : what dost thou know of  
 knowledge ?  
 95 What dost thou know of knowledge ? Who has been  
 deceiving thee, thou fool ?  
 Hath any misfortune befallen thee, that thou hast come  
 to take the saintship ?  
 Thou hast hardly ruled yet ! thou hast hardly spent  
 thy days !  
 Go, Sir King, and sit in thy palace : why be deceived ?  
 Go off at once.

\* Usual abuse from *faqîrs* : see *ante*, Vol. I., p. 141.

- 100 Kâheko jog kamâo ?  
 Chhattîs bhojan chhor.  
 Nahîn sukh is men pao ! ”

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

- “ Nâ mujh par kuchh bhîr ; nâ ham haiñ dilgîr.  
 Mâtâ ne samjhâcke lâyâ badan men tîr.  
 105 Lâyâ badan men tîr : yeh mainî mâtâ ne samjhâyâ ;  
 ‘ Kanchan kâyâ jalî pitâ kî ! ’ Yeh dîshînt batâyâ.  
 Agam-nikam kâ gyân sunâke takht râj chhutwâyâ.  
 Ai Gur Deo, karo kirpâ : mainî jog len ko âyâ.”

*Jalandhar Nâth.*

- “ Aisî terî mâtâ bâwarî hogî nipat nâdân !  
 110 Tujh ko jog diwâutî, aur barâ batâve gyân !

- 100 Why take on the saintship ?  
 Leaving thy thirty-six kinds of food\*  
 To gain no pleasure ! ”

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

- “ I have no trouble : I have no sorrow.  
 My mother’s injunction hath pierced my body (as) an  
 arrow.  
 105 Hath pierced my body as an arrow ; for this did she  
 enjoin :  
 ‘ Thy father’s glorious body was burnt’ : this was the  
 end she showed me.  
 Teaching me the knowledge of the Scriptures she  
 induced me to give up my throne.  
 O my Lord Gurû, have mercy : I am come to take on  
 the saintship.”

*Jalandhar Nâth.*

- “ Thus is thy mother a fool ; she is altogether foolish.  
 110 She giveth thee devotion and showeth it to be very  
 knowledge !

\* The conventional term for good living.

Barā batāve gyân ! Ik terī bālī 'umar almastā !  
 Jog panth yeh barā kaṭhan hai ; kyūn nâhaqq meñ  
 phaṇstā ?  
 Rāj karo, ghar baiṭho jāke : barā kaṭhan yeh rastā !  
 Albat jog nahīn sidhne kâ ; barā bikat yeh rastā ! ”

*Rājā Gopī Chand.*

- 115 “ Aji Nāth, sun lĳo, main hūn nipat nādān.  
 Jog panth se na talūn, jo ho parbat samān.  
 Jo ho parbat samān ; Nāth, main albat jogī hoṅgā.  
 Ai Gur Deo, kirpā karo : main charan kañwal chit dūṅgā.  
 Jaun sikh batlāo mujh ko, wahī sikh main lūṅgā.  
 120 Bhasham ramāe, kānoñ meñ mundrā, tamharī tahl  
 karūṅgā ! ”

Showeth it to be very knowledge ! Firstly, thou art  
 in the bloom of youth !  
 And the path of devotion is very rough, why be involved  
 in it uselessly ?  
 Be a king and go home : *this* way is very rough !  
 Truly thou canst not perform devotion ; very steep is  
*this* road ! ”

*Rājā Gopī Chand.*

- 115 “ O my Lord, hear me, I am altogether unlearned.  
 I will not deviate from (the path of) the saintship, be it  
 as difficult as a mountain.  
 Be it as difficult as a mountain : My Lord, I will surely  
 be a *jogī*.  
 O my Lord Gurū, have mercy : I will meditate at thy  
 lotus feet.  
 What thou teachest, even that will I learn.  
 120 Rubbing on ashes, putting the rings in my ears, will I  
 do thee service. ”

*Jalandhar Nâth.*

- “ Hai kaun ’umar, Râjâ, terî ? Kiâ jog kâ khiyâl ?  
 Jâo, kahûn, ghar âpne, chalo nît kî châl.  
 Chalo nît kî châl, Râojî : tum âpne ghar jâo.  
 Chhattis bhanjan chhor, Kanwar, kyûn jog panth  
 men âo ?
- 125 Hamrâ dîth nahîn partâ hai ; ghar apne ko jâo.  
 Râj nît kâ dhyân lagâkar baithe râj kamâo.”

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

- “ Nâ jânûn main nît ko, lagâ jigar men gyân.  
 Ab gudî baithûn nahîn, tere charan se dhyân.  
 Tere charan se dhyân, Nâthjî : nâ mujh ko bharmâo.
- 130 Kân chîrke mundrâ dâlo, jogî bhekh banâo.  
 Ai Gur Deo, karo kirpâ ; ab zarâ der na lâo.  
 Bhasham ramâke, galî mân selî, yehî gyân kî pâo.”

*Jalandhar Nâth.*

- “ What is thy age, Râjâ ? Hast ever thought on devotion ?  
 Go home, I tell thee, and bear thyself straightly.  
 Bear thyself straightly, Sir King : get thee home.  
 Giving up the thirty-six dishes, my Prince, why enter  
 the santship ?
- 125 I will not see thee : get thee home.  
 Bend thy mind to thy royal duties and be a king.”
- Râjâ Gopî Chand.*
- “ I know nothing of polity, (celestial) knowledge is my  
 heart's (desire).  
 I will not now sit on the throne, I am bent on (sitting  
 at) thy feet.  
 I am bent on (sitting at) thy feet, my Lord ; deceive  
 me not.
- 130 Bore my ears, put in the rings, turn me into a *jogî*.  
 O my Lord Gurû, have mercy : delay not now at all.  
 Rub on the ashes, put the necklace\* round my neck,  
 and give me of this knowledge.”

\* The *selî* is the black necklace peculiar to mendicants or devotees.

*Jalandhar Nâth.*

- “Jo tum jogî hot ho suno gyân kâ tant.  
 Pânchoñ indri bas karo, jab jân jog panth.  
 135 Jab jân jog panth, Râo, tum tez krodh ko mâro.  
 Mân ko mâr, gañ ko mâro, jab jân jog sidhâro.  
 Jog panth kâ jûâ khelo hai rûj nî ko hâro.  
 Itnâ kâm karo, re bachchâ, jog matâ jab dhâro.”

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

- “Ai Mantri, inhoñ kyâ kahâ is jogî no gyân ?  
 140 Hukke phir sunâo de, mujhe pa'e nahiñ jân.  
 Mujhe pa'e nahiñ jân. Nâthji, kyâ kuchh gyân sunâyâ ?  
 Ai Mantri, batlâ de mujh ko, tere samajh meñ âyâ ?

*Jalandhar Nâth.*

- “If thou wilt be a *jogî*, listen to the teachings of  
 knowledge.  
 By subduing the five passions wilt thou know the saint-  
 ship.  
 135 Thou wilt know the saintship, my king, by subduing  
 thy hot temper.  
 Destroy thy self-conceit, destroy thy pride,\* then know  
 that thou hast encompassed the saintship.  
 In playing at the game of devotion thou must lose  
 (the game of) royal polity.  
 Do this much, my son, and then understand the saint-  
 ship.”

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

- “O my minister, what saith this *jogî* of knowledge ?  
 140 Tell it me again, I did not understand.  
 I did not understand. My Lord, what knowledge didst  
 thou teach ?  
 O my minister, tell me ; didst thou understand ?

There is a play here on the meaning of the words *mân* and *gañ*, and the Râjâ is made to misunderstand them : see below line 148.



Mukh se bāt kabī kuchh khoṭī ? Merā jī larjāyā !  
Is jogī kī bāt karan se merā kalījā khāyā.”

*Mantrī.*

- 145 “ Ai Râjâ, sun lījīye, man chit karo bichâr.  
Hai yeh jogī koî bâwarâ, nahīn bolâ bachan sambhâr.  
Bolâ bachan sambhar, Râojī ; yeh jogī bharmâyâ.  
‘ Mân ko mâr, gaû ko mâro,’ aisâ bachan sunâyâ ?  
Yeh bātân to sunke, Râjâ, hamrâ jī lalchâyâ.  
150 Khoṭī bāt kahī, khoṭī ne sunke mainī ghabarâyâ ? ”

*Râjâ Gopī Chand.*

“ Jaise jogī aise kaho khotī mukh se bain.  
Jald kueñ meñ dâl do, jabhī paregī chain !  
Jabhī paregī chain hamârī ! Is jogī ko mâro !  
Ger kûñe meñ ! Nâm na lījo ! Upar silâ utâro !

Spake he not evil words with his lips ? My heart is  
beating !

The words of this *jogī* have pierced my heart ! ”

*Minister.*

- 145 “ O Râjâ, hear me, ponder it in thy heart.  
This *jogī* is a fool and speaketh not words polite.  
Speaketh not words polite, Sir King ; this *jogī* deceiveth.  
‘ Slay thy mother, kill thy cow ! ’\* this is what he said.  
Hearing these words, Râjâ, my heart grieveth.  
150 Evil words spake he : evil I hear and am astonished.”

*Râjâ Gopī Chand.*

“ What *jogī* is this that saith such evil words ?  
Throw him quickly into a well and then shall I have  
peace !  
Then shall I have peace ! Kill this *jogī* !  
Throw him into a well ! Take not his name ! Put a stone  
over it !

---

\* The two greatest crimes an orthodox Hindû can commit ; but see line 136.

- 155 Kankar, pathar, retâ, mittî, lîd, bahot se dâro !  
Yeh jogî kahîû jāne na pāve ! Yeh man bîch bichâro ! ”

Gorakh jogî â gayâ, ang babbhû ramâe.  
Kânîpâ ke sâmhne d̥ere d̥ie lagâe.  
Gorakh kahe :

*Gurû Gorakh Nâth.*

“ Suno, ɾe chelâ, kand mol tum lāo.

- 160 Kânîpâ kî gai maṇḍalî, unhn̄ ke sang jāo.  
Bhâjî sâg banâke achhâ, khûb tarah se khāo.  
Pahile karo âtmâ ṭhaṇḍî, pîchhe dhyân lagāo.  
Yeh hai Kartâ kî mâyâ.  
Bahot sukh meṇ phal pâyâ.

- 155 Rocks and stones and sand and earth and filth heap  
over it !

Let not this *jogî* escape ! Ponder this in thy mind ! ”\*

(Gurû) Gorakh (Nâth) came with ~~herbs~~ rubbed on his  
body.

And took up his abode opposite Kânîpâ.†

Gorakh (Nâth) said :

*Gurû Gorakh Nâth.‡*

“ Hear, my disciple, buy thou some herbs.

- 160 Kânîpâ's party hath gone (to cook), do thou join them.  
Cook thy herbs well and eat thy fill.  
First make thy mind (to be) at peace and then meditate.  
This is the mystery of God.  
I have enjoyed its fruit greatly.

\* The story breaks off here and is taken up again at line 224 The intervening lines relate incidents to show how the saint's followers came to hear of his mishap, so as to get him out of his trouble.

† A follower of Jalandhar Nâth, and therefore an opponent of Gorakh Nâth.

‡ To his own follower.

- 165 Is jangal ke bîch.  
 Âj jogî jan âyâ."

*Chelâ.*

- "Yeh bhâjî sab dâl, Jogîjî, jitnî tumhare pâsâ.  
 Kutko mâre angint kare badan kâ nâsâ !  
 Yeh sansâ man uñhî, Gurûjî ; kahûn tumhare pâsâ.  
 170 Tum pâre sat gur ho, Swâminî, met shakal man sânsâ."

Ân Gurû po rowan lâge bahot machâyâ shor.

*Chelâ.*

"He, mere Gur Deo Niranjan, nâhaqq kînâ jor.  
 Ham sang karen gharab kî bâtân, bahot machâveñ shor.  
 Yâ to us ko âp barjalo, nahîn, bano aur se aur."

- 165 Into this forest  
 Hath a jogî come to-day."

*Disciple.\**

- "Throw away all these herbs, Sir Jogî, all that thou  
 hast.  
 Be thy body destroyed by countless blows !  
 A doubt hath arisen in my mind, Sir Gurû ; I tell it  
 thee.  
 170 If thou be a real and true teacher, my Lord, blot out  
 all my doubt."

He came back to Gurû (Gorakh Nâth) raising a great  
 cry.

*Disciple.*

"Ho, my Lord, my godlike† Gurû, they used force to  
 me without reason.  
 They used harsh words to me and made a great noise.  
 Either do thou punish, or I will devise some other  
 (punishment)."

\* To Kânipâ.

† The extravagance of the epithet *Niranjan*, a specific attribute of  
 the deity, is noteworthy.

*Gurû Gorakh Nâth.*

- 175 "Jâo, re chelâ, is waqt men lâgî surt hamârî.  
Aise bachan kaho mukh sotî phûte ðibiyâ thârî.  
Un ke phor, cha-hâo apnî, khûb karo tarkârî :  
Wâ dekhenge, tum khâoge; rudan parêgâ bhârî."

*Chelâ.*

- "He Gurû, Deo bidyâ ke, apne chîtak hî dikhlâi.  
180 ðibiyâ chhîn lîc hai mhârî, tan men agan lagâi.  
Us jogî pe, Gurû, hamâro kuchh nâ par basâi.  
Aisâ kirpâ karo, Nâth, woh dete phirên dohâi."

*Gurû Gorakh Nâth.*

- "Mâno, chele, bachan hamârâ, nâ dil men ghabarâo.  
Phûteñ ðibiyâ sabhî uuhon kî aisâ sabd sunâo.  
185 Un kî phoro, aur pare bijâo, apno ân chahî bân."

Gorakh kahe :

*Gurû Gorakh Nâth.*

- 175 "Go, my disciple, this is the time for my meditation.  
Speak such words as these with thy lips and thy box'  
will break.  
Break up their (cooking vessels), put thy own on (the  
fire) and cook well thy herbs :  
They will understand (then) and do thou eat : and there  
will be much wailing."

*Disciple.*

- "O Gurû, Lord of knowledge, he showed me his magic.  
180 He snatched away my box and set fire to my body.  
I have no power, Gurû, over this jogî.  
Have mercy, my Lord, that he may cry 'mercy.'"

*Gurû Gorakh Nâth.*

- "My disciple, hear my words and be not agitated.  
Speak such (magic) words that all their boxes break.  
185 Break their (vessels), blow them away and put on thy own."

Saith (Gurû) Gorakh (Nâth) :

---

\* \* Of sacred ointment : a dreadful misfortune to an ascetic.

*Gurû Gorakh Nâth.*

“ Suno, re chelâ, tum man bharke khâo.”

Hukm diâ sabhî chelon ko Gorakh chîtak dikhlâi.  
 Kânîpâ ke lashkar andar gahrî agan lagâi.  
 Lagî ânch, tan jalno lâge, dete phireû dohâi.  
 190 Hâhâ kâran kareû mukh setî, tin pe parî tabâhi.

*Kânîpâ.*

“ Sun, re Gorakh chîtî, tû hai nipat nâdân.  
 Maiû khâtir tumharî nâ karûn : apnâ dharm pachhân.  
 Apnâ dharm pachhâû, re Gorakh ; kyûn chîtak dikhlâve ?  
 Gurû tumhârâ Sanglâ Dîp meû baijhâ rûj kamâvo.

*Gurû Gorakh Nâth.*

“ Hear, my disciplo, eat at thy ease.”

Gorakh (Nâth) thus ordered all his disciples and showed  
 a miracle.  
 Within the camp of Kânîpâ he lighted a huge fire.  
 The fire caught them, their bodies burned and they ran  
 about (crying) “ mercy.”  
 190 They cried out with their mouths on whom the sore  
 trouble came.

*Kânîpâ.*

“ Hear, Gorakh (Nâth) thou magician, thou art alto-  
 gether a fool !  
 I flatter thee not : know thy own faith.  
 Know thy own faith, O Gorakh (Nâth) : why showest  
 us magic ?  
 Thy Gurû in Sanglâ Islo hath become a king.\*

\* i.e., Machhandar Nâth in Ceylon is acting like a king, raising a family, attending dances, listening to secular music, and so on. a truly dreadful falling away from the path of devotion and virtue! •

- 195 Tere hâth kâ jal nâ piûn : kaisâ sidh kahâve ?  
Hai, nirlâj, sharm nahîn tujh ko, duniyâ ko bharmâve."

*Gurû Gorakh Nâth.*

- "Jo tû jâne, 'jagat men lâ janam main jît,'  
Gurû tumhârâ kûne men gire bahot din gae bît !  
Bahot din gae bît kûne men pare, khabar nahîn pât !  
200 Gopî Chand Râjâ ne dârâ, âpar silâ ðalâlî.  
Main le âûn gur apne ko le us se kaphâe,  
Nahîn, to kahegâ, 'Sidh Gurû ko denâ kûân girâe !'"

"Sangal Dip suhâunâ kis bidh pahunchûn jâo ?"

Nâth Machhandar Sidh ne chankî ðie biðhâi :

- 195 I will not drink water from thy hand : \* how canst thou  
call thyself a saint ?

Shameless, thou hast no shame and doccivest the  
world !"

*Gurû Gorakh Nâth.†*

- "Though thou thinkest that thou hast conquered birth, †  
Thy Gurû § hath been thrown into a well these many  
days !  
Many days hath he passed in the well and thou  
knewest not !  
200 Râjâ Gopî Chand throw him in and put a stone over it.  
I should (if I were you) bring up my own Gurû (out of  
the well),  
Lest (men) should say I had let my Saintly Gurû be  
thrown into a well !"

"How shall I get to the glorious Sanglâ Isle ?" ||

Machhandar Nâth, the Saint, had set guards :

\* i.e., I put thee out of caste, because of the wicked and unworthy  
doings of thy teacher Machhandar Nâth.

† This is his counterblast.

‡ i.e., been so holy as to have escaped the transmigration of thy soul.  
§ Jalandhar Nâth.

|| Change of scene : Gorakh Nâth now goes after Machhandar Nâth.

- 205 Chaukī dīe biṭhāī, Nāth panth gher liā sārā.  
 Rāsdhārī kī chalī maṇḍalī un hī ke sang sidhārā.  
 Hūā nāch, jab tablā bāndhe, Gorakh Nāth pukārā.

*Gurū Gorakh Nāth.*

“Jāg, Machhandar, Gorakh āe!”

*Aisā bachan uchārā.*

Āwāz sunī, ānkhān khulī, man meṇ kiā bichār.

*Machhandar Nāth.*

- 210 “Gorakh āe nāch meṇ! Larzā jiā hamār!  
 Larzā jiā hamār! Re chelā, praghaṭ kyūn nahīn āyā?  
 He bachchā Gorakh, nīr-bānī kis ne tujhe sitāyā?  
 Ai Gorakh, tain āke merā rāj takht chhurwāyā!  
 Mukh se bachan sunā de sūche; kis kārān tain āyā?”

- 205 Had set guards, and his own sect surrounded the Saint.  
 A company of dancers started and he went off with them.

The dance went on and when the drums were beating  
 Gorakh Nāth called out.

*Gurū Gorakh Nāth.*

“Awake, Machhandar (Nāth), Gorakh (Nāth) hath  
 come!”

*This is what he said.*

(Machhandar Nāth) heard the voice, opened his eyes  
 and was agitated.

*Machhandar Nāth.*

- 210 “Gorakh (Nāth) come to a dance! My heart trembles!  
 My heart trembles! O my disciple, why didst thou not  
 come publicly?  
 O my son Gorakh (Nāth), who hath spoken thee evil?  
 O Gorakh (Nāth), thy coming hath destroyed my king-  
 dom!  
 Tell me the truth with thy lips; why hast thou come?”

- 215 Bachan jab gur apne ke kîâ praghaṭ rūp dikhâyâ.  
Tîn âdes pîrthan hî kînî, charnoñ sis niwâyâ.

*Gurû Gorakh Nâth.*

“Sabhi bhokh hûâ wahân ikatṭhâ, tum ko wahân bulâyâ.  
He Gur Deo, karo kirpâ, maiû saran tunhâre âyâ.”

*Machhandar Nâth.*

- 220 “Gorakh bachchâ, bâṭ hamârî sunîye man chit lâl.  
Ab ham so jâyâ nahîû jâtâ, sardî kî rut âl.  
Sang hamâre larke haiûgo, in meû prît lagûî :  
Hem Nâth aur Khem Nâth, haiû yeh tero gur bhâî.”

Gorakh jogî sidh no dhârâ Gurû kâ dhyân.

Gopî Chand kî mân ko beg bulâ de ân :

- 215 When he heard the words of his Gurû he showed him-  
self publicly.  
First he made three salutations and bowed his head at  
his feet.

*Gurû Gorakh Nâth.*

“All the mendicants are collected there\* together and  
call for thee.

O my Lord Gurû, have mercy, I am come to serve  
thee.”†

*Machhandar Nâth.*

“My son Gorakh (Nâth), hear my words with heart and  
soul.

- 220 Now I cannot go : it is the cold season.  
I have sons with me that I love :  
Hem Nâth and Khem Nâth, these are thy saintly  
brethren.”

Gorakh (Nâth) the holy saint worshipped his Gurû.

He called the mother of Gopî Chand quickly,

At Ujjayini.

† Observe the truly oriental delicacy of this reproof.



225 Beg bulâ de ân.

*Gurû Gorakh Nâth.*

“Rî mâtâ, suniye bachan hamâre.  
Zulm kâ beṭe tero ne, Nâth kân meñ dâre.  
Putr tero kâ jînâ nâhîn, sir par kâl pukâre.  
Nikusat sâr bhasham kar degâ.”

Aisâ bachan uchiâre.

*Rânî Mainâmantî.*

“Ai mere Gur Deojî; suniye, Gorakh Nâth;  
230 Mere putr kâ jîwanâ haigâ tumhare hâth.  
Haigâ tumhare hâth, Nâth; mainî dukh bhar-bharke pâlâ.  
Tum bin âj jagat ko andar nâ koî thâmanwâlâ.  
Iklotî kâ hai ik putr, karo is kî prît pâlâ.”

225 Called her quickly.\*

*Gurû Gorakh Nâth.†*

“O mother, hear my words.  
Thy son hath been a tyrant and thrown the *jagî* into a well.  
Thy son will not live, for he calls death on his head.  
As soon as he gets out, he will turn him into ashes.”

This is what he said.

*Rânî Mainâwantî.*

“O my Lord Gurû; hear me, Gorakh Nâth,  
230 My son's life is in thy hands.  
Is in thy hands, my Lord: with many a trouble I  
brought him up.  
Except thee to-day there is no protector in the world.  
To her of one son there is but an only son, so do thou  
lovingly protect him.”

---

\* Scene changes completely, and the thread of the story is taken up from line 156.

† He coming to the help of his opponent is curious and probably an error. Kânipâ would be the natural actor here.

Gopî Chand bulâe jalâ se jabhî charan meñ dâlâ.

*Gurî Gorakh Nâth.*

- 235 "Jâ, re bachchâ, amar ho ; merâ yehî updes.  
Chale Dhartarî Akâs sab, tûñ nahîñ chale, Nares. .  
Tûñ nahîñ chale, Nares : bachan tum ko samjhâyâ.  
Amar nâm ab hûâ jagat meñ, tain jas pâyâ."

- Ho rahî jai-jai-kâr kûñeñ se bich nikâlâ.  
240 Jo kuchh likhâ kalâm nahîñ koî meñanharâ !  
Kard nikâlî Nâth ne chîran lâge kân.  
Dhartî larzî pâs kî aur larzâ Âsmân.  
Larzâ Âsmân, Nâth ne jab jân kard bagâñ.  
Hasthî aur turang, brichh, sab roeñ, roeñ log lugâñ.

She called Gopî Chand at once and placed him at the  
(Gurî's) feet.

*Gurî Gorakh Nâth.*

- 235 "Go, my son, live for ever : this is my blessing.  
The Earth and the Heaven will go, but thou wilt not  
go, thou Lord of men.  
Thou wilt not go, thou Lord of men : understand my  
words.  
Now is thy name immortal in the world and thou hast  
won glory."

- There were rejoicings when (the Saint) was taken out  
of the well.  
240 The words written (by Fate) none can blot out !  
The Saint took a knife and bored (Gopî Chand's) ears.  
The Earth and the Heavens trembled.  
The Heavens trembled when the Saint plied the knife.  
The elephants and the horses and the (very) trees all  
wept, and wept men and women.

- 245 Sab ranwâs ron lâgâ hai, ik na Mainâwantî mâi.  
 Kân chîrke mundrâ gerî, selî gal men pâî.  
 Ang bhasham, selî gale, dî Jalandhar Nâth.  
 Kânon mundrâ ânke, jholî khappar hâth ;  
 Jholî khappar hâth un ke mahilon 'alakh' jagâyâ.  
 250 Bhichhâ bhojo, rang mahilon se gur kâ sabd sunâyâ.  
 Motû bhîkh mile mahilon se loke gur pe âyâ :  
 Hath joṛke kharî âgâri charnon sîs niwâyâ.

*Jalandhar Nâth.*

- "He Gopî Chand bâware, kyûn kartâ bad nâm ?  
 Ab tak lobh nâ tain taja ! Jog lâ kis kâm ?  
 255 Jog lâ kis kâm ? Re bachchâ, mâyâ men bharmâyâ.

- 245 All the palace began weeping, except mother Mainâ-  
 wantî.  
 He bored his ears, he put in the rings and threw the  
 necklace round his neck.  
 Ashes to his body and necklaco to his neck gave  
 Jalandhar Nâth.  
 With the rings in his ears, wallet and bowl in his hands.  
 Wallot and bowl in his hands he went into (his own)  
 palace, and cried 'alakh.\*'  
 250 'Give me alms' (said he) in the palace, obeying his  
 Gurû's orders.  
 He received pearls as alms from the palace and took  
 them to his Gurû :  
 Standing with joined hands before him he bowed his  
 head at his feet.

*Jalandhar Nâth.*

- "Ho, Gopî Chand, thou fool, why givest us a bad name ?  
 Even now thou hast not put away thy avarice ! Why  
 didst thou take the saintsship ?  
 255 Why didst thou take the saintsship ? O my son, thou  
 art deceived by an illusion.

---

\* The mendicant's cry when begging.

Kankar pathar sab tyâgî the, ab leke kyûn âyâ ?  
 Hatke phir mahilon meñ jâo : bhojan kyûn nahîn lâyâ ?  
 'Mâi' kahke bhichhâ lâo ; gurû ne gyân batâyâ !"

'Alakh' jagâe mahil meñ phirke dõjî bâr.

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

- 260 "Mâi, bhichhâ dījīye, Nāth kha.e darbār :  
 Nāth khare darbār, ān deodhī pe 'ālakh' jagāyā.  
 'Bhīk bhīk' main kharrā pukārūn; den kōi nahīn āyā !  
 Ab to āsan lagā hamārā : Adh Purush kī māyā.  
 Binā lone talno kā nāhīn, Gur kā dhyān lagāyā."

Thou didst forswear rocks and stones, why bring them  
 now ?  
 Go back to the palace : why didst thou not bring food ?  
 Call (thy wife) 'mother'\* and bring alms : this thy  
 Gurû teacheth !"

He called 'ālakh' a second time in the palace.

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

- 260 "Mother, give me alms, the Saint standeth at the door :  
 The Saint standeth at the door, calling 'ālakh' at the  
 gate.  
 'Alms, alms' do I stand and cry, and none cometh to  
 give.  
 Now have I taken up my seat here (to meditate) on the  
 mystery of the Primeval Being.  
 Without taking alms I move not, but will meditate on  
 my Gurû."

By calling her mother she could not longer be his wife : the mean-  
 ing is 'separate from thy wife.' The expression runs through many  
 verses.

- 265 Itnî Pâṭam Daî sunî 'âlakḥ, âlâkh' bhankâr.  
 Bândî bog bulâoke, tan bahot baḍâ hankâr.  
 Tan bahot baḍâ hankâr.

*Rânî Pâṭam Daî.*

"Rî bandî, thamtâ nahîu thamâyâ.

Is jogî ne rāj bigūṛā bhîk māngne āyâ.

Dar par bâhir kharâ deodhî ke; zarâ khauf nahîu khâyâ.

- 270 Bânson mâro, bâhir nikâlo; tum ko yeh farmâyâ."

Sunat sâr bândî uṭhî, tan meñ ghussâ khâe.

Mâran chalî faqîr ko, lînâ bân̄s-uthâe.

Lînâ bân̄s uṭhâe bândî chal deodhî pe āyâ.

*Bân̄lî.*

"Are phakaṇḍî, jâ mahilou se, kyân martâ bin âe?

- 275 Mârûn bân̄s, girâ dūn mundrâ: kyâ bijyâ tain khâî?

Pâṭam Daî kâ ḥukm, jogî; main mâran ko âî."

- 265 Meanwhile Pâṭam Daî\* heard the cry of 'âlakḥ, âlakḥ.'  
 She called her maid quickly in great wrath.  
 Great was her wrath.

*Rânî Pâṭam Daî.*

"My maid, I cannot keep down my wrath.

This jogî will ruin my kingdom with his begging.

He stands outside the door at the gate and has no fear.

- 270 Strike him with a cane, turn him out; this I tell thee."

As soon as she heard this the maid was up in anger.

She went out to beat the beggar, taking up a long cane.

Taking up a long cane the maid went to the gate.

*Maid.*

"Thou cheat, leave the palace, why court thy death?

- 275 I will beat thee with a cane, I will throw down thy  
 (mendicant's) earrings: what drug hast thou  
 taken?

By (Rânî) Pâṭam Daî's order, jogî, am I come to beat  
 thee."

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\* Râjâ Gopî Ohand's wife.

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

- “ Kyûn, Bândî, dhamkântî ? kyûn kartî yeh shor ?  
 Karam hamâre kâ likhâ ; terâ nahîn kuchh zor.  
 Terâ nahîu kuchh zor ; rî bândî, dhan dhan yeh amar âî !  
 280 Ik din bândî tãbil karî thir palangon sej bichhâî.  
 Kharî âgârî pawan karî thî : kis ne tujhe bhar mâî ?  
 Woh din, Bândî, bhûl gae, yeh bânî marne âî ? ”

*Bândî.*

- “ Arc jogî, sun joganâ, main pûchhâû hû toe.  
 Kis din terâ râj thâ ? sach batâ de moe.  
 285 Sach batâ de moe ; arc jogî, kyûn tû hûâ saudâî ?  
 Kis din terî tãhil karî thî ? kis din sej bichhâî ?  
 Arc phakandî, phire doltâ chhalke duniyâ khâî !  
 Pâtam Dai kâ hukm, joganâ, main mârau ko âî. ”

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

- “ Why threaten me, my maid ? why make this noise ?  
 It is written in my fate : thou can'st do nothing !  
 Thou can'st do nothing : my maid, immortal is my fate !  
 280 There was a day when a maid served me and made my  
 bed :  
 Stood before me and fanned me : who hath deceived  
 thee ?  
 Hast forgotten that day, my maid, that thou hast come  
 to beat me with a cane ? ”

*Maid.*

- “ Ah, jogî, hear, my would-be jogî, I ask thee.  
 When didst thou rule ? tell me truly.  
 285 Tell me truly : jogî, where are thy senses ?  
 When did I serve thee ? when did I make thy bed ?  
 Thou cheat, thou dost wander about deceiving the  
 \* world with thy tricks !  
 It is (Râni) Pâtam Dai's order, my would-be jogî, that  
 I beat thee ? ”

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

- “ Jis din rāj kamāven the hukm hazāron kos ;  
 290 Us din ṭahil karī thī ; sun, Bāndī behosh !  
 Sun, Bāndī behosh, tū karī bhalā hamārī āsā :  
 Rahne kâ tujhe hukm diā thā Pātam Daī ke pāsā.  
 Jog lā, tan bhasham ramāī, sabhī tajā ranwāsā.  
 Woh Gopī Chand Rāo kahāwan, kī khāk meī bāsā.”

- 295 Dûran dukh ab jān hūā : līnā rūp pahchān.  
 Gīrī dharan bhū meī, paī marī dehī kī mān.  
 Marī dehī kī mān ; bāndī jhapṭ chālī dharālā,  
 Sir kī keshū phār bagāt, lagā jigar meī bhālā.  
 Rudan karo tan khāk ramāī, chit hūā behālā.

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

- “ When I was the ruler over thousands of miles :  
 290 Then wast thou my servant : listen, thou senseless  
 maid.  
 Listen, thou senseless maid, that raisest my hopes now :  
 It was I that sent thee to (Rânī) Pātam Daī.  
 I took on the saintship, rubbed on the ashes and gave  
 up my household.  
 He is called Gopī Chand the King, that dwelleth now  
 in the dust ! ”

- 295 Great was her sorrow now, for she recognized him.  
 She fell to the earth, fell like a lifeless body :  
 Like a lifeless body ; quickly was the maid bewildered.  
 She tore off her locks, the lance (of grief) pierced her  
 heart.  
 Weeping she rubbed ashes on her body, and her heart  
 was very grieved.

- 300 Pâṭam Daī ke pās jāeko bāns hāth se ḡlā.

*Muktāl.*

*Bāndī.*

“ Main bāndī surkārī.  
Hukm mujh ko hai bhārī !  
Woh Gopī Chand Rāo.  
Kharā deorhī par mahārī ! ”

*Rānī Pāṭam Daī.*

- 305 “ Ai bāndī, kyūn rotī ? kyūn ho rahī bohāl ?  
kyūn tan khāk rainautī ? kyūn phāre sir bāl ?  
Kyūn phāre sir bāl, rī bāndī, dil meñ ghabarāo ?  
Mārau gaī koṭal jogī ko rudan kartī āī !  
Kyā jogī ne apne inukh se khoṭī bāt sunāī ?  
310 Kāran kaun batā de, bāndī, ? ’aḡal kahānī bharmāī ? ”

- 300 She went to Rānī Pāṭam Daī and threw down the cane  
from her hand.

*Refrain.*

*Maid.*

“ I am the Queen’s maid,  
Terrible was the order given me !  
It is Gopī Chand the King  
That stands at our door ! ”

*Rānī Pāṭam Daī.*

- 305 “ Why weepest, my maid ? why art distressed ?  
Why hast dust upon thee ? why art tearing thy hair ?  
Why art tearing thy hair, my maid, in such misery of  
heart ?  
Thou wentest to beat that evil *jogī* and thou hast come  
back weeping !  
Hath the *jogī* said any evil words to thee ?  
370 What is the reason (of all this), my maid ? where are  
thy senses ? ”



*Bândî.*

- “ Ai Rânî, sun lîjîye, ham se kahâ na jâe !  
 Jâ dekhâ Mahârâj ko chit gayâ kamlâc !  
 Chit gayâ kamlâc, arî, main phîr bagâî keshâ.  
 Kis ko mârûn ? kis so nikâlûn ? karan lagî lauleshâ.  
 315 Kânôn mundrâ, gall bich self, kar jogî kâ bhesâ,  
 Dar par thâre bhîk mângte Gopî Chand Naresâ !”

*Rânî Pâtam Dâî.*

- “ Ai Bândî, bâtân terî gai hâl tan chîr.  
 Jâ dekhûn Mahârâj ko, kis bidh hûe faqîr.  
 Kis bidh hûe faqîr ? Abhî mainî darshan karne jâtî.  
 320 Hîre, motî, la’l, jawâhir, swarran thâl sajâtî.  
 Brahrûp tan upjâ merâ.”

*Maid.*

- “ O Queen, hearken, I can hardly say it !  
 I went and saw the saint and my heart is grieved !  
 My heart is grieved and I tear my hair.  
 Whom was I to strike ? whom was I to turn out ?  
 Great is my fear !  
 315 Rings in his ears, necklace round his neck, in the clothing  
 of a *jogî*,  
 At thy door begging alms, is Gopî Chand, the Lord of  
 men !”

*Rânî Pâtam Dâî.*

- “ O my maid, thy words pierce my flesh and bones.  
 I will go and see the saint, (to see) how he became a  
 mendicant.  
 How became he a mendicant ? I will go and see him at  
 once.  
 320 Bring diamonds, pearls, rubies and jewels (for me) on  
 a golden platter :  
 My heart yearns on account of separation from him.”

Chal deorhî pe âtî.

Sab ranwâs jharoko lîgâ pardâ chhuṭî banâtî.

*Rânî Pâtam Dai.*

- 325 “ Maiñ Pâtam Dai nârî:  
Rûp mujh ko hai bhârî.  
Bhichhâ lo, Mahârâj;  
Nâth, maiñ kharî âgârî !”

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

- “ Garj nahîn is bhîk ko, râj hamen taj dîn.  
Yeh pathar ham kyâ karen ? Sun, Rânî parbîn.  
Sun Rânî parbîn, hamâre kisî kâin nahîn âven.  
330 Bhojan hai to hâzir de do. Kyâ is men se khâven ?  
Aise bhîk nahîn lene kâ : sat ke bachan sunâven.  
Bâr bâr samjhâ chukâ hûn, bhîk de, ham jâven.”

She went to the gate,  
And all the palace (ladies) parting the screens peeped  
out from the windows.

*Rânî Pâtam Dai.*

- 325 “ I am Rânî Pâtam Dai :  
Great is my beauty.  
Take the alms, Mahârâj ;\*  
My Lord I stand before thee.”

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

- “ I want not such alms ; I have given up my kingdom.  
What should I do with these stones ? Hear, my wise  
Queen.  
Hear, my wise Queen ; they would be of no use to me.  
330 If any food be ready give it me. What could I eat  
among these ?  
I cannot take such alms : it is truth that I tell thee.  
\* Again and again have I said, give me alms (of food)  
and I go.”

\* The form of address usual towards *rajâs*.

*Râni Pâṭam Dai.*

- “ Kyûn, Râjâ, bharmâ gae ? Ham ko karat birân ?  
 Kaun bâṭ mukh se kaho ? kyûn ho gae nipat nâdân ?  
 335 Ho gae nipat nâdân, Râojî ? kaisi bâṭ sunâi ?  
 Pân khâeke sej ram li, ab kahte mukh se ‘ Mâi ’ !  
 Khûe katârî jauhar karûngî, ho jâ jagat hansâi.  
 Solâh sau Pâṭam Dai Râni kâheko parnâi ?

- Ham solâh sau Râni.  
 340 Tajenge ab zindagânî !  
 Ham ko karat birân,  
 Kahi mâṭâ kî mânî ! ”

*Râjî Gopî Chand.*

“ Ai Râni, tum so kahûn ; suniyo man chit lâe.  
 Jog lâe ; jab garhist, kyâ lenâ jog kamâe ?

*Râni Pâṭam Dai.*

- “ O Râjâ, why hast been deceived ? Why ruin us ?  
 What is this thou sayest with thy lips ? Why has  
 become altogether foolish ?  
 335 Become altogether foolish, Sir King ? What is it that  
 thou sayest ?  
 Eating *pân*,\* thou didst enjoy my bed, and now thou art  
 saying ‘ Mother ! ’  
 I will stab myself with a dagger and become a sacrifice,  
 for the whole world will jeer.  
 Why then didst thou marry the sixteen hundred  
 (Queens) and Râni Pâṭam Dai ?  
 We sixteen hundred Rânîs  
 340 Will now give up our lives !  
 He hath ruined us,  
 Obeying his mother’s words ! ”

*Râjî Gopî Chand.*

“ O Râni, I tell thee : hearken with heart and soul.  
 I have taken the saintship : if I remain married how  
 can my saintship prosper ?

\* Figurative expression meaning the same as what follows. •

- 345 Lenâ jog kamâe ? Apnî mâtâ kî kahî mânî.  
 Gadî baiṭhe rāj karen̄ then jab thî apnî Rânî.  
 Jog lîâ mukh setî bolûn 'âlah, âlah' kî bânî.  
 Ab tû mâtâ lagî dharm kî ! Gyân diâ Gur gyânî !"

*Rânî Pâtam Dâl.*

- " Ai piyâ, ham mareṅge, tan bich khâe kaṭâr.  
 350 'Putr' mukh se nâ kahî ; larzâ jîâ hamâr.  
 Larzâ jîâ hamâr, Râojî : kaisî bāt sunâi ?  
 Hamre sang kînâ thâ bhogâ, ab kyûn mât thairâi ?  
 Bare pâp bhogo, Mahârâjâ ; jog panth nahîn pâi !  
 Yeh prâchhat sir se nahîn utare, Nark kuṇḍ ko jâo !"

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

- 355 " Ai Rânî, tû anant gunî ; kyûn kartî hankâr ?  
 Karam rekh ṭalte nahîn ; kyûn tan khâo kaṭâr ?

- 345 How can my saintship prosper ? I obeyed my mother's  
 words.  
 When I sat on my throne and was a king, then wast  
 thou my Queen.  
 (Now) having taken the saintship I call 'âlah, âlah'  
 with my lips.  
 Now thou art my sworn mother ! The wise Gurû hath  
 given me knowledge !"

*Rânî Pâtam Dâl.*

- " O my beloved, I die, stabbing myself with a dagger.  
 350 I will not call thee 'son' : my heart trembles.  
 My heart trembles, Sir King : what hast thou said ?  
 Thou wast happy with me, why hold me mother now ?  
 This great sin shall hold thee, Mahârâjâ : thou shalt not  
 win (the reward of) the saintship !  
 This sin shall ever be upon thy head, and thou wilt go  
 down into Hell !"

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

- 355 " O Rânî of boundless excellence, why art vexed ?  
 The lines of fate are not (to be) blotted out : why stab  
 thyself with a dagger ?

Kyûn tan khâe kaâr, Rânjî? Kyûn man rudan lagâi ?

Jo mar jâegî prân ghâtkar, degâ jagat burâi.

Ab mahiloñ moñ yeh solâh sau lagen dharm kî mâi !

360 'Putr' kahke bhichhâ lâ do, âsan ko phir jâeñ."

*Rânî Pâtam Daî.*

"Ai Râjâ, tum dekhîyo, idhar karo tum dhyân.

Tum to jogî ho gayâ, ham ko karat birân.

Ham ko karat biran, Râojî ; tum ne kyâ farmâo ?

Sab ranwâs jharoke lâgâ kunjân sî kurlâo !

365 Jo tum ko jogî honâ thâ, kyûn sir moñ bandhâi ?

Solah sau sabar paregâ hamrâ jî tarsâi."

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

"Ai Rânî, tu sochtî: kyûn hotî dilgîr ?

Mohan sejoñ soe the, ab hoe dâran pîr.

Why stab thyself with a dagger, my Lady Queen ?

Why grieve in thy heart ?

If thou die destroying thy own life, the world will  
blame thee.

Now are all the sixteen hundred queens of the palace  
my sworn mothers.

360 Call me 'son,' and give me the alms, and I will go back  
to my seat."

*Rânî Pâtam Daî.*

"O Râjâ, see: pay attention to me.

Thou hast become a *jogî*, ruining us.

Ruining us, Sir King: what hast thou said ?

(Look) all the palace (women) at the windows are  
wailing like wild geese !

365 If (thy intention) was to become a *jogî*, why didst thou  
(ever) bind thy crest upon thy head (as a king) ?

The curse of the sixteen hundred be upon thee that  
hast wounded their hearts."

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

"O Queen, thou dost brood: why art sad at heart ?

I (once) slept on pleasant beds, now am I in great  
trouble.

- Jab se dâran pîr, Rânjî, kyûn dil men ghabarâi ?  
 370 Likhâ karm kâ nahîn mittâ hai : samâjh soch man mâhî.  
 Jab ham râj karen the yehân se, jab tum ko parnâi.  
 Ab to chhorî dîâ sab dhandâ tan men bhasham ramâe.  
 Alakh Purakh kî yeh mâyâ, na kinî jag men pâi.  
 Itnâ hî sanjog likhâ thâ ; Bidhnâ bât banâi."

*Rânî Pâtam Dâi.*

- 375 " Maii Râjâ bintî karûn gall bich pallô dâr.  
 Honhâr so ho chukî, ab man karo bichâr.  
 Ab man karo bichâr, Râojî, râj pâṭ sab tyâgî.  
 Solâh sau bilagṭî chhorî, kis bîdh hûc birâgî ?

Since I am in great trouble, my Lady Queen, why art  
 distracted in thy heart ?

- 370 The lines of fate are not to be blotted out : ponder it  
 in thy heart.

When I was a King here, then I married thee.

Now have I given up all (wordly) affairs and rubbed  
 ashes on my body.

This is the mystery of the Immortal Being ; no one in  
 the world hath fathomed it.

So much companionship was written (in our fate) ; Fate  
 hath done this."

*Rânî Pâtam Dâi.*

- 375 " I beseech thee, Râjâ, with my kerchief round my  
 neck.\*  
 What was to be has been, but bethink thee now.  
 Bethink thee now, Sir King, giving up (thus) thy king-  
 dom and thy power.  
 How canst thou be a mendicant and leave thy sixteen  
 hundred queens ?

\* In great humility.

- Jâ din dekhâû rûp tumhârâ prem rûp meû pâgî.  
 380 Ab chhorâû kit jân, Mahârâjâ ? terî hî sang lâgî."

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

- " Ai Rânî, kyûn sochtî ? kyûn hotî behâl ?  
 Râj karo, khushîû karo, sab kuchh chhorâ mâl.  
 Sab kuchh chhorâ mâl, mulk meû râj karo sab nârî.  
 Ai Pâtam Daî, ham nirbhâgî, mat kar hâûs hamârî.  
 385 Jis din mahârî janam hûn thû un meû kyûn nahîû  
 bichârî ?  
 Tum kâheko man apue ko rudan karâutî, piyârî ? "

*Rânî Pâtam Daî.*

" Ai Râjâ, hamrî bithû sunîyo man chit lâe.

- From the day that I saw thy beauty I have been  
 entranced with the love of it.  
 380 How can I go and leave thee now, Mahârâjâ ? I go with  
 thee ! "

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

- " O Rânî, why art sad ? Why art miserable ?  
 Rule and rejoice, for I have left thee all things.  
 I have left thee all things ; let all the women\* rule  
 the country.  
 O Pâtam Daî, I am unfortunate ; make me not a laugh-  
 ing stock.  
 385 Why did they not ponder over this on the day I was  
 born ? †  
 Why art thou then grieving thus in thy heart, my  
 beloved ? "

*Rânî Pâtam Daî.*

" O Râjâ, hearken to my wailing with heart and soul.

\* i.e., his 1,600 Queens.

† And destroy me and so prevent it.

- Âg lagûn is rûj ko, marûn zahar bis khâe.  
 Marûn zahar bis khâe, Râojî: kâl hamârâ âyâ.  
 390 Mainâwantî apne kâran tum ko jog diwâyâ.  
 Âp baithke rûj karegî apnâ matâ upâyâ.  
 Solah sau kâ sabar paregâ: hamrâ jî tarsâyâ."

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

- "Mâtâ ne ham ko dîa jog singâsan gyân.  
 Jo us ko main tyâg dîn, hot dharm kî hân.  
 395 Hot dharm kî hân, hamârâ jîwan kaise hoî?  
 Ai Pâtam Daî, prem 'ishq meñ surt dî main ne daboi.  
 Mohe rûp kâ bâgh ujârâ prem bel ab boî.  
 Phal aur phûl rahâ Qismat kâ; Râm kare so hoî."

I will set this kingdom ablaze;\* I will take poison and die.

I will take poison and die, Sir King: (the time of) my death hath come.

- 390 Mainâwantî hath made thee a *jogî* to gain her own ends.

She hath made a design to rule (the Kingdom) herself.

The curse of (us) sixteen hundred queens will fall upon her: she hath wounded our hearts."

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

"My mother hath given me the highest knowledge (that comes) of devotion.

If I forswear that, my virtue will be ruined.

- 395 My virtue will be ruined, and how shall I live (in the next world) ?

O Pâtam Daî, I am given up to the contemplation of the love (of God).

I have uprooted the garden of lust and pleasure and have planted the (creeping) plant of the love (of God).

- The blossom and the fruit rest with Fate: it will be as God wills."

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\* i.e., destroy it.



*Rānī Pāṭam Daī.*

- “Tum to jāno ho, piyā, jog panth kâ gyân.  
 400 Hamrâ madh kyûn toriâ ? Is kâ karo bikhân.  
 Is kâ karo bikhân, Râojî ; ham kaisî kar jiveñ ?  
 Jogan banko sang chaluñge, zahar piyâlâ pîveñ !  
 Hâi karat hirdâ pâñî hai ; ab kaisî kar seven ?  
 Hâth bāndhke khari āgāi ; charan tumhāre neven.”

*Rājā Gopī Chand.*

- 405 “Pāṭam Daī, sun lijo ; hamrâ yehi updes.  
 Jo tum ko sang le chalūn, kar jogan kâ bhes :  
 Kar jogan kâ bhes, piyārî, tum ko sang lo jānū,  
 Tab tū hai Pāṭam Daī nārî, jog panth nahin pādū.

*Rānī Pāṭam Daī.*

- “If thou know, my love, the knowledge of the way of  
 devotion,  
 400 Why hast thou torn away the bloom of my (youth) ?  
 Explain this.  
 Explain this, Sir King: how am I to live ?  
 I go with thee as a *jogan*,\* (or) I drink a cup of poison !  
 My heart breaks with my wailing: how shall I serve  
 thee now ?  
 With joined hands I stand before thee, bowing to thy  
 feet.”

*Rājā Gopī Chand.*

- 405 “Pāṭam Daī, hear me ; this is my admonition.  
 If I take thee with me, turning thee into a *jogan* :  
 Turning thee into a *jogan*, my beloved, if I take thee  
 with me,  
 Then wouldst thou be Pāṭam Daī my wife, and my  
 saintship would not profit me.†

\* Female devotee.

† It being necessary that he should be celibate.

Nindiyâ kare jagat hî sârâ, jîtâ hî mar jâûn.

410 Karke sabr baiṭh mabiloñ meñ : bâr bâr samjhâûn."

*Rânî Pâtam Daî.*

"Sabr kyâ man apne ? Suno, Râo Mahârîj.

Ham ko chhor nirâs, jâ, nâ sidh rahe kuchh kâj.

Ai Râjâ, jabhî nâ sidh rahe kuchh kâj ; janam bithâ  
kyûn khojâ ?

Ham ko karat bilâp, chain se kaise soyâ ?

415 Jauhar kareuge mahil sarb solah sau Rânî,

Jaise tarphe mîn pare jal bin pâni.

Hirdâ kyâ kaṭhor ? nahîn pichhlâ neh jânâ !

Ham ko kar barbâd, kahâ mâtâ kû mânâ !

Tum to ho gae âj shakal bhûpan men bhûrî !

420 Kyûn hûe nâdân ? mân lo sîkh haunârî !"

The whole world would blame me and I should live a  
living death.

410 Be patient and dwell in this palace : over and over  
again do I exhort thee."

*Rânî Pâtam Daî.*

"What patience is there in my heart ? Hear, my Lord  
Mahârâjâ.

Leave me without hope, go and prosper in nothing.

O Râjâ, let nothing then prosper (with thee) : why  
lose a life uselessly ?

Making me miserable, how shalt thou sleep at thy ease ?

415 All the sixteen hundred queens of the palace will sacri-  
fice themselves,

As fish are restless out of the water.

How hard is thy heart, that hast forgotten thy old love !

Ruining me to obey the mother's whims !

(Even) to-day is thy mien mighty and majestic !

420 Why be (so) foolish ? Harken to my admonition !"

*Râjâ Gopī Chand.*

- “ Ai Râñf, ānant gunf, bolo imrat bain.  
 Jagat bīch, sun lījo, supnâ hai din rain.  
 He Râñjī, supnâ hai din rain ; nahññ rahit̃ thir kâyâ.  
 Chhin meñ hī ur jāe, jaisī brichh kī ohlâyâ.  
 425 He Râñjī, rāj, pāt, dhan, māl gao sab rāje tyāgi.  
 Brahmâ se chal base gao sanyâsī birāgi.  
 He Râñjī, Dasrath se chal baso, putr jin ke Bhagwânâ.  
 Kitñī dhartī gai ? Gao kitne asmân jahânâ ?  
 He Râñjī, gao bahot se sidh ! gao asmân ghanero !  
 430 Itne tãre gao ? gao sassī bhân bahotero !  
 He Râñjī, tũ birhe meñ pañf, dũr kīje chitrâñ.  
 Main kalitâ samjhâe, suno tũ man chit lãe.”

*Râjâ Gopī Chand.*

- “ O Râñf, of infinite excellence, thou sayest sweet words.  
 Hear me : day and night is this world a dream.  
 O my Lady Râñf, it is a dream day and night ; nor  
 does thy body remain here.  
 In a moment it flies away as the shadow of a tree.  
 425 O my Lady Râñf, rule and power and wealth and goods  
 have all kings resigned.  
 Mendicants and devotees have resigned Brahmâ.\*  
 O my Lady Râñf, Dasrath hath gone, whose son was  
 God.†  
 How many earths have gone ? How many heavens and  
 worlds ?  
 O my Lady Râñf, many saints have gone and many a  
 heaven !  
 430 Many a star, and many a sun and moon !  
 O my Lady Râñf, a separation hath come to thee ; put  
 away thy sorrow.  
 I exhort thee, hear thou with heart and soul.”

\* *i.e.*, worldly pleasures.

† Dasratha, usually now-a-days Jasrath, was the father of Râñâ Chandra or Râm, now-a-days God.

*Rânî Pâtam Daî.*

- “Hameñ bilaktî chhoṛko tan mârâ birhe kâ tîr.  
 Nâ jog suphal ho, Râojî, jo tum hûe faqîr.  
 435 He Râjâjî, jo tum hûe faqîr, chhoṛ dînî umrâî.  
 Durlab hai râj, nahîñ phir miltâ yehân hî.  
 Durlab hai sansâr, baî durlab hai Rânî.  
 Durlab hai yeh sej ; tumheñ man meñ kyâ jânî ?  
 He Râjâjî, durlab hai sab jagat, aur sab durlab bhogâ.  
 440 Tum to jogî hûe, mero ko lagâ birogâ !”

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

“He Rânî, is jagat meñ, jhûthî jagat prît.  
 Jhûthî haiñ chhiplâñ, jhûthî prem prît.

*Rânî Pâtam Daî.*

- “Leaving me wailing thou hast pierced my heart with  
 the arrow (of separation).  
 May thy saintship not profit thee, Sir King, that hast  
 become a devotee.  
 435 That hast become a devotee, O my Lord Râjâ, giving  
 up thy nobility.  
 A precious thing is monarchy, you will not obtain it  
 again here.  
 (The possession of) the world is precious, and a very  
 precious thing is a Queen.  
 A precious thing is the (royal) bed : what art thinking  
 in thy mind.  
 O my Lord Râjâ, the whole world is a precious thing  
 and a precious thing is happiness.  
 440 Thou hast become a *jogi* and separation hath come  
 upon me !”

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

“O Rânî, false is earthly love in this world.  
 False the flatteries, false the love and affection.

- Ho Rânjî, jhûthî prem prît, jaisî tarwar kî chhâyâ.  
 Jhûthî muntâ mohe ; jagat supnâ kî mâyâ.  
 445 Ho Rânjî, kâmrûp bhamang chhûwat hî bikh charh  
     jâo :  
 Main jogî, abdhûp jâo sau kos parîe.  
 Ho Rânjî, man châho bairâg, bhog kaise kar lîje ?  
 Deh mûo mar jâo. Kaho, ab kaisî kîjo ?”

*Rânî Pâtam Daî.*

- “ Ho Râjâ, bintî karûn, charan tumhâro lûg.  
 450 Jab lag jîlûngî, piyâ, nahîn mîtegâ dâg.  
 Ho Râjâjî, nahîn mîtegâ dâg, lagâ birde ke mâhîn !  
 Kis par karûn pukâr ? Bith suntâ koî nâhîn.  
 Kalpenge din rain rudan apue kar mâhîn.  
 Ger chalo andher, piyâ, ang bhasham ramâo.

- O my Lady Rânî, false the love and affection as the  
 shadow of a tree.  
 False the desire and the lust : the world is the illusion  
 of a dream.  
 445 O my Lady Rânî, the poison of lust works by contami-  
     nation :  
 I am a *jogî*, I must go from it a hundred miles away.  
 O my Lady Rânî, I am bent on mendicancy, how can I  
     : partake of pleasures ?  
 My body is dead (to them). Say, how could I do it ? ”

*Rânî Pâtam Daî.*

- “ O Râjâ, I beseech thee, falling at thy feet.  
 450 As long as I live, my beloved, the stain of this will  
     not be blotted out.  
 O my Lord Râjâ, the stain will not be blotted out, it is  
     deep down in my heart !  
 On whom shall I call ? None heareth my wailing.  
 I shall pass the days and nights in weeping.  
 Thou hast thrown a darkness round me, my beloved, in  
     rubbing (those) ashes on thy body.

- 455 He Râjâjî, nâ âge koî putr, sabr man kaise kîje ?  
Yeh dukh sahâ na jâe, kâñhan jî hamrâ lîjo !”

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

- “ He Rânî, tû dekh le, kar hirde meñ gyân.  
Ab tum ko to par gao Râm bhajan kî bân :  
He Rânjî, Râm bhajan kî bân ; aur kâraj nahîñ koî.  
460 Kabhî na tyâgûñ jog ; param dukh ham ko hûc.  
He Rânjî, Gangâ Jamnâ do ulaṭ parbat jâveñ ;  
Chând, sârij rath phire ulaṭ Pachham ko jâve ;  
Ho Rânjî, ulṭî pirthî hove, tale ho jâ asmânâ :  
Sîlwant sat chhâṛ kare piyâ kâ bânâ ;

- 455 O my Lord Râjâ, I have no son, how then can I have  
patience in my heart ?  
This pain is not bearable, bitterness is in my heart !”

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

- “ Look you, O Rânî, take knowledgo into thy heart.  
Now on thee is fallen (the duty of) singing the praises  
of God :  
O my Lady Rânî, of singing the praises of God : there  
is no other duty.  
460 I will never give up the saintship ; great troubles have  
I suffered.  
O my Lady Rânî, Gangâ and Jamnâ may both flow back  
to the hills ;  
The chariot of the sun and moon may travel crookedly  
to the West ;  
O my Lady Rânî, the earth may turn over and the  
heavens fall ;  
\* A woman that hath given up modesty and virtue may  
wear the garb of a beloved (wife) ;\*

\* Bear herself as a true wife.

- 465 Ai Rânjî, itnî kâraj hove ; jog main kabhî na tyâgûn !  
Dhyân dharûn ; Gur Deo parûn charnon : chit lûgûn."

An pitâ ke god men baith gai dur hâl ;  
Rovo putrî bolî karke hâl bchâl.

*Râj Kânûrî.*

- "He Bâbaljî, karko hâl behal hamen kit chhorûn jâe ?  
470 Kaun kare mahârâ piyâr ? Nahîn koî sang kâ bhâî !  
He Bâbaljî, kaun kare mahârâ biyâh ? Kaun karegâ  
mahârî sagûî ?  
Kaun hamen de bhej ? Kaun phire logâ mangâî ?  
Khâe katârâ marûn ; anant tumhare gall dâlûn !  
Kabhî nâ deûngî jân, bhokh jogî kâ târûn.\*

- 465 O my Lady Rânî, all these may be ; but I never give  
up the saintship !  
I meditate : I fall at the feet of the holy Gurû : I in-  
cline my heart (to him)."

Coming into her father's lap and sitting down in  
wretched plight,  
His weeping daughter spake (to him) wailing.

*The Princess.*

- "O father, why leavest thou me, making me wretched ?  
470 Who will love me now ? I have no brother with me !  
O father, who will arrange my marriage ?† Also my  
betrothal ?  
Who will send me (to the bridegroom's house) ? Who  
will call me (home) again ?‡  
I will stab myself and die ; I will ever keep (my arms  
round) thy neck !  
I will never let thee go, I will take off thy jogî's garb.

\* For *utârûn*. † An absolute necessity to a Hindu girl.  
‡ Ceremonies connected with marriages.

- 475 Yeh solah sau nâr umang joban ras bhînf,  
Un se chhor prît, jog chint âman lînf!"

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

- "Ham, betî, jogî hûe, ang babbût ramâo.  
Ab tumharî mumtâ nahîn: kin dînî bharmâî?  
Kyûn dînî bharmâî? Panth hamrâ kyûn ghorâ?  
480 Nahîu mujh ko pahchân, nâm nahîu jânûn terâ.  
He betî rî, kyûn roo? Kyûn jhure samajh apno man  
mâhîn?  
Yeh Gopî Chand Râo âj tera bâbal nâhîn!  
He betî rî, tum jâno, 'mahârâ pitâ lîa bisyar ne khâo.'!  
Main jânûn ghar bich nahîn kaniyân janmâî!  
485 Wahî kare thârâ biyâh âp Chandrâwal Rânî.  
Wahî tumheñ de bhej, wahî le beg bulâo."

- 475 These sixteen hundred queens in the full bloom of youth  
and beauty;

Rejecting their love thou hast given thy heart to devotion!"

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

- "I have become a *jogî*, my daughter, rubbing ashes on  
my body.  
I have no love for thee now: who hath been deceiving thee?  
Why have they deceived thee? Why have they sur-  
rounded my path (with difficulties)?  
480 I remember thee not: I know not thy name.  
My daughter, why weepest? Why destroy the reason  
(that is) in thy mind?  
This Râjâ Gopî Chand is not thy father to-day!  
My daughter consider thou that a snake hath slain thy  
father!  
I do not know (now) that a girl was ever born in my house!  
485 She will arrange thy marriage (thy mother) Rânî Chan-  
drâwal.\*  
She will send thee (to the bridegroom's house) and  
quickly call thee (home) again."

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\* This must be some other queen of Gopî Chand



*Râj Kanwârî.*

- “ He more gyâni pitâ, kar hirde men gyân.  
 Ang bhûkan utârko kyûn chirwâe kân ?  
 He Bâbaljî, kyûn chirwâe kân ? Kaho, kaise man ae ?  
 490 Gahne basham utâr, ang kyûn bhasham ramâi ?  
 Ger chale andher bhî jâte nirdhârâ.  
 Tum bin hamrâ kaun jagat men thûmbanhârâ ?  
 Bâlî 'umar nâdân man hamrâ kyûn torî ?  
 Bin dekhe nahîn rahûn, chit ab kaise mârâ ?”

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

- 495 “ He betî, sachî kahûn : apnâ man samjhâo.  
 Kyûn rove man âpne ? Pathar chit banâo.  
 Pathar chit banâo ; nahîn râwat banâi.

*The Princess.*

- “ O my wise father, take wisdom into thy mind.  
 Why hast taken the jewels off thy body and bored thy  
 ears ?  
 O father, why hast bored thy ears ? Say, what came into  
 thy mind ?  
 490 Why hast taken off thy jewels and thy clothes and  
 rubbed on the ashes on thy body ?  
 Why hast cast darkness round us in the midst of the  
 stream (of life) ?  
 Except thee who is our supporter in this world ?  
 Why break my heart in this my early youth ?  
 I will not live except I see thee, how shall my heart  
 turn back from thee now ?”

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

- 495 “ O my daughter, I tell thee truth : teach thou thy  
 heart :  
 Why weep in thy heart ? Make thy heart a stone.  
 Make thy heart a stone and weep not.

- Kabhî nâ metâ jâo karm jo ank likhai.  
 Kachâ bartan hove, jidhar phere phir jâo :  
 500 Ham to jogî hâo ; Gurû ne dîe pakâe."

*Râj Kañwârî.*

- " He Râjâ, hamro pitâ, tyâg chale sab bhog.  
 Putrî kâ yeh bachan hai : suphal tumhârâ jog !  
 Suphal tumhârâ jog, pitâjî ! Suphal tumhârî bânî !  
 Suphal tumhârî bari tapashiyâ ! Suphal Nâth gur gyânî !  
 505 Lâkh dafa, samjhâyâ tum ko : mahârî sikh nâ mânî !  
 Chhâr chalo kalar moñ kâniyân yeh solah sau Rânî !  
 'Ham man sabar karenge pitâ bin' ; yeh kyâ tum no  
 thâni ?  
 Karke jauhar, prân taj denge : yâ le nischâ jânî !"

- The lines that fate hath written can never be blotted out.  
 If the platter be unbaked it can be turned (as the  
 potter listeth):  
 500 (But) I have become a *jogî*; the Gurû hath baked (the  
 platter)."

*The Princess.*

- " O Râjâ, my father, thou hast (indeed) renounced all  
 pleasures.  
 This is thy daughter's blessing: blessed be thy saint-  
 ship !  
 Blessed be thy saintship, my father ! Blessed thy words !  
 Blessed thy great asceticism ! Blessed the Saint, thy  
 wise Gurû !  
 505 A thousand times I exhorted thee and thou wouldst  
 not hearken !  
 Thou hast left thy daughter and the sixteen hundred  
 queens in the desert (of despair) !  
 That we shall have patience in our hearts without thee !  
 What is it thou hast thought ?  
 Sacrificing ourselves we will give up our lives : know  
 this for certain."

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

- “ He beṭṭī, jākar kaho, main samjhāñ toe.  
 510 Mukh se ‘putr’ kahāke bhīk diwā de moe.  
 Bhīk diwā de moe, rī, mukh se ‘putr’ kahāe.  
 Mahil qila rahne ke chhore ban khaṇḍ surt lagāe.  
 Der hūī, Gur ham ko māre, ablag bhīk nāī.  
 ‘Putr’ kahke bhīk diwā de, jog suphal ho jāī.  
 515 Main hūn jogī kā chelā.  
 Girhist se rahūn akelā.  
 Rāj pāt dī chhor,  
 Banā faqīr albelā.”

*Rāj Kaiwārī.*

- “ Ho mātā, biutī karūn gall bich pallū dār.  
 520 Honhār so ho gāī, ab man karo bichār.  
 Ab man karo bichār : pitā ne taj dī sab umrāī.

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

- “ O my daughter, go and tell them, I beseech thee.  
 510 (Tell them to) call me ‘son’ and give me alms.  
 (To) give me alms, dear, and call me ‘son.’  
 I have left my palace and fort and my desire is (to go  
 into) the forests.  
 It is late, the Gurū will beat me and till now the alms  
 have not come.  
 Call me ‘son’ and give me alms that my saintsship may  
 prosper.  
 515 I am the *Jogī’s* disciple,  
 I live apart from my family,  
 I have given up rule and power,  
 And become a simple mendicant.”

*The Princess.*

- “ O mother, I beseech thee with my kerchief round my  
 neck.  
 520 What was to be has been, ponder it now in thy mind.  
 • Ponder it now in thy mind; my father hath given up  
 his high station.

Kân pháḥke mundrâ dālī, ang babbhūt ramāī.  
 Jo un kâ tum jog chhurāo, degā jagat burāī.  
 'Putr' kahke bhīk dāl do, jog suphal ho jāī!"

*Rânī Pâtam Daī.*

- 525 "He boṭī, kaisī kahūn main hūn sīl satīs ?  
 Mukh 'putr' kaisī kahūn, wo haiṁ, prān patīs ?  
 We haiṁ prān patīs, rī boṭī ; kyūn sar pap charḥāve ?  
 Kaun jagat 'putr' kahe ? Ham to bhar bhar chhātī āve !  
 Bhog kyā jāko sang soī, ab kyūn pāp lagāve ?  
 530 Nark kūṇḍh ko jā, haṭiyārī, khoṭī bāt sunāve."

*Rāj Kanwārī.*

"He mātā, man samjhe ; bhalī karen Jāgdīs.  
 Jitnī tumhare pās haiṁ charḥo hamāre sīs.

Boring his ears he hath put in the rings and rubbed  
 ashes on his body.  
 If thou take away his saintship, the world will blame  
 thee.  
 Call him 'son' and give him alms, that his saintship  
 prosper."

*Rânī Pâtam Daī.*

- 525 "O my daughter, how shall I say it, I that am virtuous ?  
 How shall I say 'son' with my lips to him that is the  
 lord of my life ?  
 He is the lord of my life, my daughter : why place this  
 sin upon my head ?  
 What (wife) saith 'son' in the world ? my heart is full !  
 Why then did he enjoy me, that putteth this sin upon  
 me ?  
 530 Go thou to hell, thou wretch, that said such evil to me."

*The Princess.*

"O mother, think of it : The Lord\* will reward thee.  
 Put all thy sins upon my head.

Jagdis, the Lord of the world, i.e., Śiva, God.

- Chap̄ho hamāre sīs, rī mātā, jitnī prāchhit bhārī.  
 Burā bhalā sab ham ko kahe, nis din dījo gārī.  
 535 Ab tum ko to yeh hī suphal hai jitnī ho tum nārī :  
 Mukh se 'putr' kaho pitā ko : māno bāt hamārī."

Putrī ke māne bachān, hāā chit behāl.  
 Chār padārath pūrke liā hāth men thāl.  
 Liā hāth men thāl.

*Rānī Pātām Dāl.*

- " Rāo, main tere sām̄ne āī.  
 540 Bhichhā lijo ; kanth hamāre, chār padārath lāī.  
 Yeh hī hamrī asīs, piyājī, suphal terī sidh āī !  
 Ik bar kahtī, lakh bar kah dūn, ' tū putr, main māl' "

- Put on my head, mother, all the weight of thy sins.  
 Say all things good and bad to me, call me evil names  
 day and night.  
 535 Now this will prosper thee and all of you queens,  
 That you call my father ' son ' with your lips : hearken  
 to my words."

She obeyed the girl and was wretched in her heart.  
 She filled a platter with four delicacies and took it in  
 her hand.  
 She took the platter in her hand.

*Rānī Pātām Dāl.*

- " King, I am come before thee :  
 540 Take the alms ; my husband, I have brought thee four  
 delicacies.  
 This is my blessing, my beloved, that thy saintship  
 prosper !  
 •I say it once, I say it a thousand times, ' thou art my  
 son and I thy mother. ' "

Lekar bhhichhâ chal paro ; bhalî karî Jagdîs !  
 Gur apne pe ânke charan niwâio sîs.

545 Charan niwâio sîs.

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

“ Gurûji, tumharâ hukm bajâyâ.

Solâh sai mukh ‘ putr ’ kahâo jabhî bhîk maiû lâyâ.  
 Bârân baras kî sutâ kaûwârî tin sai phand chhutâyâ.  
 Ai Gur Deo, karo gat merî; tum se dhyân lagâyâ !”

*Jalandhar Nâth.*

“ Gopî Chand, tum ye suno ; bhojan jîmo sang.  
 550 Phir judâ âsan karo ; yeh hî faqîrî rang.  
 Yeh hî faqîrî rang : hamen se âsan judâ banâo.  
 Gur kâ nâm japo hîrde men, Har se dhyân lagâo.

He took the alms and went away: well hath the Lord  
 dono !

He came to his Gurû and bowed his head at his feet,  
 545 Bowed his head at his feet.

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

“ Sir Gurû, I obeyed thy order,  
 I made the sixteen hundred (queens) call me ‘ son ’ and  
 then took the alms.  
 My maiden daughter of twelve years played three  
 hundred tricks on me.  
 O my Lord Gurû, prosper my work ; I meditate on  
 thee !”

*Jalandhar Nâth.*

“ Gopî Chand, listen to this : cook the food with me.  
 550 Afterwards take up thy abode apart ; this is the way of  
 devotees.  
 This is the way of devotees: have a separate abode  
 from me.  
 Repeat the name of thy Gurû in thy heart and medi-  
 tate upon Harî\*

\* Vishnu, God.

Ālakh Nām jī se nā hāro, Rām Nām gur gāo.  
Jog līe kâ yeh hī mazâ, Baikunṭh dahâm ko jāo.”

*Rānī Pātām Daī.*

- 555 “Sās hamārī, jān kâ tujh pe paṛo srāp !  
Putr ko jogī kiâ, rāj karoge āp !  
Rāj karoge āp : hamen dāran dukh dīnā !  
Solāh sau kâ sabār jān apne pe līnā !  
Jo karnā chāho rāj, nahīn ham karne deṅge.  
560 Aglā pichhlā kiâ āj sārā bhar leṅge.  
Nā bilse, nā khāo, nahīn gat hogī terī.  
Kariye Narkoñ bās, pīṛ tujhe hove ghanere !”

*Rānī Maināwantī.*

“Ai rī Pātām Daī bahū, tum ho surgyān.  
Putr main jogī kiâ, apnā dharm pahchān.

Forget not the Imperishable Name in thy heart and  
praise the name of God.

This is the fruit of devotion that thou go to Heaven.”

*Rānī Pātām Daī.\**

- 555 “Mother-in-law,† the curse of my life be upon thee !  
Thou hast made thy son a *jogī*, that thou mightest rule  
thyself !  
That thou mightest rule thyself thou hast brought me  
to much trouble !  
Thou hast taken on thyself the curse of the lives of the  
sixteen hundred (queens) !  
If thou wouldest rule I will not let thee.  
560 I will take a full (revenge) for all thou hast done to-  
day.  
Nor in drinking, nor in eating shall ought prosper thee.  
Go and dwell in Hell, where thy agonies shall be many !”

*Rānī Maināwantī.*

“O my daughter Pātām Daī, take knowledge (of the  
things of Heaven).

• I made my son a *jogī*, knowing my duty (to religion).

\* Scene changes.

† Rānī Maināwantī.

- 565 Apnâ dharm pahchân, kîâ Gopî Chand jogî.  
 Kâyâ un kî amar ant parlo mân hogî.  
 He bahû rî nirmal, dekh sarûp karan kanchan sî kâyâ.  
 Nirkhat suphal so, bahû, kañwar ko jog diwâyâ ?  
 Apnâ suwâd bigâr kîâ putr nistârâ.
- 570 Kyûn socho din rain, rudan kartî har bârâ ?  
 Ūdar pasâre pair, pîr mujh ko hai bhârî !  
 Tum kyûn hot udâs sâth pheron kî nârî ?”

*Rânî Pâtam Daî.*

- “ Sâs hamâri, kyûn kîâ putr ko yeh saqîr ?  
 Tû sukhîyâ ab nâ rahe, ham ko dâran pîr !
- 575 Ham ko dâran pîr, dhîr man naiso lâven ?  
 Mahilon paîâ andher, chit kaiso samjhâven ?  
 Joban lahar samundar dekh jî dar pe hamârâ :

- 565 Knowing my duty I made Gopî Chand a *jogî*.  
 His body shall be immortal and his glory endless in the  
 world to come.  
 O my pure daughter, behold his golden body.  
 Faultless and fruitful, I made my son a *jogî*, my  
 daughter.  
 Destroying my own desires I gave benefits to my son.
- 570 Why grieve day and night, weeping every moment ?  
 He kicked in my womb and great was my pain !  
 Why then art thou sad, that art (but) a wedded wife ?”

*Rânî Pâtam Daî.*

- “ Mother-in-law, why didst thou thus make thy son a  
 devotee ?  
 Mayst thou know no joys that hast given me great  
 griefs !
- 575 Great is my pain, how then shall I be patient ?  
 A darkness hath fallen on the palace, how shall I teach  
 my heart (not to grieve) ?  
 Youth sees the waves of the ocean (of life) and is afraid  
 at heart.



Kis bidh utaren pār, kaṭhan birhe kī dhārā ?  
 Ai sasurjī, hirdiyā kī kather : pīr tujh ko nahīn āī !  
 580 Putr kân chirāo, hamēn kārā raṇḍ biṭhāī !”

*Rānī Maināwantī.*

“ Ai rī Pāṭam Daī bahū, kyun man kī udās ?  
 Bhajan karo us Rām kâ, ho Surgon meñ bās !  
 He bahū rī, ho Surgon meñ bās, bart pī kâran kījo.  
 Rām bhajan ke het apnâ man tan dījo.  
 585 He bahū rī, karo dān aur pun, mukat apnī kar lījo.  
 Main kaṭī har bâr, dharin apnâ mat chhījo !”

“ Bithâ merī sun lījo, betâ Gopī Chand,  
 Sukh âsan ko chhorke paṛo mohe ke phand.

How shall I cross over (plunged) in the bitter current  
 of separation ?  
 O mother-in-law, thou hast hardened thy heart: thou  
 hast had no pity !  
 580 In that thou hast bored thy son's ears and made me a  
 widow ! ”

*Rānī Maināwantī.*

“ O my daughter Pāṭam Daī, why grieve in thy heart ?  
 Sing the praises of God and go to dwell in Heaven.  
 My daughter, go to dwell in Heaven, and fast for thy  
 love's sake.  
 Deliver up thy body and soul to the praise of God.  
 585 My daughter, do charity and good works and earn thy  
 salvation.  
 I tell thee never forsake thy duties ! ”

“ Hear my complaint, O my son Gopī Chand.\*  
 Giving up thy pleasures, thou art fallen into the snares  
 of lust.

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\* Change of scene : Maināwantī is now addressing Gopī Chand, re-  
 penting of her former action.

- He betâ re, paṛe mohe ke phand; Indar ne bād lagâyâ.  
 590 Pawan chalat hai, dher bahot hî jal barsâyâ.  
 He betâ re, atlas makhmal sej bin kabhî nindra nahîn âî.  
 Ab pâñî par leṭ, putr; main kurlâî.  
 He betâ re, mahil qilâ aur sukh chhorke rain kaṭâî.  
 Kit gaio palang niwâr, sej phûlon kî chhâo?  
 595 He betâ re, kit gaî sagarî nâr, jinheñ tû par pawan  
 jhulâo?  
 Yeh dukh rahâ bhog, kahe Mainâ Daî mâtî!"

*Râjû Gopî Chand.*

- "He mâtâ, jangal to rahe hamre mahil aṭâr.  
 Bhûn men sej komal banî, taj diṇ palang niwâr.  
 He mâtâ rî, taj diṇ palang niwâr, khâk men bâsâ lînâ.  
 600 Param sukhî ham hûe, mohe sab hî taj dînâ.

- O my son, fallen into the snares of lust: this is the  
 evil doing of Indar.\*  
 590 The winds blow and the rains fall heavily.  
 O my son, thou didst never sleep ~~but~~ on a bed of satin  
 and velvet.  
 Now, my son, thou sleepest in the rain and I grieve.  
 O my son, thou passest the night without palace and  
 fort and comfort.  
 Where has gone thy easy bed and thy couch of flowers?  
 595 O my son, where have gone all the women that fanned  
 thee (while asleep)?  
 And this trouble is thy lot; saith thy mother Mainâ-  
 wantî!"

*Râjû Gopî Chand.*

- "O mother, the forest is my lofty palace.  
 The soft earth is my bed, giving up my easy couch.  
 O mother, giving up my easy couch, I dwell in the dust.  
 600 - Very happy am I, giving up all desires.

---

\* The god of the heavens.

He mātā rī, rāj, pāt, dhan, māl, bojh main sar se tārā :  
Ab soān sukh chain prītham, sab se hī niyārā."

*Rānī Maināwantī.*

- "He betā, sun Mjo mujh janānī kī bāt.  
Is dukh meñ, betā mere, kyun̄kar kâte rāt ?  
605 He betā, kyānkar kâte rāt ? Bara komal tan terā.  
Dekh zamīn par bās, putr jī, larze merā.  
He betā re, mahfal ke singār āp karo the chitrāñ.  
Ab kidhu saber,† Mantrī yād karāñ.  
He betā re, tyāg jog, chalo sang, baiṭhke rāj kamāo.  
610 Mān hamārā kahā ; deh ko kyāñ tarsāo ?"

*Rājā Gopī Chand.*

"He Mātā, sun lījye ; jo prāñī mar jāe,  
Phir khor ke bich meñ kaise parves ho jāe ?

O mother, I have put away rule and power and wealth  
and goods and greed.  
Now do I sleep at ease for the first time away from them  
all."

*Rānī Maināwantī.*

- "O my son, hear the words of thy bearing mother.  
Why spend the nights in such trouble, my son ?  
605 O my son, why spend the nights (thus) ? Very tender  
is thy body.  
Seeing thee dwell on the (bare) ground, my son, my  
heart trembles.  
O my son, thou didst rejoice as the ornament of the  
Court :  
Still there is time to call the Minister,  
O my son, and give up the saintship and come to us  
and sit on thy throne.  
610 Hearken to my prayer ; why destroy thy body ?"

*Rājā Gopī Chand.*

"O mother, hear me ; if a man's (soul) die,  
How can it again enter his body ?

\* For *utārd*.

† For *sawer*.

- Kaise parves ho jâe ? Kahûn, Mâtâ, sun lîje.  
 Nikas bhañwar ur jâe, ang phir kaise chhîje ?  
 615 Pañ rahe hai khor, nahûn mamtâ kare koî.  
 Tûn kyûn hûi hai nâdân ? 'aqal tumhare kyûn khoî ?  
 Chhor diâ sab râj, sarb solâh sau Rânî.  
 Ab aisi mat kaho : bol mukh imrat bânî !"

*Rânî Mainâwantî.*

- "Châr Khûnt ramte phiro, karo des kî sair.  
 620 Bangâlâ mat jâyo, jo tû châhe khair.  
 Châho tum khair, terî barje hai mâi.  
 Bangâlâ ke des matî jânâ, re bhâi.  
 Dekhegî rūp terâ bhagwâ, jî, bânâ,  
 Bahinâ taj degî prân ; hûâ kis bidh ânâ ?  
 625 Chandan rukh chhor, matî lâl, jî, berî.  
 Bigare parlok ; kahî mân le merî."

- How can it re-enter ? I tell thee, mother, hear me.  
 When the soul has fled away, can the body be still alive ?  
 615 The dead body remains and none cares for it.  
 Why art thou then foolish ? Why hast parted with thy  
 sense ?  
 I have given up all rule and all my sixteen hundred  
 queens :  
 So speak not thus : say sweet words with thy lips."

*Rânî Mainâwantî.*

- "Wander over the Four Quarters, wander over the  
 world.  
 620 (But) go not to Bengal as thou desirest thy welfare.  
 As thou desirest thy welfare, thy mother forbids thee.  
 Go not to Bengal, O my beloved.  
 She will see thy form and thy coloured (*jogî's*) dress,  
 And thy sister will give up her life (even) before  
 (enquiring) how thou camest !  
 625 Do not sacrifice the sandal tree to plant the wild plum  
 tree :  
 O thou wilt lose the life to come : hear thou my prayer."

*Râjâ Gopī Chand.*

- “Jâ din se jogī bhae karko bhagwâ bhes,  
 Ghar solâh sai nâr thî, sab taj dī hamesh.  
 Sab taj dī hamesh, bahin kaisī mar jûgī?  
 630' Yeh hī sūrat ko dekh, bahot sâ rudan karegī.  
 He Mâtâ rī, âvenge samjhâe, dhîr man men dharegī.  
 He Mâtâ rī, tum lîjo bulâe, phir kyûn rudan karegī?”

*Rânī Mainâwantī.*

- “Tu, beṭâ bholâ phire, main samjhâûn toe.  
 Ghar kī tiriya hai bhalî, na ghar ghar ḍolat hoe.  
 635 Na ghar ghar ḍolat hoe, turt prân gañwâve.  
 Âp tire kul târ jagat nâm karwâve.  
 Ab bichharoge putr, phir kaun milâve?”

*Râjâ Gopī Chand.*

- “Since the day that I became a *jogī* and put on the  
 coloured dress,  
 I gave up my house and the sixteen hundred queens  
 and all for ever :  
 All for ever ; (so) why should my sister die ?  
 630 When she sees my plight she will (only) weep bitterly. '  
 O my mother, she will be reasonable and have patience  
 in her heart.  
 O my mother, send for her (here) and then why should  
 she grieve ?”

*Rânī Mainâwantī.*

- “Thou art a simple fool, my son, I tell thee.  
 An honest wife is happy, she wanders not from house to  
 house.  
 635 She wanders not from house to house and quickly she  
 dies.\*  
 She gains salvation for herself and her name in all the  
 world.  
 But if a son be separated who will call him back ? †

\* After her husband by *sati*.

† i.e., a sister and a mother live on after separation.

Yeh chandâ tasvîr, mujhe phir nahîn pâve.  
 Baiṭho ghar, râj karo, putr piyâre.

640 Main kahtî kar joṛ, bachan mân hamâre."

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

"Ham jogî abdhât haiñ, karen des kî sail.  
 Mâtâ chhorî bilaktî, karen Gaur Bangâlâ sail."

*Râgnî.*

"Sail hameñ mulk kî karnî.

Kahôn kar joṛke, janani.

645 Des chal bahin ke âe,

Dhyân Gurû charan so lâe.

Bâgh bistar diu lâe.

Gagan meñ bādalt chhâi.

Mîg barsan lage bhârî.

650 Bhûl sidh budh giâ sârî.

It is a horrible picture that I meet him no more.  
 Come home (then) and be king, my beloved son.

640 I say it with joined hands; hear my prayer!"

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

"I am a holy jogî and I will wander the earth.

Leaving my mother weeping I will go to Gaur and  
 Bengal."\*

*Song.*

"I will wander the earth,

I tell thee my mother with joined hands."

645 He went to his sister's country,

And fell at his Gurû's† feet.

He brought his bed into the garden.

And clouds overshadowed the heavens.

The rain fell heavily,

And he lost his senses (for misery).

\* Gaur, the old capital of Bengal.

† Jalandhar Nâth.

Bit rajnī\* gal sārī.

Prabhū, tain kyā bipat dārī ?”

*Rājā Gopī Chand.*

“Tāre gin gin kādhe main āj kī rain.

Utare, jī, kar bandagī Rabb thāre ke bain !

655 Rabb thāre ke bain ; utho, ab dhyān lagāūn.

Ab Rājā ke mahil jāoke ‘ālakḥ’ jagāūn.”

Khapar le lā hāth, Gurū kā dhyān lagāyā.

Jā dēorhī ke bīch nāth ne ‘ālakḥ’ jagāyā.

*Rājā Gopī Chand.*

“De bhichhā mohe ān, der itnī kyān lāī ?

660 Sun, bāndī kamzāt, der itnī kyān lāī ?”

Champā Dāī Rānī kahī, bolī bachan sambhār.

He spent the whole night thus,

(Saying) “God, what misery hast thou brought upon me ?”

*Rājā Gopī Chand.*

“Counting the stars† have I passed the night.

O my heart, devote thyself to the service of God and He will save thee.

655 God will save thee ; I will up and meditate on Him,  
Presently will I go to the king’s palace and call ‘ālakḥ.’”

He took his bowl in his hand and meditated on his Gurū.  
Going to the gate the *jogī* called out ‘ālakḥ.’

*Rājā Gopī Chand.*

“Come and give me alms, why are ye delaying ?

660 Hear, thou wicked maid, why art thou delaying ?”

Said Rānī Champā Dāī using cautious words.

\* The night.

† Metaphor ; with great impatience.

‡ Gopī Chand’s sister.

*Rânî Champâ Daî.*

- “ Bhichhâ lekar jāiyo, nāth khare darbār.  
 Partî hai dhûp, khayâ ang pasîje.  
 Bhar motion kâ thâl beg jogî ko dîje.  
 665 Jo bhojan kî kâj take âke dwârâ:  
 Woh khâve na âp us se dîje sârâ.  
 Yeh jogî ab dhûp kabhî khâlî na jāve.  
 Le bhichhâ de pâe, der pal kî na lâve.”
- Bhichhâ le bândî chalî Râjâ ke darbâr ;  
 670 Deorhî pahunchî, ânke bolî bachan sambhâr.  
 Bolî bachan sambhâr.

*Bândî.*

- “ Bhîk main tum se lâo.  
 Le, jogî ko lâl.”

Dûr se 'araz lagâo.

---

*Rânî Champâ Daî.*

- “ Go to him with alms, for the saint stands at the door.  
 Fierce is the sunshine, the sweat stands on his body.  
 Go and fill a platter with pearls quickly and give it him.  
 665 If he has come to our door for food,  
 Give him all that we have not eaten.  
 This jogî in the sun will never go away empty.  
 Go and give him alms, delay not a moment.”
- Taking the alms the maid went to the Râjâ.\*  
 670 Reaching the gate she spake cautiously.  
 She spake cautiously :

*Maid.*

- “ I bring thee alms :  
 \* Take it, my jogî.”

Standing apart she spake.

\* Dressed up as a fakîr.



*Bândî.*

"He piyârâjî, terî sūrat ko dekh bahot man mân sharm âi.  
Jis ghar janamen, Nâth, terî kyâ jîve mâi?"

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

- 675 "He bândî, tum se kahûn, sun lijô man lâe.  
Tû bândî ranwâs kî, merâ jog akârat jâo;  
Jog akârat jâo; tere nahîn bhichhâ leûn.  
Hameñ Gurû ke ân bhîk tum se nâ leûn.  
He bândî rî, bole bachan khator: hîâ larzâ nahîn terâ?  
680 Dhârânagar kâ Râo, nâm Gopî Chand merâ."

*Bândî.*

"Kyûn, jogî, 'aqal gaî? bolo bachan sambhâr.  
Jholî lûngî chhîn ab, dhakke dîn do châr.

*Maid.*

"My friend, seeing thy beauty I am much grieved.  
My Lord, can the mother that bore thee be living?"

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

- 675 "My maid, I say to thee, take it to heart.  
Thou art a maid of the palace and my devotion will be  
fruitless.\*  
My devotion will be fruitless: I cannot take thy alms.  
I am (a disciple) of the Gurû, I cannot take alms from  
thee.  
My maid, thou speakest hard words:† doth not thy  
heart tremble?  
680 I am the Lord of Dhârânagar and my name is Gopî  
Chand."

*Maid.*

"Where is thy sense gone, jogî? speak carefully.  
I will seize thy wallet now and give thee two or three  
slaps.

\* If I take from thee.

† In asking me.

- Dhakke dôn do châr, jog men kaisî bânî bole ?  
 Tû jogî be-îmân hûâ hai ghar ghar mângat ðole.  
 685 Aise kare jawâb, kharâ ðeophî mahârî bolî !  
 Mârdûngî main bânîs tere sir dharan par ðolî !”

Nainon bhar bhar rote sun bândî kî bât.

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

- “Ik lie hai mol tû, râkhî jî kî sâth.  
 Râkhî jî kî sâth ; âj main lie hî faqîrî.  
 690 Ai bândî rî, tû mâre mere bânîs, huî dil kî dilgîrî.  
 Râj pât diâ chhor, tajâ main takht amîrî :  
 Yeh samjho man bîch : likhî mere karam faqîrî.”

- I will give thee two or three slaps : what is thy saint-  
 ship saying ?  
 Thou art a scoundrel of a *jogî* and beg from house to  
 house as a pretence.  
 685 Saying such things (to me) standing at our gate !  
 I will strike thy head with a cane and throw thee in  
 the dust !”

His eyes were full of tears when he heard the maid's  
 words.

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

- “Firstly thou wert purchased and the favorite of our  
 hearts :  
 The favorite of our hearts : to-day am I a mendicant.  
 690 O my maid, thou hast struck me with a cane and my  
 heart is sad.  
 I have given up my rule and my power and parted with  
 the honour of my throne :  
 Understand this in thy heart ; mendicancy was written  
 in my fate.”

*Bândī.*

- “Jâ, jogī ke bâlke, jo tû chahe khair.  
 Ghar ghar bhichhâ mângtâ kartâ dôle sair ;  
 695 Kartâ dôle sair, chhîn le nâr parâf.  
 Yeh chhal kî bât ang men bhasham ramâf.  
 He jogī re, kab taiñ lîñî mol ? Hamen, bândī, batlâi !  
 Jholî lûngī chhîn, kare tû bahot burâf !”

*Râjâ Gopī Chand.*

- “Dhârânagar asthân hai, kahûñ tumhâre pâs.  
 700 Gangâjī kâ nahân hai ; Gurû pûran kījo âs !  
 Pûran kījo âs, Gurûjī ; yeh kumbh kâ hai melâ !  
 Sab parwâr chhorkar âyâ sab se bhalâ akolâ.  
 Yeh duniyâ matlab kî garjī ; nahîn gurû, nahîn chelâ !

*Maid.*

- “Go, thou *jogī's* spawn, if thou desire thy welfare.  
 Thou wanderest from house to house begging under a  
 pretence :  
 695 Under a pretence, to steal wedded wives.  
 It is all for deceit that thou hast rubbed ashes on thy  
 body.  
 O my *jogī*, when didst buy me ? tell me, thy maid !  
 I will snatch away thy wallet, thou hast put me to much  
 shame !”

*Râjâ Gopī Chand.*

- “My home is Dhârânagar I tell thee.  
 700 I am come to bathe in the Ganges : may the Gurû fulfil  
 my hope !  
 Fulfil my hope, O Gurû ! this is a grand festival !\*  
 Leaving all my household I am come quite alone.  
 This world is wrapt up in its own desires : none is  
 teacher, none is disciple !

\* The *kumbh melâ* is a fair held every twelve years while certain rivers are propitious. The scene shifts from time to time. Allahabad (Ilâhâbâd or Prâg) and Hardwâr have been the scenes of late of *kumbh melâs*.

- Ab lijo âdes hamâri, mat na karo jhamelâ.  
 705 Chhor dîâ sansâr âj main; yeh jag darshan melâ !  
 Is mayâ se koî bache : hai pakke gur kâ chelâ !”

Sûrat sohnî dekhke roî pañî tat kâl.  
 Kûk mâr mukh ro pañî ho gaî hâl-behâl.  
 Ho gaî hâl-behâl rudan kartî bhârî.

*Bândî.*

- 710 “Tû suniye man lâe, tujhe kah de sâri :  
 ‘Champâ Daf bahîn mujhe jo mil jâe ;  
 Yeh kahtâ hûn âp khaîâ, mujhe dije batlâe.’  
 Khappar hai hâth, kân mundrâ dâlî,  
 Kharâ deorhî ke bâr, nîr nainon se jârî.”
- 715 Sunke bândî ke bachan man meñ hûâ sandes.

- Take my blessing now and be not angry.  
 705 I give up the world to-day : this world is (transient as)  
 a fair.  
 A few escape the illusion, the real disciples of the Gurû.”

Seeing his beauty she began to weep.  
 Crying out and weeping she became very wretched.  
 She became very wretched weeping violently.

*Maid.*

- 710 “Listen with heart and soul and I will tell thee all.\*  
 (Saith he) ‘I would meet my sister Champâ Daf ;  
 I tell thee standing here, show her to me.’  
 He hath a bowl in his hand and rings in his ears.  
 He standeth at the gate weeping.”
- 715 Hearing the maid’s words there was a doubt in her  
 heart.

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\* To Râni Champâ Daf.

*Râni Champâ Dai.*

"Ab darshan karûn, kaisâ hai darvesh ?  
Kaisâ woh darvesh ?"

Jab hî chalke deorhî pe âi.

*Râni Champâ Dai.*

- "Lîjo bhichhâ, Nâth, ab kyûn itnî der lagâi ?  
Kaun des se bhî âunâ ? ham ko de batlâe.  
720 Main pûchhûn hûn, Nâth : hamen ko dîjo sach batlâe.  
Karke bhagwe kapre bhar jogî kâ bhekh.  
Yo jogî kâ rūp hai ! aise phiren anek.  
Phirte hai anek rūp dharke mohen :  
Koî mahôn ke bîch âp baithe soen.  
725 Yeh duuiyâ sansâr phire matlab garjî ?  
Kyâ bolî mukh ân ? nahîn chhâthî larzî !  
Sun, bândî kainzât ; kahûn tumharî tân.  
De motîn kâ thâl ; jâo bhichhâ pâl !"  
Le bhichhâ bândî chalî bhar motîn kâ thâl.

*Râni Champâ Dai.*

"I will see him now, what kind of mendicant he is.  
What kind of mendicant is he ?"

She went to the gate at once.

*Râni Champâ Dai.*

- "Take the alms, my saint, why delay so long ?  
Whence comest thou ? tell me.  
720 I ask thee, my saint : tell me truly.  
With coloured robes and the garb of a jogî,  
This is a true jogî's appearance ! many such wander.  
Many wander about under various forms :  
Some sleep in huts.  
725 This world is ever taken up with its own desires.  
What hast thou said ? doth not thy heart tremble !  
Listen thou wicked maid, I tell thee.  
Give him a platter of pearls : go and give him alms.  
\* The maid took the alms and the platter of pearls.

*Bândî.*

- 730 " Bhichhâ lîjo, Gur Nâthjî; kyûn ho rahe behâl ?  
 Kyûn ho rahe behâl ? Nâthjî, main bhichhâ le âî.  
 Hukm dîâ Rânî ne mujh ko, bhîk den ko âî.  
 Kyûn karte ho soch, Nâthjî ? kyûn man soch lagde ?  
 Lene ho, to leo, Nâthjî; nahîn, yehân se ramjâe."

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

- 735 " In motûn ko bhîk ke nahîn mujhe darkâr.  
 Kankar pathar sab taje chhorâyâ parwâr.  
 Sab chhorâ parwar, rî bândî, kahtâ mukh se bânî,  
 Yâ to merî bahin lagî hai jo mahilon mein Rânî.  
 Main to faqîr hûâ, râj taj, bag gao qalam nishânî.  
 740 Dîje darshan karâe bahin kâ, yeh main mantar thîhî."

Itnî sun bândî chalî, huâ chit behâl.

*Maid.*

- 730 " Take the alms, my Lord Gurû, ~~why~~ art sad ?  
 Why art sad ? my Lord, take the alms.  
 The Rânî gave me the order to give the alms.  
 Why art grieved, my Lord ? why art sad at heart ?  
 It is to be taken, so take it, my Lord, or go away from  
 here."

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

- 735 " I want not alms of pearls.  
 I have given up my household and rocks and stones.  
 I have given up my household, my maid, I tell thee.  
 It is my sister that is the Rânî of this palace.  
 I am a mendicant, I have given up royalty, and blotted  
 it out (of my life).  
 740 Let me see my sister, this is my desire."

Hearing this the maid went sorrowfully.

*Bândī.*

- “ Woh Gopī Chand Rāo hai, ho rahā hāl behāl ! ,  
 Ho rahā hāl behāl ! Rāo ne kanoñ mundrā pāi l ,  
 Mukh de rāj-somāj, Nāth kī nā upmā kahī jāi !  
 742 ‘ Yeh Champā Daī bahin hamārī mujh ko de milāi,  
 Nahīn bhōlūngā aḥsān, rī Bāndī ; tujh ko Rāo dohāi ! ’ ”
- Itnī sunke bāt jabhī Rānī pe ān sunāi.

*Bāndī.*

- “ Is jogī ne apne mukh aisī bāt sunāi.”
- Itnī sun Rānī chalī, nahīn lagāī bār.  
 750 Jo dokhī hai ānke kharē Nāth darbār.  
 Kharē Nāth darbār ; ānke charnoñ sīs niwāyā.  
 Līnā rūp pahichān Rānī ne, nainon nīr bharāyā.

*Maid.\**

- “ He is Gopi Chand the king that is so wretched !  
 That is so wretched ! The king hath put the (*jogī's*)  
 rings into his ears !  
 Right royal his face, the saint is beyond praise !  
 745 (Saith he) ‘ Permit me to see my sister Champā Daī,  
 And I will never forget the obligation, my maid: I  
 adjure by God ! ’ ”

As soon as she heard it she went and told the Rānī.

*Maid.*

- “ This is what the *jogī* said with his lips.”
- Hearing this the Rānī went without any delay.  
 750 When she came to the door she saw the saint standing  
 there.  
 The saint was standing in the door: she went and  
 bowed her head at his feet.  
 She recognized him and the Rānī's eyes filled with tears,

---

\* A soliloquy apparently.

*Rânî Champâ Daî.*

" Kyâ tum ne kuchh bhîr parî hai ? kyûn jogî ban âyâ ?"

Itnî kahke parî dharan par, nahîn bol mukh âyâ.  
755 Hâl behâl nahîn sūjî bisiyar dang lagâyâ.

*Rânî Champâ Daî.*

" Kaun kare Kartâr ân sukh mân dukh pâyâ ?"

*Râjâ Gopî Ohand.*

" He bahinâ, sun lîje ; man men rākho dhîr.  
Kyûn man rudan lagâutî ? kyûn sir phāre chîr ?  
Kyûn sir phāre chîr ! rudan kyâ man men bhārî ?  
760 Rowat zar bazâr, nîr nainon se jârî ?  
Karam likhâ so hûâ, mân le 'araz hamârî.  
Dasrath ne taj de prân Râm banoû bās sidhârâ.  
Ai bahinâ rî, kyûn hûî nâdân, rudan kartî din râttî ?  
Sun sun tere bain merî bharâve chhâtî !"

*Rânî Champâ Daî.*

" Hath any sorrow come upon thee ? why hast become  
a jogî ?"

Saying this she fell to the earth and spake not with her lips.  
755 She lay senseless as if a snake had bitten her.

*Rânî Champâ Daî.*

" What hast thou done, O God, bringing sorrow in the  
midst of joy ? "

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

" My sister, hear me : have patience in thy heart.  
Why art weeping ? why art tearing thy hair ?  
Why art tearing thy hair ? why art weeping so bitterly ?  
760 Weeping so bitterly with tears in thy eyes ?  
What fate hath written hath been, hear my saying.  
Dasrath gave up his life and Râm went to live in the  
forests.\*

¶ my sister, why art foolish, weeping day and night ?

My heart is full hearing thy words !"

\* Allusion to the well known scene in the *Râmâyana*.



*Rânî Ohampâ Dâi.*

- 765 " Ai bhâî, sun lîjîye, hôa chit umang,  
 Nahîn hosh tan kî rahî, uîâ rūp aur rang.  
 Uîâ rūp aur rang, bîran mere, bhar-bharâve chhâtî.  
 Dekh-dekhke rūp tumhârâ, rahî tan kî sidh jâtî.  
 Wahî gharî mere hâth na âve, us din pahchâtî,  
 770 Mujh birhan ko dukh hai bhâî, dekh surt mar jâtî."

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

- " Rudan kare mat, bâwarî; kyûn hûî hâl beḥâl?  
 Dukh sukh hai sab Karam kâ, kyûn phâre sir bâl?  
 Kyûn phâre sir kî bâl, bahin? kyûn rudan lagâe?  
 Tum samjho man bîch bîran koî nâhîn.  
 775 Hai jhûṭhâ sansâr, banâ supnî kî mâyâ.  
 Chhorî māmṭâ prît, hâth kisî ke nahîn âyâ."

*Rânî Champâ Dâi.*

- 765 " O brother, hear me! my heart is sad.  
 No pleasure is left in my body, flown are joy and  
 delight.  
 Flown are joy and delight, my brother; my heart is full.  
 Seeing thy state, the joy of my heart hath departed.  
 Would that the hour had not come to me when I recog-  
 nized thee!  
 770 Heavy grief hath come upon me in seeing thee, quickly  
 will I die."

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

- " Weep not, foolish one: why art sad?  
 Joy and sorrow are of Fate, so why tear thy hair?  
 Why tear thy hair, sister? why weep?  
 Teach thy heart that I am no brother.  
 775 It is a false world, the illusion of a dream.  
 I have given my desire and love (for it): it is not of  
 use to any one."

Jo dharte Harî dhyâu mukat un kî ho jâî.  
Yeh jhûthî hai prît, nahîû bahin, nahîû bhâî !”

*Rânî Champâ Dâî.*

- “ Ai bhâî, sun lîje, man meñ karo bichâr.  
780 Man dhîraj kaise dhare, roe zâr bazâr !  
Roe zâr bazâr ? Bîran mere bharâ nain meñ pânî.  
Kathan jog ; sadhne kâ nâlûû ; kyâ le nischâ, jânî ?”

Itnî kahke mukh Rânî kâ nikasâ bhañwar sîlânî.  
Âp gai Baikunth dhâm ko ‘ Râm, Râm,’ kahe bûnî.

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

- 785 Gopî Chand Râjâ kahe, jo âgarî hâthi.  
Kâghaz ho jo meṭ dîn, karam na meṭe jât.  
Karam na meṭe jât, nain bhar bhar Gopî Chand roe.

Who meditate on Harî will obtain salvation.  
It is a false love (here) : none is sister, none is brother !”

*Rânî Champâ Dâî.*

- “ O brother, listeu : ponder it in thy heart.  
780 How can I have patience in my heart, weeping bitterly ?  
Weeping bitterly, my brother, my eyes are full of tears.  
The saintship is difficult ; thou wilt not accomplish it :  
why give up thy life uselessly ? ”

Saying this the noble soul of the Rânî took flight.  
It went up to Heaven with ‘ Râm ! Râm !’\* on her lips.

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.†*

- 785 “ Saith Râjâ Gopî Chand with joined hands before thee.  
Paper can be blotted out, fate cannot be blotted out.  
Fate cannot be blotted out, Gopî Chand’s eyes are  
full of tears.

\* ‘ God ! God !’

† A prayer.

Bahin merī behāl parī hai ; jag men ān ḍaboe.  
 Jis din se lā jog hamen nain nahin nind bhar soe'  
 790 Ai Prabhū, kyā karī āuke ? kūk mār mukh roe !\*

Kān bhinak Gur ke parī, kañwar karē udās,  
 Chhār gophū jogī chale, ān khare hūc pās.  
 Ān khare hūc pās.

*Jalandhar Nāth.*

“ Kañwar, tujh ko barje thī Māi,  
 Kyūn thāre dilgīr hue ho ? Har chāhe, so hūi.  
 795 Chalo marhī ke pās, ai bachchā ; ab kyūn der lagāi !  
 Yeh jhūthā sansār, jagat men nahin koī kisī kā, bhāi !”

*Rājā Gopī Chand.*

“ Tum Gurū dīn diyāl, ho, lajjā tumhare hāth.

My sister lies senseless ; I am destroyed in the world.  
 From the day I became a *jogi* my eyes have known no  
 sleep !  
 790 O Lord, why hast done this ? I cry out with my lips  
 and I weep !”

His cry reached the Gurū's\* ears, (the cry of) the  
 prince's prayer.  
 The Gurū left his abode and stood beside him  
 And stood beside him.

*Jalandhar Nāth.*

“ O Prince, thy mother dissuaded thee.  
 Why nurse thy sorrow ? It has been as God willed.  
 795 Come to my hut, my son ; why delay now ?  
 This is a false world, none careth for any in the world,  
 friend !”

*Rājā Gopī Chand.*

“ Thou art a compassionate Gurū, my honor is in thy  
 hands.

---

\* Jalandhar Nāth.

- Yeh merî bahin jiwâe do ; nahîn, marûn bahin ke sâth.  
 Marûn bahin ke sâth : jog kaṇḍak kyûn kinâ ?  
 800 Nek dard nahîn toe, jagat meñ apjas kinâ ?  
 Merî bahin jiwâe ; bachan tum se kah dînâ :  
 Yâ tû aṭ srâp, nahîn jag meñ merâ jînâ !”

Hañske bachan sunâute ân Kañwar ke pās.

*Jalandhar Nâth.*

- “ Jog jugat jāne nahîn ; ab kyûn bhae udâs ?  
 805 Ab kyûn bhae udâs ? Re bachhâ, ab kyûn soch lagâo ?  
 Bhaj Alakh kâ Nâm, re bachâ ; mat dil meñ ghabarâo.”

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

“ Apnî unglî chîr, Gurûjî, hamrâ sat rakhâo.

- Bring this, my sister, to life, or I will die with my sister.  
 I will die with my sister : why hast disgraced my saint-  
 ship ?  
 800 Hast no pity that thou dost disgrace me in the world ?  
 Bring my sister to life, I beseech thee :  
 Or receive my curse, (for) I will not live on in the  
 world !”

He smiled when he heard the words and came to the  
 Prince.

*Jalandhar Nâth.*

- “ Thou knowest not the principles of devotion : why art  
 sad now ?  
 805 Why art sad now ? My son, why art grieving ?  
 Repeat the Immortal Name, my son, and grieve not in  
 thy heart.”

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

“ Cut thy finger,\* Sir Gurû, and retrieve my honor.

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\* Allusion to the common notion that the blood of the little finger will bring the dead to life again under certain circumstances.

Champâ Daī kī prân phir ghaṭ bhītar ân bāsāo.”

‘Rām Rām’ karke ūṭhī donon bhūjā pasār.

*Rānī Champā Daī.*

- 810 “ Â bīran, mil līye ; ab kyūn kartā bār ?  
 Ab kyūn kartā bār, bīran ? ab kar milne kī tayyārī.  
 Ai Gopī Chand, bīr hamāro, nahīn hūngī tum se niyārī.  
 Gur kâ darshan kiā hai āke, ham ne yeh hī bichārī.  
 Man ke maṭ gaī soch hamārī ; khushī hūī nar nārī.”

*Rājā Gopī Chand.*

- 815 “ Tum ghar rāj aur pāt hai ; ham jogī tere bīr.  
 Mere ang babhūt hai, aur bigaṛe terā chīr.  
 Ai bahinā rī, bigaṛe terā chīr, kahān se phir mangāven ?  
 Wahī kare terā piyār, wahī tujhe neot jamāven.”

Bring Champā Daī's life back into her body.”

Saying ‘Rām Rām’ she arose and stretched out her arms.

*Rānī Champā Daī.*

- 810 “ My brother, come to me ; why delay now ?  
 Why delay now, my brother ? I am waiting to embrace  
 thee.  
 O Gopī Chand, my brother, I will never be separate  
 from thee.  
 I thought thee a follower of the Gurū.  
 (But) I have given up my anxieties : let men and  
 women rejoice.”

*Rājā Gopī Chand.*

- 815 “ Thine is rule and power : I am thy poor brother.  
 I am covered with ashes and thy clothes will be spoilt  
 (by the embrace).  
 O my sister, thy clothes will be spoilt : whence will I  
 obtain them again (for thee) ?  
 She (thy mother) will love thee, she will invite thee  
 (home) in due time.”

*Rânî Champâ Dâi.*

- “ Âg lago is chîr ko : gerûn sir se târ.  
 820 Phir, biran, tum se kabhî milûn na dûjî bâr.  
 Milûn na dûjî bâr, bîran ? main terî sûrat pe wârî.  
 Tumheñ dîâ updes : merî nâ Mainâwantî mâî !  
 Ghar solâh sau nâr taje haiñ, rudan karen haiñ sâri.  
 Nek na rakhâ mohe, bîran ; taiñ mujh bahinar âj bisâri.”

*Râjû Gopî Chand.*

- 825 “ Bin Sâhib kî bandagî terî gat nahin hove.  
 Ah yehân se thairî nahin, phir milne nahin hove.  
 Milan nahin hove, bahin : mâno bachan hamârâ.  
 Jun Gopî Chand milâ, bahin, miliyo jag sansâra.  
 Bahin setî bhâî milâ hai bahot kî hit piyârâ.”

*Rânî Champâ Dâi.*

- “ Fire burn these clothes : I throw them from my head ?  
 820 My brother, shall I never meet thee again ?  
 Shall I never see thee again, my brother ? I am sacrificed  
 to thy beauty.  
 She gave thee this advice : let Mainâwantî be no mother  
 of mine !  
 All the sixteen hundred women thou hast deserted weep  
 thee.  
 Thou didst preserve thy love (for me), brother ; thou  
 hast destroyed even me thy sister to-day.”

*Râjû Gopî Chand.*

- 825 “ Without devotion to the Lord salvation cannot be to  
 thee.  
 I will not tarry here now, nor shall I meet thee again.  
 I will not meet thee again, sister : mark my words.  
 As thou hast met Gopî Chand again, sister, may this  
 whole world meet.  
 Sister and brother met and great love passed (between  
 them).”

- 830 Itnî kahko chale Nâthjî, nain nîr chûe niyârâ.  
Ang beḍhang kîâ sab tan kâ, jab mahilon se pag âhârâ.

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

“Hath joṛke kahûn, Gurû, main, kar merâ nastârâ !”

*Jalandhar Nâth.*

- “Â bachchâ, yehân se chalen, chhoṛ jagat se prît  
Yehâû apnâ koî hai nahîn, jhûthî jag kî prît.  
835 Jhûthî jag kî prît, re bachâ; mâno kahî hamârî.  
Â, Gangâ ashnân karenge : jaldî karo tayyârî.  
Gyân tat kî self leke wahî tere gal dâri.  
Chalo bhekh kâ darshan kar lo : ho kâyâ amar tumbhârî !”

- 830 Saying thus the Saint went away, dropping tears from  
his eyes.

His body changed greatly, when he put his foot without  
the palace.

*Râjî Gopî Chand.*

“I say to thee with joined hands, my Gurû, grant me  
salvation !”

*Jalandhar Nâth.*

- “Come, my son, let us go from here, leaving the desire  
of the world.  
None is for us here, false is the love of the world.  
835 False is the love of the world, my son : mark my words.  
Come let us bathe in the Ganges : come make ready  
quickly.  
Taking the necklace of knowledge (unto salvation) I  
place it round thy neck.  
Come let us visit the saints, and be thy body im-  
mortal !”

## NO. XIX.

### THE STORY OF RÂJÂ CHANDARBHÂN' AND RÂNÎ CHAND KARAN.

#### AS SUNG BY A BARD FROM JÂLANDHAR.

[According to the bards this poetical legend belongs to the same cycle as the last and relates the loves of Râjâ Chatrmukaṭ of Ujjayini, the grandson of the great Vikramâditya, being the son of that king's daughter, Chatrang Dai, and Chand Karan, the daughter of Râjâ Chandarbhân. Chandarbhân himself is generally described as the nephew of Guṇi Chand Bhartari, and so according to the usual legends he would belong to the same caste as Vikramâditya.]

[The legend, however, is pure folklore throughout, and for those that delight to see Solar Myths in such things, I would point out that the translated title of the tale would be "King Sun's-Rays and Princess Moonbeam," that Chatrmukaṭ means the Glorious Throne, and that his mother's name means the Lady of Glorious Form. The rest of the myth could be easily worked out.]

#### TEXT.

*Qissa Râjâ Chandarbhân wa Rânî Chand Karan.*

Jân jân châtâr hûi siyâñi,

Mâi bâp ko chintâ thâñi :

"Pânch mohar, nâryal kâ golâ !

Le Bâhman terê godî meñ dâlâ. "

5 Tîn Kûñth Bâhman phirâe,

Chand Karan kâ bar na pâr.

Phir we Bâhman hûc udâs,

Hat Râjâ ke âe pâr.

Nain bhare-bhar Rânî roi :

10 "Tere bag gai qalam na moṭe koï !"

"Kyûñ janî thî, hamrî mâi ?

Hamrâ bar paidâ nâ lâe !"

"Jis Kartâ ne rūp diâ thâ,

Tumharâ bar paidâ kiâ thâ !"

15 "Is Rânî kî mahil banâo.



- Hîrâ motî abaj\* lagâo.  
 Is tîpû meñ mahil chunâo.  
 Bîch bîch muriân rakhwâo.  
 Laundî bândî sabhî mangâo,  
 20 Is Rânî kî tâba' karwâo."

- Chalat pawan, khil rahî chambelî :  
 Mandar meñ dukh bhar rahî akelî.  
 Pûrab des se hañsâ âe.  
 Jhuk bâdal barsan ko âe.  
 25 Uḍkar hañs mahil par âe.  
 Tab Rânî ne sangâr lagâe.  
 Bâl bâl motî purove.  
 Chatr hañs dohrâ batlâve.  
 Us Rânî ko kah samjhâve :  
 30 " Hai koî dharmî dharm kamâve ?  
 Mujh hañsâ ko pânî pilâve ?"  
 Itnî bât Rânî sun pâve :  
 Bhar gadwâ Rânî jal kû lâve.  
 Dhanak bâl nainon kâ mâre.  
 35 Ultkar hañs jimmi† par âve.  
 Jhâr jhapat chhâtî se lâve.  
 " Tum âo, hañs, merî motî khâo.  
 Main chun chun kalyân chhoj bichhâûn."  
 " Rânî, chog chûn terâ kuchh nâ khâûn."  
 40 Terî dekh sûrat uth kahûn na jâûn.  
 Aisâ rūp diû Kartâ ne,  
 Uḍî panchhî mar uthârî.  
 Rânî, aise rūp kâ garab na kariye :  
 Tû karanhâr Kartâ † dariye !  
 45 Rânî, solâh baras kî 'umar tumhârî :  
 Kis augan meñ rahî kañwârî ?"  
 " Syâbas,† re mere hañsâ gyânî,  
 Tain mere choṭ jigar kî jâñî."  
 " Rânî, bar lâûn terâ Siyâm salonâ,

\* For 'ajab.

† For samîn.

‡ For shâbâsh.

- 50 Kâyâ dage jaisâ nirmal sonâ :  
 Hor bât kahne kî bahoterî ;  
 Main janam janam ke naukâr tere."  
 Tîn bachan hansû ne lîe ;  
 Tîn bachan Rânî ko dîo :  
 55 " Tere kâran, Rânî, chalâ samundar pâr.  
 Jîwandâ rahâ â milûn, nahîn, Narwar\* koṭ jawâr."

- Tab hansû ne lîe udârî,  
 Dhartî chhoṛ agûs sambhâlî.  
 Bhûkh lagî parbat se bhârî.  
 60 Yâd kare Mahârâj dîlârî,  
 " Isî waqt Rânî pe hotâ,  
 Hirâ motî sab chug khâtâ !  
 Kahân gaî merî birho Rânî ?  
 Chugâve chog, pilâve pâni ! "  
 65 Sîtal ped padam kî chhâyâ,  
 Jahân hansû ne dîrâ lâyâ.  
 Jain† Shahr se phandî âyâ,  
 Us phandî ne phand chalâyâ.  
 Dâdâ dhar pâni dikhlayâ.  
 70 Bhûkhe piyûse hans kû dil lalchâyâ.  
 Ik chûnch pâni kî pîve.  
 Dûsrî chûnch chogî kî khâve.  
 Tîsrî chûnch bharnî nâ pâve,  
 Jhatak jâl hansâ lîe dâbâve :  
 75 " Main kyâ jânûn, kapṭî, terî hansî ?  
 An parê mere gal meû phânsî.  
 Ai phandi, par merâ na tûṭe.  
 Hamrâ mûl hameû se chûko."  
 " Main tangî torûn, pânkh marorûn.  
 80 Tujh panchhî ko kadî na chhoṭûn."  
 " Main phâns gâ, phandî, terî jâlî.  
 Mere bâṭ dekh de, Chand Kanwârî."  
 Phandî khainchî âp ko, aur hansâ khainche âp.

\* Explained as the Day of Judgment, *Qiyamat*.

† For Ujjain

- Kaho "Kartâ kaise bane jo din se ho gai rât !
- 85 Hai koi dharmî dharm kamâve ?  
Is pâpi se jân chhurwâve ?"  
Itni bāt mālan sun pāve ;  
Bharî Kachahrî Râjâ pe âve.  
Â Râjâ pe araj lagâve :
- 90 "Tere Shahr mein kaptî chorâ.  
Us ne satâe jangal ke morâ."  
Itni bāt Râjâ sun pāve :  
Charh ghorâ ban khaṇḍ ko lâve :  
A phandî se araj lagâve :
- 95 "Phandî, ghar ghar terâ bakrâ bandhâûn ;  
Jain Shahr mein hukûmat biṭhâûn ;  
Lâkh takâ swarran kâ leiye ;  
Is panchhî ko ham ko deîye."  
"Râjâ, pîlî sî damrî kyâ dikhlâve ?"
- 100 Yeh panchhî merî kurme kâ khâjâ."  
Râj teg goh charh gîâ bhârî.  
Sût talwâr phandî kî mârî :  
Donon hath qalam kar dîe :  
"Ur jâ, re jangal ke bâse.
- 105 Main kât deî tere gal kî phânsî."  
Ituî sun haûsâ ghabarâe ;  
Chatr Râjâ ko dohrâ sunâî :  
"Hor Râjâ sab râj karen, tu Râjâ sahbâj.  
Panchhî kî band chhurâ dâ ; terî hoîyo 'umar drâj !
- 110 Râj, kahûn bāt tumhen lagî piyârî.  
Mere mulk mein aisi Rânî,  
Mirgâne taj dî ghâns aur pânî !"  
Itni sun Râjâ dôle,  
Chatr haûsâ se mukh se bole :
- 115 "Haûsâ, merî yehân haiñ solah sai Rânî,  
Jin kî dekh sûrat jal pîûn pânî."  
"Un Rânîân hamen dikhlâe,  
Râj mulk sabhî chhurâve."  
Apne mahil mein Râjâ hukm pahunchwâve ;
- 120 Sabhî Rânîân ko Râjâ bulwâve.

- Koi nâche, koi bhû batlâve :  
 Chatr hañsâ ke man koi na bhâve :  
 "Jaisî terî solah sai Rânî  
 Merî Rânî kî bhasê panihârf."  
 125 "Hañsâ, apnî Rânî ko hamen dikhlâe :  
 Râjâ mulk merâ sabhî chhuḍâe."  
 Chândnî rât, tilak rahî târî.  
 "Ab le chal, mere hañsâ pyâre."  
 Chatr hañs ne pankh pasârf:  
 130 Chatr-mukat ho lîe sawârf.  
 Tab hañsâ ne lî uḍârf,  
 Dharnî chhoṛ agâs sambhâlî.  
 Tîn roz urdî ko bîte.  
 Jal aur thal nere na dîse.  
 135 Jis waqt Râjâ mahil se chhûṭe,  
 Sawâ man kanch mahil men phûṭe.
- Â Rânî ke bâgh meñ baithe,  
 Uṛkar hañs mahil par âe.  
 Tab Rânî ne sangâr lagâe :  
 140 "Â jû, re mero hañsâ gyânî:  
 Kahân chhore piyâ, mere jânî ?"  
 "Rânî, des mulk ḍhupḍâ jag sârâ,  
 Tujh chandrf kû bar na pâyâ."  
 "Khâ kaṭâr, hañsâ, main marûngî :  
 145 Dhan joban kâ dher karûngî:  
 Us pardesî bin gharî na bachûngî !"  
 "Rânî, bar lâyâ terâ Siyâm salonâ,  
 Us kî kâyâ dage jaisî nirmal sonâ.  
 Châr gharî tab rain bihâve,  
 150 Wahî Kañwar tere mahilon âve.  
 Rânî, rang rang kî hanât banâo ;  
 Apnî badan ṭhorâ atar lagâo :  
 Chatr hañse ke âge ko âo :  
 Tîn sai sâth palang mahil meñ bichâo :  
 155 Patilsoz tum sabhî jalâo ;  
 Dîve setî araj lagâo :

- ‘ Sun, Swarran ke Dîve, sun merfardâs :  
 Âj milâwâ mere piyâ kâ, jallyo samag-rât ! ’ ”  
 Itnî sunâ hañsâ chal âe ;
- 160 Chatr-mukaṭ se araj lagâi :  
 “ Chândnî rât jhamak rahe târe ;  
 Ab le chal, tû hañsâ piyâre.”  
 Chatr hañs ne pankh pasâri ;  
 Chatr-mukaṭ ho lie sawâri.
- 165 Tab hañsâ ne lie uḍâri.  
 Â baiṭhe Rânî kî atârî.  
 Chalat pawan, khil rahî chambeli.  
 Mandar meñ dukh bhar rahî akeli.  
 “ Hañsâ, is Rânî kî tû kare badâi ?
- 170 Jis kâman ko nindrâ bhai !  
 Rânî nahin, koî hai panhâri !  
 Jis kâman ko nindrâ bhai !  
 Main yûñhîñ chhoḍî solâh sai Rânî !  
 Mere navve kañwar, mere râj-dhârî ! ”
- 175 Itnî sun hañsâ farmâven,  
 Chatr-mukaṭ Râjâ ko samjhâven :  
 “ He Râjâ, tum mat dolo.  
 Is mukh se jarâ pallâ kholo :  
 Hilîyon hilîyon hâth lagâo :
- 180 Rânî ke hâth kî chhallâ nikâlo.”  
 Chatr chori hâñsâ karwâve :  
 Râjâ kî gûñṭhî Rânî ko diwâve :  
 Rânî kî chhallâ Râjâ ko diwâve !  
 Baiṭh hañs par Râjâ bhâge.
- 185 Bhâgat bhâgat dohrâ banâve,  
 Chand Rânî ko kah samjhâve.  
 “ Ankhoñ dekhâ ghî bhalâ, khâyâ bhalâ na tel :  
 Chatrâ se rû se bhale aur bhâṭ mukh kâ mel.”  
 Bhawar bhai jab birhan jâgi.
- 190 Le gadwâ mukh dhowan lâgi.  
 Sang kî sahelî sab charnoñ lâgiñ :  
 “ Bâṭ kahûñ ik abaj anothî,  
 Kis mard ke hâth kî gûñṭhî ?

- Le gayâ chhallî, de gayâ gûñthî ! ”  
 195 Sab sakhiyon ne kar gayâ jhûñtî !  
 “ Râñî, tere se pahile, ham par soñi,  
 Ham kyâ jāneñ rât kyâ hoî ? ”  
 “ Hâî, jawāñî rang lî, jā tūñ dî gaî pît,  
 Rang rang merâ pi gayâ, galiyonî rul gaî pîk.”
- 200 Itnî meñ hañsâ chal âe ;  
 Â Râñî se araj lagâî :  
 “ Main tujh kâ man kî karūñ badâî.  
 Tujh chandî ko nindrâ âî.  
 Main tere kâran mûrakh kahâyâ.  
 205 Main hîrâ janam apnâ yûñhîñ gāñwâyâ.  
 Jo jangal meñ pânî pân.  
 Dâb marūñ, muñh na dikhluūñ ”  
 “ Hañsâ, ungî tarâchhūñ, namak rachhūñ ;  
 Sūrî rât main jûg rahūngî ;  
 210 Apne chor ko pakar rahūngî.  
 Apne apne chor ko sab koî dâre mâr :  
 Hamrâ chor ham ko mile, jo main tan man wârūñ jāñ.”  
 Itnî sun hañsâ chal âe.  
 Â Râjâ se araj lagâî :  
 215 “ Râjâ, aise chhallî tum ne kaḍḍhî,  
 Râñî kî bâth meñ chîre âî ! ”  
 “ Ai hañsâ, us Râñî ko milâo :  
 Hamrâ jîûrâ kyūñ tarpûo ?  
 Chāndnî rât tilak rahe tûre !  
 220 Ab le chal, mere hañsâ piyâre.”  
 Châtr hañsâ ne pankh pasârî .  
 Chatr-mukaṭ ho lîe sawârî.  
 Â Râñî kî chhej utârî.  
 Hilîyon hilîyon bâth lagâe.  
 225 “ Chor chor ” kar Râñî jâgî :  
 “ Ai chorâ, tum kaun hai ?  
 Mera badan ke bâth lagâo ? ”  
 “ Chor nahîñ, main chand hazârâ !  
 Tere kâran ghar bâr bisârâ !

- 230 Main Bîr Bikarmânjît kâ potâ !  
 Chatrâng Dafî kâ betâ, Chatr-mukat hai nâm hamârâ.  
 Itnî sun Rânî ghabarâî ;  
 Chatr hañs kî jamphî pâi :  
 " Syâbas, ro mere hañsâ gyânî !
- 235 Tain merî chot jigar kî jâñî."  
 Usî waqt khânâ pakâve :  
 Chatr-mukat ko khânâ khilâve.  
 Ânkhon kî karî koṭhrî ; paṭlî dî bichhâṭ ;  
 Palkân kî chik gerke ; sâjan lîc biṭhâc.
- 240 Râjâ Rânî khushî karen is mahilon ke manh.

- Bhavar bahî jab mâlî âyâ,  
 Le phûl Rânî pe âyâ.  
 Un phûlon meñ tolan lagî thî,  
 Rânî phûlon se badhan lagî thî
- 245 Itnî sun mâlî chal âyâ :  
 Chandarbhan se araj lagâyâ :  
 " Ik chor tumhârî âve hawelî,  
 Is Rânî ko kar lîâ akelî !"  
 Itnî sun Râjâ ghabarâyâ ;
- 250 Us mâlî se araj farmâyâ :  
 " Kaun chor âve merî hawelî ?  
 Tumhen na mârûñ : mujhe Râm dohâî !"  
 " Rât ko âve, rât ko jâve :  
 Ik hañs Râjâ ko le âve.
- 255 Râjâ, gair samon dâ Phâg banâo,  
 Rang ke botalân\* Rânî pe pahunchâo,  
 Usî chor ko pakar mangâo."

- Bolî Rânî, " sun, mere Râjâ,  
 Mere pitâ ne Basant manâyâ :  
 260 Gair samon kâ Phâg rachâyâ :  
 Rang ke botalân\* mere pe pahunchwâî."  
 Itnî sun Râjâ ghabarâyâ ;

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\* The English word 'bottle' : very remarkable here

- Us Rânî se araj lagâyâ :  
 " Mere pakarne kî hikmat lâyâ."  
 265 Itnî kah Râjâ ne mukhiâ moîâ ;  
 Us Rânî ne rang Râjâ par dârâ ;  
 Jâr-jârkar Râjâ royâ :  
 Mahâ mahil men rudan machâyâ :  
 " Is waqt na koî hamrâ,  
 270 Apne mahil men tû kar rahî dâwâ."  
 " Râjâ, dhobî ko bulâûn ;  
 Kapre dhulwâûn, rât rât tere gal men pawâûn."
- Le kapre dhobî ghar ko âyâ,  
 Pahir kapre dhobî bajâr men âyâ.  
 275 Nazarbâj ne pakar mangâyâ :  
 Lath mukkâ dhobî par chalâyâ.  
 Darde dhobî ne Râjâ batâyâ.  
 Hâth bândh Râjâ latkâyâ.  
 Dekhan âve nar nârî :  
 280 Pakaranhâre ko deñ sab gârî.  
 Pakar chor ko Râjâ pe lâe.  
 Us Râjâ ne hukm lagâe.  
 " Is ko ham pe mat lâo.  
 Is chor ko phânsî diwâo."  
 285 Jâr-jârkar Râjâ royâ.  
 Us hâns ko dohrâ sunâyâ :  
 " Kit merî solâh sai Rânî ? kit merâ Shahr Ujjain ?  
 Chandar-karan, tere kârne yûnhîn gainwâl jân !"  
 Itnî sun hânsâ chal âe.  
 290 Â Rânî se araj lagâî :  
 " Terâ bâp yeh zulm kamâve :  
 Us Râjâ ko phânsî diwâve."  
 Itnî bêt Rânî sun pâve.  
 Woh mahilon men rudan rachâve :  
 295 Ho dilgîr zamîn par âve :  
 Apnâ sis palang se mâre.  
 Laundî bândî Râjâ pe âve ;  
 Us Râjâ se araj lagâve :



- 300 "Râjâ, tumharî putrî maran lagî hai.  
 Apnî jindî khowan lagî hai."  
 Itnî bât Râjâ sun pâve ;  
 Usî chor ko turt bulwâve :  
 "Ai chorâ, tum kaun kahâo ?  
 Merî betî ke mahilon âo ?"  
 305 Itnî bât Râjâ sun pâve :  
 Râjâ Chandarbhân se faryâd lagâve :  
 "Kit merî solâh sai Rânîyân ? kit merî Shahr Ujjain ?  
 Is Rânî ke kâran yûnhî gañwâî jân."  
 Itnî sun Râjâ khûsh hûe ; Rânî lî bulwâe :  
 310 "Râjâ tumharâ â gayâ, aur khushî hûâ parwâe :  
 Ghar kâ Bâbman bulwâe lo aur phere deo diwâe."  
 Khushîân Râjâ kar rahe phere diwâe :  
 Mahilon meñ rahine lag gae, hukm diwâe.  
 Râjâ Rânî do jane kar rahe man kî bât :  
 315 "Ab ure se chal paṛo, aur chalo apne ghar bâs."  
 Rowan lag gaî bândîyân aur rowan lage ranwâs :  
 "Rânî thî, ab chal paṛî, phir kab milne kî âs ?"  
 Dola kaswâkar chal paṛe lambe raste jâe.  
 Hañsâ Râjâ chal paṛe Jain Shahr ko jâe.  
 320 Tûpû meñ ðere lag gae, Rânî kare jawâb :  
 "Ure baithe kyâ karen ? chalo apne ghar bâs."  
 Itnî kahkar â gae Jain Shahr ke pâs :  
 Jâ apne rang mahil meñ karan lage do bât.  
 Khushîân Shahr kar rahâ, "â gae hamâre bhartâr !  
 325 Ghane dinon meñ ghar âe ; kirpâ karî Kartâr !"

## TRANSLATION.

*The Story of Râjâ Chandarbhân and Rânî Chand Karan.*

As beauty grew

Her father and mother became anxious :

"These five gold pieces and the cocoanut,

Take, Brâhman, in thy arms."\*

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\* It is usual for rich or great people to send a Brâhman, as described, to arrange a marriage.

- 5 To the Three Quarters the Brâhman went  
And found no match for Chand Karan.  
Then the Brâhman sorrowfully  
Came back to the Râjâ.  
The Râni was weeping her eyes out :
- 10 "What the pen (of fate) hath written for thee cannot  
be blotted out (my daughter) ! "  
" Why (then) didst thou bear me, mother ?  
He hath found no match for me ! "  
" The Creator hath endowed thee with beauty ;  
He hath (surely) created thy match (also) ! "
- 15 (The Râjâ ordered), " Build the Princess a palace.  
Give endless pearls and diamonds.  
Build her a palace on an island,\*  
Put windows into it.  
Give her countless maids and attendants,
- 20 Under the orders of the Princess."

The breezes were blowing and the jasmines blooming,  
She was sitting in her palace very sorrowfully.

A swan† flew up from the Eastern Land,  
And the clouds gathered for rain.

- 25 The swan flew to the palace.  
Then the Princess adorned herself  
And decked her hair with pearls.  
The wily swan sang to her,  
And said to the Princess :
- 30 "Is there any righteous one to do a good work ?  
And to give me a drink of water ? "  
The Princess heard these words,  
And filling a pitcher the Princess brought him water.  
And shot him a glance from the bow of her eyes.
- 35 The swan fell backwards to the earth.

\* Probable reference to the islands in the lakes about several of the principal Râjpût cities on which palaces were built.

† It is usual to render *hansa* by swan, but in reality it is a fabulous bird of indeterminate character.

- She took him up and clasped him to her breast:  
 "Come, my swan, and eat of my pearls; \*  
 I will pick blossoms (for thee) and make thee a bed;"  
 "Princess, I will not eat of thy food.
- 40 Seeing thy beauty, I depart no more.  
 Such beauty has God given thee  
 That it casts its glamour even over a bird.  
 Princess, be not (too) proud of thy beauty,  
 But fear the Creator that made it !
- 45 Princess, sixteen years is thy age:  
 Whose fault is it that thou art not married ? "  
 "Well done, thou wise swan of mine,  
 Thou hast guessed the sorrow of my heart."  
 "Princess, I bring thee thy match, beautiful as Krishna,
- 50 With body shining like untarnished gold.  
 To say more is to say too much ;  
 I am thy servant through all my life."  
 The swan took an oath thrice ; †  
 Thrice he gave an oath to the Princess :
- 55 "It is for thy sake, Princess, that I go across the  
 ocean.  
 If I live, I return to meet thee, else I will meet thee at  
 the Day of Judgment." ‡

- Then the swan flew off,  
 And leaving the earth went up into the heavens.  
 A mighty hunger seized him.
- 60 He thought of the Râjâ's darling (Princess):  
 "Were I now with the Princess,  
 I should be eating diamonds and pearls !  
 Where has my Princess gone in her separation ?  
 I would eat food and drink water !"
- 65 Cool was the lotus shade of the tree,  
 Where the swan took up his abode.

\* It is a common belief that swans live on pearls.

† See *ants*, Vol I., Legend of Niwal Daf, *passim*.

‡ Note the Musalmân notions here.

- There came a snarer from the City of Ujjain.  
 And spread his net.  
 He placed the food and showed the water.
- 70 Hungry and thirsty the swan had no control over his  
 mind.  
 He dipped his beak once into the water.  
 A second time he put his beak into the food.  
 The third time he could not fill his beak.  
 The snarer jerked the net and entrapped him :
- 75 "How was I to know thy tricks, thou scoundrel ?  
 The noose is round my neck.  
 O snarer, break not my wings :  
 I will settle my price myself."  
 "I will break thy legs, I will ruffle thy feathers.
- 80 Never will I release thee, my bird."  
 "I am caught, thou snarer, in thy net.  
 Look my way, O my Princess Chand (Karan)."  
 The snarer dragged towards himself and dragged the  
 swan to him.  
 Said (the swan) "What hast thou done, O God, that  
 thou hast turned day into night!
- 85 Is there any righteous one to do a good deed ?  
 And save my life from this sinner ?"  
 A gardener's wife heard this,  
 And went to Râjâ as he was holding Court.  
 She went up to Râjâ and said :
- 90 "There is a rascally scoundrel in thy city,  
 Who is worrying the peacocks\* of the forest."  
 The Râjâ heard her.  
 He mounted his horse and went to the forest,  
 And said to the snarer.
- 95 "Snarer, I will order thee a goat from every house ;  
 I will give thee authority in Ujjain City ;  
 Take a *lâkh* of pieces of gold,  
 But give me this bird."

These being sacred.

- "Râja, why tempt me with golden coins ?  
 100 This bird is for the food of my household."  
 The Râjâ waxed furiously wrathful.  
 He struck the snarer with his drawn sword  
 And cut off both his hands.  
 "Fly, thou dweller of the forest,\*  
 105 I have cut the noose from round thy neck."  
 Hearing this the swan was astonished,  
 And spake unto Râjâ Chatr(-mukaṭ) :  
 "Other kings rule, but thou art a king beyond kings.†  
 Thou hast released the bird : may thy life be long !  
 110 Râjâ, I tell thee a pleasant thing.  
 In my country is a Princess so (beautiful) that  
 The deer have given up grazing and drinking (for love  
 of her) !"  
 Hearing this the Râjâ grieved,  
 And said to the wily swan with his lips :  
 115 "Swan, I have here sixteen hundred queens,  
 Without gazing on whom (first) I cannot drink water."  
 (Said the swan), "Show me those queens,  
 I have no care for any rule or empire."  
 The Râjâ sent an order to the palace,  
 120 And called all the queens.  
 Some danced, some showed their charms,  
 But the wily swan's heart was not taken with any.  
 "Women, like thy sixteen hundred queens,  
 Are drawers of water for my Princess."  
 125 "Swan, show me thy Princess,  
 I care no more for all my rule and empire."  
 Moonlit was the night and the stars were shining.  
 (Said he), "Take me now, my beloved swan."  
 The wily swan spread his wings,  
 130 And Chatr-mukaṭ rode upon them.  
 Then the swan flew up,

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\* To the swan.

† Apparently a pun on the word *sahbâj* = *shâhbâs*, a hawk, and also *shâh bâj* as translated.

- And leaving the earth soared to the heavens.  
 Three days passed in flight.  
 The waters and the lands appeared afar.  
 135 (But) when the Râjâ left the palace  
 A man and a quarter\* of bracelets were broken in the  
 palace.†

- They rested in the Princess' garden,  
 And the swan flew up into the palace.  
 Then the Princess adorned herself.  
 140 "Come, O my wise swan :  
 Where hast left my love, my darling ?"  
 "Princess, I searched the countries of all the earth,  
 And I found no match for thy beauty."  
 "I will stab myself, O swan, and die :  
 145 I will put an end to my wealth of youth :  
 Without my stranger I will not survive an hour !"  
 "Princess, I have brought thee a match, beautiful as  
 Kṛishṇa,  
 Whose body shines like unalloyed gold.  
 When two hours‡ of the night have passed  
 150 The Prince will come to thy palace.  
 Princess, don robes of every hue :  
 Throw a little scent over thy body :  
 Come to the wily swan (when he calls) :  
 Have three hundred and sixty beds laid in the palace :§  
 155 Light up all the candles,  
 And pray to the (gods of the) lamps, (saying),  
 'Hear, Golden Lamps, hear my prayer,  
 To-day I meet my love, burn (then) all the night !'  
 Saying this the swan went away,  
 160 And told Chatr-mukṭḥ : (said he :  
 "Moonlit is the night, shining are stars,  
 Take me now, my beloved swan."

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\* 1 lb. weight.

‡ Lit., 4 ghayṭs : i.e., 96 minutes.

† In grief.

§ To make a fine show.

- The wily swan spread his wings,  
And Chatr-mukṭ rode upon them.
- 165 Then the swan took flight  
And alighted in the Princess' lofty chamber.  
The breezes were blowing and the jasmines were  
    blooming,  
Only she was full of grief in the palace.  
(Said the Prince), "Swan, is this the Princess thou  
    didst praise ?
- 170 The beauty that is sleeping !  
This is no Princess, it is some water-bearer ;  
This beauty, that is sleeping !\*  
For this have I forsaken my sixteen hundred queens !  
My ninety sons and my kingdom !"
- 175 Hearing this said the swan,  
Adjuring Chatr-mukṭ :  
"O Rājā, grieve not.  
Open the veil of her face a little,  
Touch her with gentle hand,  
180 And draw the ring off the Princess' finger."  
The swan committed a wily theft.  
He gave the Prince's ring to the Princess,  
And the Princess' ring he gave to the Prince !  
The Rājā mounted the swan and fled.
- 185 As he flew (the swan) made a proverb,  
And spake to Princess Chand (Karan in a dream) :  
"It is better to look at butter than to eat oil :  
It is better to look at the wise than to keep company  
    with fools."  
It was morning and the lovely (Princess) awoke.
- 190 She took up a pitcher to wash her face.  
The maiden with her fell at her feet :  
"I would speak to thee of a wonderful curious thing :  
What man's ring is that ?  
He hath taken thy ring and given thee his ring !"

---

\* The meaning is, a true princess would be awake to receive her lover.

- 195 All the maidens spake a false (charge) !  
 " Princess, we slept before thee,  
 What do we know of what passed in the night ? "  
 (Said she), " Alas ! thou hast taken the bloom of my  
 youth and given me sorrow.  
 Thou hast destroyed my charms, and taken away the  
 bloom of my beauty."
- 200 Meanwhile the swan returned,  
 And spake to the Princess :  
 " I praised thy beauty,  
 And, thou fool, thou didst fall asleep.  
 And for thy sake was I made a fool,  
 205 And thus have I lost the virtue of my life.  
 If I find water in the forests  
 I will drown myself and see thee no more."  
 " My swan, I will cut my finger and rub in salt,  
 And will remain awake the whole night,  
 210 And I will catch the thief (of my ring) myself.  
 Every one beats the thief of his (goods, but)  
 If I meet my thief I will sacrifice my life for him."  
 Hearing this the swan went away,  
 And spake to the Râjâ:
- 215 " Râjâ, thou didst so tear off the ring,  
 That thou hast torn the Princess' finger ! "  
 (Said he), " O swan, take me to the Princess :  
 Why (thus) make my life miserable ?  
 Moonlit is the night, shining are the stars !  
 220 Take me now, my beloved swan."  
 The wily swan spread his wings,  
 And Chatr-mukat rode upon them.  
 And (the swan) laid him at the Princess' bed.  
 Gently he touched her with his hand,  
 225 " Thief, thief," (said) the Princess waking.  
 " O thief, who art thou ?  
 That thou touchest my body with thy hand ? "  
 I am no thief, but the lord of many thousands !



- For thy sake have forsaken home and family !  
 230 I am the grandson of the warrior Vikramāditya !  
 The son of (his daughter) Chatrang Dāī, and my name  
 is Chatr-mukāṭ."
- Hearing this the Princess was astonished,  
 And caressed the swan : (saying),  
 " Well done, my wise swan !
- 235 Thou hast fathomed the wound in my heart."  
 She cooked some food at once,  
 And gave Chatr-mukāṭ to eat.  
 She made a chamber of her eyes, and opened her pupils ;  
 She drew down the curtain of her lashes, and seated her  
 love within.
- 240 And the Prince and Princess were happy in the palace.
- In the morning the gardener came,  
 And brought flowers to the Princess,  
 And began to weigh her against them,  
 And the Princess outweighed the flowers.\*
- 245 Finding this the gardener went  
 And spake to (Râjâ) Chandarbhân :  
 " There is a thief in thy palace,  
 ' That hath taken the Princess apart ! "
- Hearing this the Râjâ was confounded
- 250 And spake to the gardener :  
 " What thief hath come into my palace ?  
 I will not harm thee, † as God is my protector ! "
- " Comes in the night, goes in the night :  
 It is a swan that is the (thief) Râjâ.
- 255 Râjâ, fix the Holi at the wrong time,  
 Send bottles of pigment to the Princess,  
 And you will catch the thief." ‡

\* Allusion to the well-known tale of Panjphûlārānī or Princess Five-flowers, who weighed only five flowers as long as she was chaste, but outweighed them at once on getting a lover. † If thou tell

‡ At the Holi festival (*Phag*) in the Spring the custom is for Hindus to throw a crimson powder over each other, hence if the Princess were to throw the Holi powder over the Prince at the wrong season his clothes would betray him at once.

- Said the Princess, "Hear, my Rājā,  
 My father is worshipping the Spring :  
 260 He hath fixed the Holī at the wrong season,  
 And hath sent me bottles of pigment."  
 Hearing this the Prince was confounded,  
 And said to the Princess :  
 "It is a trick to catch me."  
 265 Saying this the Prince turned away his face,  
 But the Princess threw the powder over him.  
 Bitterly wept the Prince,  
 Raising a cry of weeping through all the palace :  
 "Now is none my friend,  
 270 Thou art the ruler of thy own palace."  
 "Rājā, I will call the washerman,  
 And have thy clothes washed, and in the night shalt  
 thou wear them."

- The washerman took the clothes and went home,  
 Putting on the clothes\* he went into the market.  
 275 The spics seized him,  
 And beat him with fists and clubs.  
 In his fear the washerman betrayed the Prince,  
 So they bound the Prince's hands and hanged him up  
 (by them).  
 Men and women came to see him,  
 280 And abused his captors.  
 They took the thief (Prince) to the Rājā,  
 And the Rājā ordered :  
 "Bring him not before me, (but)  
 Hang this thief."  
 285 Bitterly wept the Prince,  
 And spake unto the swan :  
 "Where are my sixteen hundred queens ? where my  
 City of Ujjain ?  
 O Chand Karan, for thy sake is my life thus lost !"

---

\* Such borrowed plumes are very common in India among washermen.

- Hearing this the swan went,  
 290 And spake unto the Princess :  
 " Thy father hath done this wickedness,  
 That he hath hanged thy Prince."  
 The Princess hearing this  
 Raised a cry in the palace ;  
 295 And fell in her sorrow to the ground,  
 Beating her head against her couch.  
 The maids and attendants came to the Râjâ  
 And spake unto the Râjâ ;  
 " Râjâ, thy daughter is dying,  
 300 And throwing away her life."  
 When the Râjâ heard this  
 He sent for the thief at once : (saying),  
 " O thief, what art thou called ?  
 That camest into my daughter's palace."  
 305 Hearing this the Prince  
 Spake unto Râjâ Chandarbhân :  
 " Where are my sixteen hundred queens ? where my  
 City of Ujjain ?  
 For this Princess' sake have I lost my life."  
 When he heard this, Râjâ Chandarbhân was pleased and  
 called the Princess at once : (saying),  
 310 " Thy Prince hath come and thy household rejoiceth.  
 Send for the house priest and perform thy marriage."  
 With rejoicings the Prince performed the marriage,  
 Dwelt in the palace and began to rule.  
 The Prince and Princess, the pair had their hearts'  
 desire.  
 315 (Said she), " Let us depart hence now and go to thy  
 home."  
 All the maids began to weep and all the palace wailed :  
 " A Princess there was that hath fled now, when shall  
 we meet her again ?"  
 Preparing a palanquin they commenced the long road.  
 The swan and the Râjâ went to Ujjain City.  
 320 They dwelt in an island and the Princess said :

“What shall we do dwelling here? let us go to thy home.”

Saying this they went to Ujjain City,

And going into the palace they began dwelling together.

All the city rejoiced, saying, “Our lord hath come:

325 Coming home in these great days: for the Lord hath  
had mercy!”

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## No. XX.

### TWO SONGS ABOUT NÂMDEV, AS SUNG BY TWO BARDS FROM AMRITSAR.

[These are two well known songs about the celebrated Bhagat and Marâthî poet Nâmdev or Nâmâ. They are sung constantly in the Darbâr Sâhib or Golden Temple at Amrîtsar, and are known to every Sikh.]

[Nâmdev flourished in the time of the Emperor Bahlol Lodî, 1488-1512 A.D., and evidently vastly influenced the founder of the Sikh Religion, for we find whole poems of his incorporated into the *Âdi Granth*. These particular legends are not in the *Âdi Granth*, but in the *Granth* (as I am told) that Gurû Gobind Singh started in opposition to it. They are therefore very likely to be apocryphal.]

#### I.

#### TEXT.

*Sat Gur Parshûd. Sabd Nâmâ, Rag Bhairon : Ghar Do.*

- Sultân pûchhe, "Sun, be Nâmâ,  
Dekhûn Râm, tumhâre kâmâ."  
Nâmâ Sultân ne bâdh lâ ;  
"Dekhûn terâ Har bathîlâ.  
5 Bismal goû deo jiwâe,  
Nâ, tirû gardan mârûn thê ? "  
"Pâdshâh, aisi kyûn hoe ?  
Bismal kîâ na jîve koe.  
Merâ kîâ kuchh na hoe :  
10 Kare Râm hoe hai soe."  
Pâdshâh charhio hankâr.  
"Gaj hastî dînûn chamkâr."  
Rudan kare Nâme kî mâ :  
"Ohhod Râm ke, bhajan Khudâ."  
15 "Nâ hûn terâ pûnghrâ, nâ tû merî mâ :  
Piņd pare to Har gun gâ."  
Kare Gajend sūņd kî chot :

- Nâmâ ubre Har kî oṭ.  
 Qâzî mullân kare salâm :  
 20 " In Hindû merâ maliyâ mân.  
 Pâdshâh, bentî suniyo,  
 Nâmâ sar bhar sonâ lefiyo."  
 " Mâl leûn tâ Dozakh parhûn.  
 Dîn chhoḍ duniyâ kon bharûn ? "  
 25 Pâwon berî, hâthon tâl ;  
 Nâmâ gâve guu Gopâl.  
 " Gang Jaman jo ultî bahe,  
 Tâ Nâmâ ' Har Har' kardâ rahe."  
 Sât gharî jab bitî sunî :  
 30 Aj hûn na âio Tirbhawan Dhanî.  
 Pâ kanthan, bâj bajâelâ,  
 Garur charhe Govind âelâ,  
 Apne bhagat par kî prit-pâl.  
 Garur charhe âe Gopâl :  
 35 " Kaheñ, tâ Dharan akoḍî karûu !  
 Kaheñ, tâ le kar ûpar dharûn !  
 Kaheñ, tâ mûlî goṭ deûn jiwâe,  
 Sab koî dekhe patiyâî !"  
 Nâmâ parnâve sîl masail :  
 40 Goṭ duhâî, bachhrâ mel.  
 Dûdh-doh jab maṭkî bharî,  
 Le, Pâdshâh ke âge dharî.  
 Pâdshâh mahil meñ jâe :  
 Aughaṭ kî ghaṭ lâgî âe.  
 45 Qâzî Mullân bentî farmâî :  
 " Bakhsh, Hindû, main terî gâî !  
 Nâmâ kahe, " suno, Pâdshâhe !  
 Eho kuchh patiyâ mujhe dikhâî.  
 Is patiyâ rahe parwân,  
 50 Sâch sîl châlô, Sultân !"  
 Nâmdev sab rahiâ samâe.  
 Mil Hindû Nâme pe jâe :  
 " Jo ab kî bâr na jîve gâî.  
 Tâ Nâmdev kâ patiyâ jâe." .

55

Nâme kî kîrat rahe sansâr,  
 Bhagat janân le udhâre Apâr.  
 Sagal kalis nindak bahiâ khed.  
 Nâme Nârâyan nahîn bhed !

## II.

## TEXT.

*Tuk.*

“ Rukhrî na khâfyo, Swâmî merâ ! Rukhrî na khâfyo !  
 Hâth hamare ghirat katorâ, apnâ bânṭâ lekar jāfyo.  
 Daure daure jât, Swâmî, roṭ lie mukh mâhîn.  
 Tum bhâge, ham pahunch na sâke, mel lefyo, Gosâin !  
 Ghaṭ ghaṭ ke Prabh antar-jâmî !” Pal meṅ rūp baṭâyâ.  
 Kûkar se Ṭhâkur ban baiṭhe : Nâmdev darshan pâyâ.

## I.

## TRANSLATION.

*By the favor of the Holy Gurû\* : The Song of Nâmd, in the  
 Râg Bhairon : Part Two.†*

Said the Sultân,‡ “ Hear, O Nâmâ,  
 I would see (this) Râm,§ thy servant.”  
 The Sultan bound Râmâ.  
 Saying, “ I would see Hari,§ thy patron.  
 5 Raise this dead cow to life,  
 Or I will cut off thy head !”  
 “ King, why should this be ?  
 None hath ever raised the dead to life.  
 My deed will perform nothing :  
 10 It is as Râm (God) wills.”  
 The king waxed wrathful, (saying)  
 “ I will rouse my elephant to fury.”  
 Nâmâ's mother began to weep :

---

\* Gobind Singh.

† Allusion to the part of Gurû Gobind Singh's *Granth* in which the text is said to be found.

‡ Probably Bahlol Lodi.

§ God according to the *Hindûs*.

- (And said),\* “Leave Râm’s praises for God’s (Khudâ).”†
- 15 (Said he), “I am no son of thine, thou no mother to me :  
If my body perish (still) will I sing of Hari.”  
The chief of the elephants thrust at him with his trunk,  
But Nâmâ was safe by Hari’s protection.  
The Qâzis and Mulla’s saluted (the king, saying),
- 20 “This Hindû hath slighted our (Musalmân) faith.  
O king, hear our prayer :  
Take our gold and give us Nâmâ’s head.”  
“If I take the gold I shall go to Hell.  
Who will enjoy the earth, if he give up his faith ?”
- 25 (He put) shackles on his feet and fetters on his feet,  
But Nâmâ sang the praises of Gopâl.‡  
“Gangâ and Jamnâ may flow backwards,  
But Nâmâ still sings, ‘Hari, Hari.’”  
Seven hours passed away,
- 30 But still the Lord of the Three Worlds§ came not.  
Wearing a (holy) necklace and with songs and rejoicings,  
Govind|| came mounted upon Garuḥ,\*¶  
The protector of his own votary.  
Mounted on Garuḥ came Gopâl, (and said)
- 35 “Say, and I will upset the world !  
Say, and I will raise it on my hand !  
Say, and I will raise the dead cow to life,  
That all may see the miracle !”  
Nâmâ prostrated himself
- 40 And made the cow suckle her calf.  
He then milked and filled a pail,  
And took and laid it before the king.  
The king went into his palace  
And his heart was very sore.
- 45 The Qâzis and Mullas besought (Nâmâ) :

\* To her son.

† God according to the *Musalmâns*.

‡ = Kṛishṇa = God.

§ God.

|| = Kṛishṇa = God.

¶ Garuḥ, the miraculous bird and vehicle of Kṛishṇa.



- "Hindû, forgive us; we are thy cow's!"\*  
 Said Nâmâ, "Hear, O King!  
 Thus much miracle have I performed.  
 Let the miracle remain proved.  
 50 \* Do thou dwell in truth and virtue, O King!"  
 Nâmdev's honor was greatly increased.  
 All the Hindûs went to Nâmâ:  
 (Saying), "Had he not restored her this time,  
 The virtue of Nâmdev had gone."  
 55 Nâmâ's glory shall remain in the world.  
 God ever protecteth his saints.  
 May the backbiters suffer all troubles.  
 There is no secret (difference) betwixt Nâmâ and  
 Nârâyan!†

## II.

## TRANSLATION.

*Refrain.*

"Eat not dry bread, my Master! eat not dry bread!  
 The plate of butter is in my hand, take thy share.  
 Running away, my Master, with the bread in thy  
 mouth.  
 Thou runnest, and I cannot reach thee, I would meet  
 thee, my Holy One!  
 Thou art the Lord that knowest the heart!" In a  
 moment the body changed.  
 The dog became the Lord, and Nâmdev beheld him.‡

---

\* Conventional phrase: the cow being the most sacred of all things in the Hindû's eyes, to be treated as his cows is to be well treated by him.

† God.

‡ The point of this is that a dog ran away with Nâmdev's food, and instead of beating him the saint addressed him as above. Thereon the dog turned into God and so Nâmdev beheld God. The moral is obvious.

## No. XXI.

### SAKHÎ SARWAR AND JÂTÎ, AS RECORDED BY A MUNSHI IN THE LÂHOR DISTRICT FOR MRS. F. A. STEEL.

[This story relates a miracle performed by Sakhî Sarwar for a Brâhman follower in the Gujranwâlâ District. The scene is laid at Emanâbâd near the town of Gujranwâlâ, and in the tale the Brâhman, Pherû, the son of Jâtî, is made governor of that place in the time of Akbar (1556-1605 A.D.)]

[Emanâbâd is an old town in the district, said to have been a hunting ground of Śālivahāna. The present town was founded by one Emanâ, a nurse of the Emperor Firoz Shâh Khiljî (1282-1296 A.D.) Under the Musalmân rulers and before the Sikh times (say up to 1750 A.D.) it was a very important place and the headquarters of a *maḥāl*. The legend here recorded may possibly relate the temporary possession of power by some local Brâhman, whose name has not been preserved in general history.]

[The prose portions of the legend being in ordinary Urdû have not been given in the original.]

*Sakhî Sarwar and Jâtî.*

*Sâîn Sachhe ! yâ Rabb !*

*Terî dhano pârjâ !\**

*Jat thal Maullâ tûî hai !*

*Rabb, tero nâm dhiâîye !*

5 *Kiâ kiâ qudratân thâpdâ ?*

*Berangî Sâhib jâpdâ !*

*Sâje Dhartî te âsmân !*

*Bâjh thamân kalâ tîkâie !*

*Dhartî dâ kîttâ jor hai,*

10 *Unwajâ lâkh karor hai.*

*Âthârâ bhawan banâs, jî,*

*Rabb qudrat bâgh banâie !*

*Bhawan te bishramî,*

*Râm Chand, Kishn jawânî.*

\* For upârjâ.

- 15                    *Nawān Budh laṭakdā,*  
                       *Phir dase autār khydāie.*  
*Bhagat pare to pare, jī !*  
*Terā nām jape so tare, jī !*  
                       *Kughṛā painḍā bhagat dā,*  
 20                    *Gur bardān ho vikāiyo !*  
*Pir Bāī nūn gūwandā,*  
*Nit eho kār kamāwandā.*  
                       *Dāyam dāve bāldā,*  
                       *Nit ghare salām karāie.*  
 25                    *Jātī kardā seo, jī ;*  
                       *“ Sarwar, miṭṭhā meo deo, jī !*  
                       *Miṭṭhā meo deo, jī ! ”*  
                       *Mūnh mangiā dān diwāie !*  
                       *Jātī de ghar jamdā,*  
 30                    *Pherū, bahote karm-jaram dā ;*  
                       *Sayyidpurā saloia,*  
                       *Jithe Pherū paidā hoiā,*  
                       *Chākar Bāī Lanj dā,*  
                       *Nit ghare salām karāie !*  
 O True Lord ! O God !  
 Blessed be thy creation !  
     Thou art Lord of the land and sea !  
     O God, let us meditate on thy Name !  
 5    What wonders hast thou performed ?  
     O Lord, appearing in many forms !  
     Thou hast ordered the Earth and Sky,  
     Upraising the sky\* without pillars !  
     He hath reckoned up (all) the Earth,  
 10    Forty-nine *lākhs* of *karōṛs* (of miles in area) !†  
     The eighteen loads of herbage  
     Made God into a garden of his power !  
     The dwellers in ease in heaven,  
     Rāma Chandra and Kṛishṇa the youth,

\* *Lit.*, the machine.

† 49 billions.

- 15        And the nine *Buddhas* flourished,  
             And then He made the ten incarnations.\*  
 The saintship is unfathomable, Sir!†  
 (Only) he that worships Thy Name shall be saved, Sir!  
             Steep is the path of the saintship,  
 20        Let us become servants to our teachers.  
 (Jâtî) sang of the Saint and Bâî,‡  
 This duty did he perform,  
             Keeping the lamps§ ever lighted,  
             Ever worshipping them at home.  
 25    Jâtî did service: (saying)  
       "Sarwar, grant me sweet fruit|| (of my prayer),  
       Sweet fruit grant me!"  
             (Sarwar) gave him his desire in charity.  
       In Jâtî's house is born  
 30    Pherû, the most fortunate.  
 In beautiful Sayyidpurâ,¶  
 Where Pherû was born,  
       The servants of Bâî and Lanjâ (Sarwar),  
       Worship them every hour!

When Jâtî was at the point of death he admonished his son Pherû, saying, "My son, you were born to me solely through the favor of Sakhî Sarwar, therefore it is incumbent on you to ever worship at his shrine." So Pherû in obedience to his father's behest attended regularly at Sakhî Sarwar's shrine and worshipped him, and although at one time he became very poor he never failed in his devotion. One day he said to himself that if Sakhî Sarwar give me the government of Emanâbâd I will build him a splendid shrine, whereupon the holy Bhairon\*\* was ordered by Sakhî Sarwar to appear to the Emperor Akbar in a dream and frighten him. Bhairon accord-

\* The modern Brahmanical mythology is referred to here!

† Addressing the audience.

‡ Sarwar and his wife: see *ante*, Vol. I., p. 96.

§ i.e., of the shrine.

|| The invariable form of prayer for a son.

¶ Sayyidpurâ Salonâ is the old name of Emanâbâd.

\*\* See Vol. I., p. 75.

ingly did so and Akbar asked him what he wanted. Bhairon replied, "Make my freind Pherú governor of Emanâbâd to-morrow, or I will worry you." To this Akbar agreed, and in order to refresh his memory he made a knot in his coat. Accordingly, next day, when sitting in his Court, the knot reminded him of his promise, and he issued orders through his minister appointing Pherú the Brâhman governor of Emanâbâd.

A horseman was therefore sent with the order and suitable robes who arrived in due time at Emanâbâd and made enquiries after Pherú. But he, fearing that the man had come about the recovery of certain debts of his father, hid himself in the house of one Mâtî, an old woman. At last, however, thinking it over in his mind that there is no escape from the will of gods or of kings, and that if he escaped for to-day the horseman would catch him to-morrow, he gave himself up. To his astonishment the horseman (according to orders) treated him with the greatest respect, bathed him, dressed him up in the robes of honor and gave him the letters patent (*parwânâ*) investing him with the power of a governor of Emanâbâd. After which the horseman went away.

- 35            *Jo kuchh Pherú lor dá ;*  
               *Lâkh miliâ mulk karor dá,*  
               *Pattâ, ra'iyat, parganâ :*  
               *Mur ghare salâm karâie.*  
               *Ghore chahke chaldâ,*  
 40           *Pherú jâ Kachahrî maldâ.*  
               *Qâbû pâve hukm dâ*  
               *Phir iksî mat dahâie.*  
               *Ilâkim nâl chabûtre*  
               *Pherú bahke majlis lâie.*  
 45           *Lashkar kaṭak barûmî,*  
               *Naqqâre nâl nishâni.*  
 35    Whatsoever Pherú desired  
       He obtained, a land of boundless wealth,\*  
       Title-deeds, tenants and lands :

\* Lit., worth of a billion of rupees.

Going home he gave thanks (to Sarwar).

Riding on his horse

40 Pherû went frequently to Court.

Taking the opportunity of power

He made (every one) of his faith.

With nobles in his Palace.

Pherû sat and held his Court.

45 Splendid his cavalcade and retinue

With drums and standards.

Now since Pherû was a Brâhman and Sakhî Sarwar was a Muhammadan the people of Emanâbâd were much displeased at his following Sarwar, and once it so happened that one of his own caste brethren refused to permit him to attend at a marriage, because of his being Sarwar's disciple. Finding at last that it was a question of losing the fellowship of his caste or of giving up Sakhî Sarwar, he deserted the latter and joined his caste.

*" Air chele ditiâ,*

*Phir chele hoe mitthiâ!*

*Gurân Pîrân to mukarê*

50 *Sidh âpî âp saddiye!"*

"I gave my disciple a flock,

And my disciple hath become faithless!

Denying his Saint and Teacher,

50 He hath made himself into a saint!"

(Spake Sarwar) and was very much enraged against Pherû, for whose punishment he sent the holy Bhairon.\*

*Bhairon qamchî mârâ,*

*Brâhman nûn jhuthiârdâ!*

*Oh dî dehâ rang wiâiâ,*

*Adh vichon hî laṭkâie!*

55 *Dard kalijâ pharkdâ*

*Pherû ṭangûn bâhwân kharṭdâ.*

*Chhâle bhîme pai gac,*

*Dehâ dâ rang wiâie:*

*Kul qabilâ tarkdâ,*

---

\* See Legends about Sarwar, ante, *passim*.

- 60           *" Ih nūn thāoñ dīwāo faraq dā.  
                   Jis dā sidqā bhog de,  
                   Mur use to sukhāiye."  
                   Rang mahlāñwālā,  
                   Phir kalkhāñ vich sowā lā.  
 65           Phir jhūngī vich bahā lā,  
                   Phir istar heṭh vichkūie.  
                   Pūndā dudh piālāñ,  
                   Phir pānī tīṇṇ sawālāñ,  
                   Chattī bhōjan jīwandā.  
 70           Phir tukṛe nūn tarsāie.*

- Bhairon struck him with his club,  
 Calling the Brāhman a liar.  
       He changed the color of his body.\*  
       And hanged him by his waist (to the roof).†
- 55   Pain tore his heart,  
       Pherū (hanging) kicked about his arms and legs.  
       Great blotches came over his body.  
       And the color of his body changed.  
       (Said) his family trembling,
- 60   " Let us give him a place apart ;  
       Whose favor he enjoyed  
       Let him again relieve him."  
       From a gorgeous palace  
       They made him sleep in a hut.
- 65   They made him dwell in the hut,  
       And spread a bed of straw beneath him.  
       He that drank milk from (brass) cups,  
       Drank water from earthen cups.  
       The liver on sumptuous food
- 70           Craved for crumbs.

When Pherū the Brāhman got leprosy and his brethren gave him a detached hut to live in, one day everybody forgot him except an old female servant, who recollected that no one had

*i.e.*, made him a leper.

*v.e.*, severely punished him; allusion to a favorite Sikh punishment.

sent him any food since the previous day, and thinking that if he was neglected much longer he would soon die, she made up her mind to supply him daily with four loaves out of her own allowance of food. That very day she went to Pherû with the bread and an ewer of water, who ate two of the loaves and gave the remainder to the birds. Finding that he only ate two loaves she restricted his allowance to that number and kept the rest for herself. She went to him daily before eating any food herself, because she was obliged to bathe after coming in contact with a leper and also, by the custom of the Hindûs, before breaking her fast. In this way some time passed.

Now Sakhî Sarwar had made Pherû a leper in order to force his relatives to desert him, so that when he felt the pangs of hunger he might return to his old allegiance. But finding that that the old woman kept him well fed, he ordered Bhairon to prevent her. Accordingly, next day Bhairon met her on the road to Pherû's hut and asked her who she was and where she was going. She replied "For the grace of God and out of pity for my old master I give him daily two out of my allowance of four loaves and I am taking them to him now." "But," said Bhairon, "when your master is so bad with Leprosy that none of his own relatives will go near him, why do you go? Suppose you got the disease: who would look after you, when even so great a man as Pherû is totally neglected? If you must look after your master take my advice and tie the bread to the end of a bamboo and throw it to him from a distance." Next day the woman took his advice, and when Pherû saw what she was doing he was vexed and told her that she had served him well enough so far, but that if she meant to treat him like this in future she had better cease bringing him food. Being thus rebuffed the woman stopped bringing him food.

So Pherû began to starve and in the misery of his heart he remembered Sakhî Sarwar and said:

*"Sab jag bhulanhâr : bhuliân Sîtâ jehiân Rântân, Sultânâ,  
Bhûle Râm te Lakhman Deote, Sultânâ.*

*Main tere dîve bâlûn,  
Main tere nâm chitârsûn.*



75

*Bahare, Sarwar Aulâd,  
Dukh merâ dard gawâtiye !*"

"All the world errs: even as the Queen Sîtâ erred, O Sultân (Sarwar),  
Erred also Râm and Lachhman, O Sultân.\*  
I will light thy lamps,  
I will call on thy name.

75

Come, O Saintly Sarwar,  
Relieve me of my agony and pain."

When Pherû began to cry out and acknowledged his guilt Sakhi Sarwar had pity on him. So mounting his mare and taking Bhairon with him he went to Pherû's hut and asked the road to Kâbul. "What do you want in Kâbul?" said Pherû. "We are physicians from Dehlî," said they, "sent to teach the king of Kâbul medicine." "If you will but treat me," said the leper, "I will remember you all my days." "But if we treat you, what will you give us?" said the physicians. "Alas!" said he, "I have nothing to give!" "Something we must have," returned the physicians, "at any rate a pound of flour for our horses." Pherû promised anything in his power if they would only cure him. Whereupon

*Chashmât kadâdh nikûliâ,  
Pherû Bâhman nûn ghol piâ liâ.  
"Sîtal jhole, Sâhibâ,*

80

*Dehî nûn thaṇḍ pawâtiye !*"

They took out some of the holy soil,  
And mixing it (in a cup of water) they gave it to Pherû the Brâhman.

(Said Pherû), "O Lord, as a breath of cool air,  
Hast thou cooled my (burning) body!"

80

As soon as Pherû had drunk up the dissolved earth he was cured at once. The rapid cure made him doubt the real character of the physician, and so he laid hold of Sarwar's

\* Allusion to the well known story in the *Râmâyana* of Sîtâ's disobedience of Râma's instructions not to go out of the charmed circle (*kîr*), while their error was in leaving her alone.

† Sacred soil from Makkâ, but here from Nigâhâ, the shrine of Sakhi Sarwar.

mare and said, "You are concealing yourselves, you are not physicians. You are Sakhî Sarwar and Bhairon, the holy."

"We are indeed physicians," replied they, "it is your will to call us Sarwar and Bhairon. However, bring us the grain you agreed to give us."

"I will not move a yard" replied he, "for you may gallop off, while I go for the grain."

At last finding that he would not leave them they dropped their whips and asked him to pick them up, and as he stooped to do so, they galloped off, leaving him staring after them.

*Changā karke ghaliā,*

*Pherū Bāhman ghar nuñ chaliā.*

*Bahutā sukh ānand nāl,*

*Ghar sukhī sādī jāie.*

85 *Pahilān warē muqām, jī:*

*Phir nuñ-nuñ kare salām, jī:*

*Haṭhīn būhā kholke*

*Jā andar pairī pāie.*

*Roshan hūe chirāgh, jī.*

90 *Bāhman de waḍḍe bhāg, jī.*

*Pairīn paindī Lachhmī,*

*Man andar khushī wadhāie.*

Having cured him they sent him away,

And Pherū, the Brāhman set out for home.

With great rejoicings

He reached home safe and sound.

85 First he went to the shrine, sir :

And made his lowly salutations, sir :

Opening the door with his own hands

And prostrating himself within.

There was a lighting of the lamps, sir.

90 Very fortunate was the Brāhman, sir.

Lachhmī\* fell at his feet,

Happy in her heart.

Returning home Pherū went on to serve Sakhî Sarwar as heretofore. After a while it occurred to him that he should

---

\* His wife.

go to Nigāhā and be fed from the hands of the revered Bāj\* and obtain some boon from Sarwar. So he went towards Nigāhā and getting as far as the Trimmū† ferry he sat down by the banks of the Rāvi. Here Bhairon appeared to him in the form of a groom and asked Pherū why he was there. Pherū replied that he was going to Nigāhā.

"But who goes to Nigāhā at this season," said the groom, "when the river is so swollen? It is no easy matter to cross at this season. Better go back and come again with the regular company of pilgrims (*sang*)."

"I will never go back," replied Pherū, "I have made my vow and go I will."

On this the groom was very pleased and said, "Very well, if you must go across, sit on this grass mat and shut your eyes."

Pherū did so and immediately found himself across the river, but neither the mat or its owner could he see anywhere.

When he reached the Satluj, Bhairon the holy visited him in the form of a shepherd and told him that if he wanted to cross he could take him over on a reed mat. Pherū sat on it and was taken across in a moment, but the shepherd disappeared. Then Pherū knew that it was the same man that had helped him over the Rāvi.

At length he reached Nigāhā and there Sakhī Sarwar visited him assuming the form of an Aroṇ and asked him to take food in his house, saying that there were no Brāhmans in the village. He offered him eleven gold pieces in return for the honour. Pherū could not resist the temptation, saying to himself that he would visit the shrine afterwards. So he accompanied the sham Aroṇ to his house.

*Līlī Bāi rang vitāiā ;*

*Kar chauṇkā bhāṇḍā pāiā ;*

95 *Kar bhojan bhalā jīmāiā.*

*Pīrān dīttī dakhnā,*

*Jyūn dharm sahāi.*

\* Sakhī Sarwar's wife.

† Towards Multān.

The Lady Bâi changed her form,\*

She made a cooking place and placed the vessels,

95 Preparing the food in plenty.

The Saint gave him his (Brâhman's) fee,

As though bound by religion.

After Pherû had been fed by Bâi, whom he supposed to be the wife of the Aroû, and had received the customary present from the sham Aroû, he returned to the shrine, buried the remainder of the food and sat down expecting that Bâi would give him bread with her own hands and Sakhi Sarwar himself the usual present. Knowing this Sakhi Sarwar appeared to the shrine attendant, Chhattâ, in a dream and told him to ask Pherû why he was sitting there, for that what he wanted had been accomplished. "If he says he has received nothing, then tell him that the supposed Aroû was Sakhi Sarwar, and that the food he had eaten was prepared by Bâi. If he does not believe you then tell him to put his little finger to his chest and the food that he ate will come out of his mouth and the food that he buried in golden utensils will be found to be in brass ones, and that the gold pieces he had as a present will be turned into brass also. So Chhattâ, the shrine attendant, went to Pherû and said, "Why don't you go home since you have got what you came for?" But Pherû rejoined, "I have got nothing as yet." On this the attendant told him that the food he had eaten had been prepared by Bâi and that the present he had received was from the hands of Sarwar himself. But the Brâhman would not believe him. So then the attendant prayed that the gold pieces presented him might turn to brass, that the golden utensils might also become brass, and that the food he had eaten might come out of his mouth. All this came literally to pass. On seeing this the Brâhman was very much ashamed and cried out to Sakhi Sarwar, "I cannot return home disgraced in this wise." Then a voice called out, "Let the vessels and gold pieces become golden," and behold! it was so, and the Brâhman took them home.

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\* i.e., became an Aroû's wife.

- Changâ karke ghalliâ ;*  
*Pherâ Brâhman ghar nuân chaliâ,*  
 100     *Bahutâ sukh ânand nâl*  
           *Ghar sukhi sandi jāie.*  
*Majlis tambî tânadâ,*  
*Phî oh khushiân mânadâ.*  
           *Jedâ agge tul sî, nur*  
 105     *Osî tul charhâie.*  
 Curing him they sent him (home);  
 Pherâ the Brâhman went home,  
 100     With great rejoicings  
           Reaching his home safe and sound.  
 They pitched his camp in the Court,  
 And then rejoiced.  
           Even as he was before, again  
 105     They placed him in his former state.
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## No. XXII.

### THE MARRIAGE OF SAKHÍ SARWAR, AS RECORDED BY A MUNSHI OF THE LAHORE DISTRICT FOR MRS. F. A. STEEL.

[This legend gives in detail what has been already alluded to in previous ones about Sakhi Sarwar. It is valuable as showing his thoroughly Indian character and descent. The purely Hindû cast given to all the ceremonies connected with the marriage is remarkable.]

[It should be noted that the governor of Multán married his daughter to an ordinary *faqir*. Though there is no evidence, as far as I know, to show that there ever was such a governor as that mentioned in this legend, such marriages were by no means unknown in former days: e.g., the marriage of the daughter of the Emperor Bahlol Lodî, in 1452 A.D., to Shekh Sadar Jahân of Kotiâ-Mâler.]

[The prose parts, being in ordinary Urdû, have not been given in original.]

*Jal thal ik Allâh, jî !*

*Rabb qudrat dâ Bâdshâh, jî !*

*Terâ, Allâh, Nabbî gavâh, jî !*

*Lenâ nâm Rasûl dâ,*

5 *Phir ummat de Sarband dâ.*

*Dhol Dharti dhârdî ;*

*Rabb Chaudân Tabaq sawârdâ ;*

*Fâni pave jhalâr dâ ;*

*Ashtam târe lotakde ;*

10 *Chânan bâle chand dâ.*

*Âlam Hawwâ paindâ,*

*Rabb duniyâ sish\* wadhaindâ,*

*Rabb sir sir dhand laindâ.*

*Jo jo hukm, Nihâliâ,*

15 *Karo kamâo dhand dâ.*

*Sut Jugî Multânî ;*

*Koi Shahr bhalâ pîrânî ;*

*Shahr 'ajab sohnâ ; mân*

*Sakhî, 'Âlam Nau Khanî dâ.*

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\* For *sarish*, creation. .

- 20 *Piū Zainu'l-'ābadīn nit nām*  
*Lāīye khair wand dā.*  
*Ḡhar Sayyidān de jammiān,*  
*Sultānā, pūr karamiān,*  
*Dīwānā ubbhīān lammiān.*
- 25 *Dhan jane Māi 'Aeshān,*  
*Wadhāwā wajr anand dā.*  
*Sarwar, 'ajab jāwānī,*  
*Nāl bhāi Dhoḍā Khānī,*  
*Piū Zainu 'l-'ābadīn, nit nām*
- 30 *Lāīye khair wand dā.*  
 One God of the land and sea!  
 God is the king of power!  
 The Prophet (Muḥammad) is thy witness, O God!  
 First call on the name of the Prophet,
- 5 Then on the Leader of the Sect.\*  
 Dhavala† supports the earth;  
 God has created the Fourteen Regions,‡  
 Water He gives to the wells;  
 The stars He hangs in the sky; §
- 10 He lights up the glory of the moon.  
 He produced Adam and Hawwā (Eve);  
 God gave increase to the creatures of the world;  
 Appointed his place unto each.  
 O Nihālā,|| whatever be His order,
- 15 Do thou perform thy duty.  
 Multān belongs to the Golden Age,¶  
 A city blessed by the Saints,\*\*

\* i.e., Sakhī Sarwar.

† Explained to be a cow but was there ever any such Hindu notion?

‡ Musalmān notion

§ *Ashṭam*, apparently a pure misapprehension of the word *asṭam* or *akṣa*

|| The composer of the poem.

¶ i.e., is a very old city.

\*\* Allusion to the descendants of 'Abdu'l-Qādir Jilānī, Shams Taher and other very celebrated saints, still found in large numbers in Multān.

A city very beautiful ; believe

In Sakhî (Sarwar), Lord of the Nine Quarters.

20 Ever the name of his father Zainu'l'-âbadîn,

Full of virtue, take.

Born in the house of Sayyids,

Was Sultân (Sarwar), full of good fortune,

Lord of the East and West :

25 Happily did Mother 'Aeshân† bring forth,

When the drums of rejoicing were sounded.

Sarwar, the glorious youth,

With his brother Dhodâ Khân,

And Zainu'l'-âbadîn ; ever their names,

30 Full of virtue, take !

Now Sakhî Sarwar while grazing goats in the pastures had read the Qurân from his childhood. He had four brothers, of whom three were the sons of Rustam Khâtun,† his stepmother, viz., Sayyid Dâûd, Sayyid Muḥmûd and Sayyid Sahrâ. His father Zainu'l'-âbadîn dwelt at Garh Kot§ about twelve miles from Multân, and after Rustam Khâtun's death he married 'Aeshân|| there. She bore him two sons, Sayyid Ḥamad (Sakhî Sarwar) and Khân Jatî or Dhodâ Khân. The saint's grandmother's name was Sâhibzâdî, who had a sister married to one Râibâ of the Rihânâ Tribe, by whom she had five sons, viz., Âbû, Dâdhâ, Sahan, Makkû, and Abu'l-khair. But the saint had no maternal uncle.¶

When his mother's father died his brethren came and wanted him to divide the land owned by the grandfather among themselves, to which partition Sakhî Sarwar agreed, but they took all the good land and gave him only the bad. However, as he had paid no attention to agriculture, he was none the wiser, and taking his share proceeded to cultivate it. So he

\* *Hindû* belief.

† Mother of Sarwar.

‡ Observe the Mughal form of the name.

§ Sakhkot, 12 miles from Multân according to the usual account.

|| She was a Khokhar.

¶ To perform the marriage for him. *Hindû*-custom.



sowed it with seed and prayed to God, and by the blessing of the Almighty his fields flourished and were ten-fold better than his brethren's, and they, being astonished, took counsel among themselves. So they went to him and told him there must have been a mistake in the partition and wanted to set up the pillars afresh. "Never mind about altering the pillars," said he, "you collect the whole harvest and give me my share." So the brethren collected the harvest and winnowed the grain, and when it was ready for distribution, they sent round to all the beggars of the neighbourhood to beg alms of grain from Sarwar so as to ruin him, and gave them instructions that if he refused them in any way they were to give him a bad name in all the villages round. Accordingly, when the division commenced, they all crowded round Sakhî Sarwar and begged grain of him in the name of God. Before long he had given all his own grain and commenced distributing that of the fields adjoining. His brethren, however, were quite pleased, "for," said they, "now that he has given away all his grain how will he pay the land revenue? As soon as the tax collector comes he will run away and we shall be rid of him and get all the land." With these notions in their heads they suggested his accompanying them to the Governor to pay the revenue, and his father, too, asked him to go in his place, as he was getting too old to walk. So all the brothers went off to Ghanû, the Pathân,\* the ruler of Multân. On the road, being entirely innocent of such matters, the saint asked what land revenue was and they explained it to him. "But," said he, "I have nothing to pay with." "You must take your chance," said they, "the Governor may remit, or he may punish." Sakhî Sarwar felt very frightened on hearing this, for who could tell what the Governor would do to him, and so he determined to show him a miracle.

No sooner had he determined on this, when behold he was joined by a huge multitude which filled Multân, till there was hardly standing space. Seeing this vast concourse the Pathân

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\* A name apparently not known to history.

asked his minister to go and enquire about them. The minister came and saw that it was a saint on a mare that had come. So he reported that it was only a *faqîr* and no enemy that had come, and that the concourse had been created by him merely for his own amusement. This made the Governor feel very uneasy. But to try the saint's powers he sent him an empty tray and a pitcher, to see if he had miraculous power enough to fill them, and asked for food and water. The servant, who carried them, however, became afraid that if the saint should find them empty he would think that he himself had done it for a joke and would be wrath with him. So on the road he prayed to God not to disgrace him in the eyes of the saint, and God heard the prayer and filled the tray with rice and milk and the pitcher with water. Now Sakhî Sarwar knew by his miraculous knowledge what had happened, and said to his friend Faqîr Hussain Ghâî,\* "look, the Governor wants me to show him a miracle." So when the servant came they both partook of some of the food and drink, but left some in the vessels to show the Governor that food had been put miraculously into them. When the Governor saw this, he became sure of the miraculous power of Sakhî Sarwar and, being afraid of what he had done, made up his mind to apologize. But Faqîr Hussain Ghâî told him that there was no need to do that, as he was justified in testing the power of a saint, and that Sakhî Sarwar would pardon him if he would behave himself in future!

The Governor, in his gratitude, gave Sakhî Sarwar a fine horse, a dress of honor and a *lâkh* and a quarter of rupees† but he imprisoned his five brethren for having forced him to come to Multân. Sakhî Sarwar took his presents and went straight to the Jail. On seeing him there the Governor of the Jail asked him why he came there, and Sarwar replied he was there because of his brethren, who were imprisoned. The Governor of the Jail asked him which among the prisoners

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\* *Ghâî*, apparently a tribal name: but habitat and origin unknown.

† Rupees 1,25,000.

were his brethren. "Every man in the Jail is my brother, and I have no intention of moving until they are all released," replied the saint. So the poor Governor went to Ghanû, the Pathân, who had perforce to release all the prisoners.

After this Sakhí Sarwar spent his *lâkh* and quarter of rupees in shaving and dressing decently all the beggars in Multân, for the large numbers of which the place has always been famous, and then he proceeded on his way home to Garh Kot riding on his horse in his new clothes. On the road he met 360 *faqîrs* who begged for food, as they had been starving for twelve years. So the saint, having nothing else, gave them his horse and his clothes to buy food with in Multân. But no one would buy either horse or clothes for fear of incurring Ghanû's displeasure. The *faqîrs*, therefore, returned disappointed to Sakhí Sarwar. The saint asked them which they really wanted, money or food. "Food is all we want," said the *faqîrs*. "Then slaughter the horse and eat it," said Sarwar, "and make up the clothes into breeches and necessary clothing." So the *faqîrs* did accordingly.

Now the saint's brethren still nourished great enmity against him, and when they saw this they rejoiced greatly, as they thought that when the Governor of Multân heard of it he would surely punish the saint. So they filled pitchers with the blood of the horse and took them to Ghanû, the Pathân.

*Khorân dî pakkî wâdî !*

*Khor já karan faryâdî ;*

*Khale kúkan Bâdshâh te :*

"*Kyûn nahîn niyân karandâ ?*"

It is always the way of the wicked !

The wicked went and complained ;

And stood crying out to the Governor :

"Why dost thou not do justice ?"

When Sakhí Sarwar's brethren showed the pitchers full of blood and explained how the present had been treated, Ghanû, the Pathân, became furiously angry and ordered his messengers to demand the horse and clothes from the saint. With great

fear and trembling the order was carried out. The messengers went to Garh Kot and sat down in Sakhi Sarwar's house, but said never a word. At last Zainu'l-'âbadîn asked them what they wanted, to whom they replied that they were very perplexed; the order they had received was a very shameful one, but as it was the Governor's they felt obliged to carry it out. "The fact is," said they, "the Governor wants back the horse and clothes he presented to Sakhi Sarwar, and has sent us for it." Sakhi Sarwar and his friends heard of this and said naturally, "If the Governor be an honest man, how can he possibly want back what he has given away?" However, they went off to where the bones of the horse lay to see if God would help them by a miracle out of their dilemma. There were the Governor's messengers and some fifty other persons present. On reaching the bones Sakhi Sarwar desired the messengers to stand aside, as the miracle to be performed was one of God's mysteries and not fit for vulgar eyes. So they went aside and then Sarwar's friends and the *faqîrs* present threw a sheet over the bones and prayed—

35 *Ralke Sayyid karan pukârâ ;*  
*"Suneh, Muhammad, Châre Yârâ !*  
*Kamm sawâren, Parwardigârû !*  
*Oho ghorâ âve sârâ !"*

\* 'Ibrîl ne ândî jindgî,  
 40 *Sâbit ghorâ turiâ.*  
*Sarwar âkhe, "wâh, wâh, Sainiâ !*  
*Ghanû Pathân kare anîâiân !"*

35 Together the Sayyids prayed ;  
 "Hear us O Muhammad and the Four Companions.†  
 Perform our desire, O Cherisher of the Poor (God) !  
 May the horse become whole !"  
 Jibrâil brought him to life,

40 And the horse stood up whole.

Said Sarwar : "Hail, hail, Lord !  
 Ghanû the Pathân hath done injustice !"

\* For Jibrâil = Gabriel.

† These are Abu Bakr, Umar, 'Usmân and 'Ali.

When the horse was restored to life and the clothes resuscitated Sarwar proceeded with them to the Governor. Ghanū saw him coming from his window and was much astonished and fully convinced that Sakhi Sarwar was a great saint. It followed that he himself was a very foolish man and a great sinner, as he had thwarted and worried Sarwar, so he became very much afraid of what he had done. Seeing that Sarwar was fast approaching he took his minister aside, explained to him all that had happened and asked his advice. The minister suggested that the best way out of the difficulty was to offer the saint a daughter in marriage. To this the Governor agreed, and when Sarwar came into the presence, Ghanū, the Pathān, very humbly begged forgiveness for his roughness and disbelief, and offered him his daughter as an atonement. Sakhi Sarwar replied that it was a very wicked act to annoy *faqīrs*, but that as far as he himself was concerned he would overlook everything, except that he would not now accept either the horse or the clothes. As for the girl he himself thought he ought not to marry her, being only a poor *faqīr*, while her father was a great Governor, but he would be guided by his own father's wishes entirely. And so Sakhi Sarwar went away home.

In a few days Ghanū, the Pathān, sent a Brāhman, a Dom, and a Barber in the regular (Hindū!) fashion to Zainu'l-'ābadīn with a proposal for Sakhi Sarwar's betrothal to his daughter and many apologies for his conduct.

*Bhānū hoīā Rabb dā*

*Ghore de sabab dā!*

45

*Bibi Bāt, Ghanū dī dhī,*

*Bādshāh Pirān thīn mangdā.*

Glory was to God

On account of the horse!

45

The Lady Bāt, Ghanū's daughter,

The Governor betrothed to the saint.

When the three messengers told Zainu'l-'ābadīn what the Governor proposed, he replied that it was not a correct thing for a *faqīr* to marry a Governor's daughter, but that as the

proposal had been made it could not be well refused. So the proposal was accepted and Zainu'l-'âbadîn sent back by the hands of the servants a magnificent present of pearls, a horse and splendid robes to the Governor, such as he could accept. He found no difficulty about this, as the great Saint Sakhi Sarwar always found whatever he wanted on his praying carpet (*musallâ*).

*Ralke gandhî pâwande,  
Pîrdn nûn pîr sadâwande.*

*As Pîr samâule,*

50 *Dîwânâ, khûsh rang dâ.*

*Gandhî leke chaliâ wadhâwâ,  
Ghar Sayyidân waje wadhâwâ.\*  
Mele âwan Pîr Farîdâ,  
Tere utte karam Nabbi dâ '*

55 *Pîr Bannoi diên dhôî,  
Pîr Sunnâmon charhiâ.*

*Degî khâne pakile  
Masâle ajab mahkde :*

*Lungriân te chhanîân  
60 Pîrjî thâl bharandâ.*

*Nafar khâ uḥḥâiôn,  
Sab hove kamm anand dâ.*

*Nefûn de moharân paindîân  
Zar, sonâ, anand dâ !*

65 *Satrân andar sawâniân  
Ral gâwan bîblîân rânîân :  
Tâiân, phuphiân, mâsiân,  
Sab hove kamm anand dâ.*

*Sarwar Sayyid nahâwandâ ;  
70 Auwal takmat chauki ûwandâ.  
(Nihâlâ bahâr ban gâwandâ,  
Kahinâ kahe Rasûl dâ.)*

*Kuppar wal pahindâ.  
Dhodâ Khân nahwâlie,*

\* There is a pun here—*wadhâwâ* is a hanger on, a servant, and also a drum.

- 75        *Pahin, bághán vich bahálie.*  
              *Donoñ bhái baiñhde*  
              *Sarbálá takht buland dá,*  
              *Zuinu'l-'ábadin nahâwandâ ;*  
              *Kuppar rang sahâwandâ,*  
 80        *Bahishtí joṛá'pahinke,*  
              *Á beṭián kol bahandâ.*  
              *Janj charhí Sultán dí :*  
              *Kul joṛ zamín asmân dí.*  
              *Ziárat kare jahân, jî ;*  
 85        *Viyáh si adambar rang ba-rang dá.*  
              *Bhairon Deví nál hai,*  
              *Nál mohar nuqáru hamb dá.*  
 Together they tied the marriage knots,  
 Saints calling Saints.  
       Glorious Saints came there,  
 50        Careless and happy.  
 The servants took the marriage knots,  
 And drums were beaten in the Sayyid's house.  
 Shekh Faríd\* joined the marriage party.  
 The blessing of the prophet is on thy (Sarwar's) head †  
 55        Pír Bannoi gave thee protection,  
              Coming from Sunnám.‡  
 Food was cooked in the caldrons,  
 With savoury spices ;  
              With small cups and saucers  
 60        The Saint filled a platter.  
 The servants ate it up  
              And were all pleased.  
 (The Saint) obtained the marriage presents ;  
              The golden coins of delight !  
 65        Behind the curtain were the matrons  
 Singing with the ladies and maidens :

\* The celebrated Saint of Pákpattan.

† That such great men should be present.

‡ A well known Saint from Sunnám, near Pañiálá.

Aunts and cousins

All rejoiced.

Sarwar the Sayyid was bathed ;

70 First they brought him towel and stool.

(Nihâlâ sings it beautifully,

Giving the praise to the Prophet.)

They clothed him splendidly.

Dhodâ Khân bathed (Sarwar) ;

75 Dressed and seated him in a garden ;

Both brothers were sitting

On a lofty throne.

Zainu'l-'âbadîn (also) bathed (Sarwar) ;

Clothes of beautiful colours

80 And heavenly raiment wearing,

He sat down beside his sons.

1 Sultân's (Sarwar's) marriage procession started,

And the earth and heavens were lighted up.

The whole world came to see, sir ;

85 For the marriage was a scene of beautiful  
colours.

Bhairon and Devî were present

With drums beaten before them.\*

A *lâkh* and a quarter of visible and a *lâkh* and a quarter of invisible *faqîrs* attended Sakhî Sarwar's wedding procession. The Governor was afraid that, as he was marrying his daughter to a *faqîr*, the bridegroom's procession would consist of ragged beggars, and would be a source of permanent annoyance to him, so he sent his minister out to see what kind of procession it really was, that he might have time, if necessary, to arrange something suitable. Expecting to see something very mean the minister was astonished at finding a most magnificent procession approaching, attracting enormous crowds to itself, and so he went and reported that the procession was so large that there would be no finding food and drink for them. When it

\* These verses apparently refer to the well known *Hindû* sacred song (*rdg*) of the marriage of Śiva and Pārbati, in which Bhairon and Sanichar are made to play a prominent part in this manner.



arrived it had to be accommodated outside the city, and when all the tents and canopies were pitched the space covered was found to measure twelve *kos* (miles) round the town.

Now the Governor had ordered the confectioners not to charge anything for their supplies, which he engaged to pay for on the completion of the marriage. Bhairon the Holy and Devi, who had accompanied the procession, had a mind to view the city. As they were wandering about they saw a confectioner giving a farmer a large quantity of sweets for nothing and asked him why he did so. He replied that it was the Governor's orders to supply whatever the procession wanted without payment. When they heard this they were very pleased.

It so happened that the Governor's invitation to the marriage feast fell on the day that was a fast both to Hindûs and Musalmâns, so the Hindû Gods and Muhammadan Saints refused to attend.\* Consequently there was a very large quantity of food wasted; however, as Bhairon the Holy and Hanwant (Hanumân) the Holy were mere children† and not affected by the fast, they were requested to eat some of the food. So they began and very soon ate it all up and asked for more! Thus it turned out to be quite true as the minister had said, the procession was so great that there would not be enough food and drink for them. The Governor asked the gods to forgive him, as it was not his fault that there was not sufficient food. On this Bhairon the Holy and Hanwant the Holy took their departure.

Now the Governor erected a long bamboo on the top of which he placed six more and the top of all he put a brass cup (*kaṭorâ*) and asked Sakhi Sarwar to see if he could hit it with an arrow, saying that it was a necessary ceremony in his family, before giving away a daughter.

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\* The marriage feast fell on the fast of Ramzân which also happened to be an *ekadashî*, or turn of the moon, occurring every 15 days and is a fast with Hindûs.

† A mythological point probably worth following up.

- Ghanû kuppî uḡwāwandā,*  
*Sultān Sayyid azmāwandā :*  
 90      *Pahlā wār Paḡhān dā*  
           *Tīr jāndā pās ghūmdā.*  
*Pher wār āiā Pīrān dā :*  
*Jor Kakkī, azmat khān dā,*  
*Iḡr māre tīr kumān dā ;*  
 95      *Soṅ kaḡorī jhaḡ pās ;*  
           *Pīr pahlī chot urandā.*  
*Sayyidān līā mailānī :*  
*Shakr hoiā nūrānī :*  
           *Pīr hawelī utare,*  
 100      *Pachkūrā kare anand dā.*  
*Qāzī Ghanû sadāwandā ;*  
*Rāt Juma' dī āwandā :*  
           *Bībī Bāī nūn samjhāid,*  
           *Paḡhiā 'aman to bi'llah' khush rang dā.*  
 105      *Qāzī paḡhe nikāh, jī,*  
*Kol saddio vakīl gawāh, jī :*  
           *Sabhī shartān kītiān :*  
           *Paḡhiā 'aman to bi'llah' khush rang dā.*  
*Zainat Khātun boldī*  
 110      *Sandūk lakkhān de kholdī :*  
           *Bībī Bāī nūn pahnāwandī,*  
           *Kappaḡ man pasand dā.*  
*Pippal patrewāliān,*  
*Phūl kariān te ḡaṇḡiān,*  
 115      *Chhalle, mundre, ārt,*  
           *Vich phumman bāzūband dā.*  
*Lāl samundaron āid,*  
*Hīrā chaunk purāiā,*  
           *Jorī jaḡe jawāhirdān,*  
 120      *Koḡ lāl matthe dhalkdā.*  
*Pahin nath sohāḡ dī,*  
*Putreḡi waḡḡhī bhāḡ dī ;*  
           *Do motī vich lābrī*  
           *Pāsī sone tand dā.*  
 125      *Sarwar le saldmiān*  
           *Sauhre thīn widiā mang dā.*

- Niyal khair parhan jawān, jī,*  
*Khās Musalmān, jī,*  
*Wāja wajje nihālīā,*  
 130 *Pīr dharan mohānā piṇḍ dā,*  
*Māī 'Aeshān pānī pherdī,*  
*Kīṭā nūh sas piyār chum dā.*  
*Lassi mūndrī pāwand,*  
*Sarīwar te Bāī khaḍwānā*  
 135 *Donoñ barābar khaḍle,*  
*Kīā sar pāsā panch rang dā.*  
*Dām jo āe chalke,*  
*Darwāzā bahandē malke :*  
*"Deñ, Sarwar Sayyidā,*  
 140 *Pher jī asādā mang dā."*  
*Kanak jawār ubālde,*  
*Bāī te Lang sambhālde :*  
*Ghughhānāñ thapdele*  
*Chādar pallā parandē*  
 145 *Phāḍī mangan doā, jī ;*  
*"Pālūñ kare Khudā, jī."*  
*Pālūñ āin, Nihālīā,*  
*Kīā sawāl ik rang dā.*  
*Pher jo āiā chalke,*  
 150 *Darwāzā bahandā malke,*  
*"Deñ, Sarwar Sayyidā,*  
*Jī asādā mang dā"*  
*"Is khiyāl nā pāo, jī,*  
*Jore ghorē le jāo, jī"*  
 155 *"Bharle thailī asāñ dī"*  
*Jehṛā lāiā kīngdā.*  
*Wan hoe hariāule,*  
*(Chhūḍ) kalāñ āe hūñte*  
*Wan tan pālūñ logiāñ ;*  
 160 *Chun khā padānoñ pand dā.*  
*Gīt hai aḗab khiyāl dā,*  
*Hire, motī, lāl dā.*  
*Mere Rabb, namāne Pāldā,*  
*Teriāñ tūī jāsāñ hai,*  
 165 *Terā pūr nu wāṛā pāūlā.*

- Ghanû made (him) shoot down the cup,  
 To test Sultân the Sayyid :  
 90 First (Ghanû) the Paṭhân's  
 Arrow flew past it.  
 Next came the Saint's turn ;  
 Placing Kakki,\* the Lord of power,  
 The Saint shot an arrow from his bow ;  
 95 The golden cup fell down ;  
 The Saint shot it down at the first shot.  
 The Sayyid won the field :  
 The City was lighted up :  
 The Saints went to his (Ghanû's) home  
 100 And alighted with joy.  
 The Qâzî sent for Ghanû ;  
 Friday night came†  
 They taught the Lady Bâi,  
 And she repeated ' God's peace on thee'‡  
 with joy.  
 105 The Qâzî performed the marriage,  
 And summoned the representatives and witnesses:  
 Made all the settlements :  
 And they repeated : ' God's peace on thee'  
 with joy.  
 Zainat Khâtun§  
 110 Opened the chest of a *lâkh's* worth (of clothes),  
 And put on the Lady Bâi  
 Garments that she desired.  
 Earrings like *pîpal* leaves,  
 Flower-like rings and earrings,  
 115 Rings and mirrored rings,  
 And tasseled armlets,  
 Rubies from the sea,||  
 Diamonds set for the hair,  
 Jewelled bracelets,

---

\* His mare      † The marriage day amongst Mussalmâns.  
 ‡ The completion of the marriage      § Bâi's mother.  
 || The superstition is that rubies spring from the sea.

- 120           And put the red spot on the forehead.\*  
           Put on the nose-ring of wifehood  
           On the lucky girl;  
           And two pearls  
           Suspended by a golden thread (from her nose).
- 125 Sarwar received the presents  
           And took leave of his father-in-law.  
       Having repeated the blessings the young man (Sarwar),  
       A true Musalman (Sir),  
           With music of rejoicing,  
 130           Set out for his home.  
       Mother Aeshân drank the water.†  
           The mother kissed her son's wife lovingly.  
       Putting the ring into milk and water,‡  
       Both Sarwar and Bâi drew the augury,§  
 135       Both tried together  
           As though they were playing at chess ||  
       The bards came  
       And sat together at the door :  
           (Saying), " Give us, Sarwar Sayyid,  
 140       What our hearts desire."  
       They boiled the wheat and millet,  
       And gave it to Bâi and Lanjâ (Sarwar) :  
           Cooling the millet  
           They put it into their kerchiefs.¶
- 145 The bards prayed,  
       That God would give them *pīlū* fruit.\*\*  
           Pure *pīlūs*, O Nihâlâ,  
           They desired immediately.  
       Again they came

\* *Hindū* sign of wifehood

† *Hindū* ceremony of circling a cup of water round the heads of the newly wedded pair and drinking it

‡ *Hindū* custom. § Of which was to be the better in life.

|| Eagerly to see which would draw out the ring first.

¶ Purely *Hindū* custom.

\*\* See Vol. I., pp. 96-7. These verses explain a miracle Sarwar is said to have made the *pīlū* to fruit out of season to please his bards.

- 150 And sat together at the door  
    " Give us, Sarwar Sayyid,  
        What our hearts desire."  
    " Desire not thus, sirs ;  
Take clothes and horses from me, sirs."  
155     " (No) fill up our wallets (with *pîlûs*),"  
        Said they obstinately.  
The forest became green,  
And the *pîlû* trees blossomed,  
    And *pîlûs* came on to the branches,  
160     And the bards picked them up and ate eagerly.  
This song is truly wondrous,  
Full of diamonds, pearls and rubies.  
O God, the cherisher of orphans,  
    Thou only knowest Thyself ;  
165     None can fathom Thee.

## No. XXIII.

### THE BALLAD OF CHŪHAR SINGH,

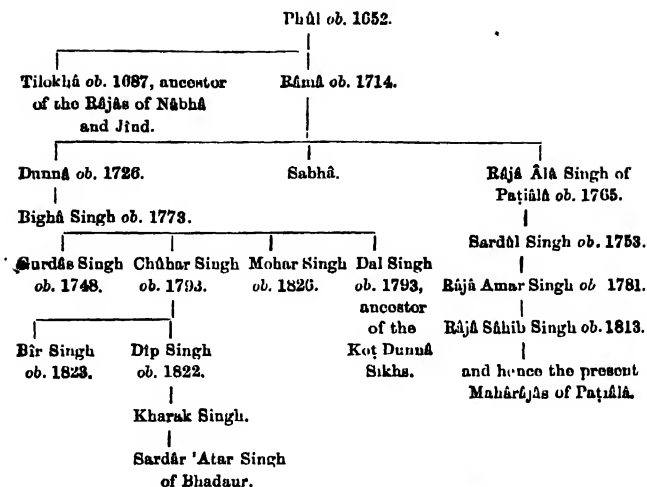
AS KNOWN TO THE SIDDHŪ AND BARĀR JAṬṬ AND AS RECORDED  
IN A GURMUKHĪ MS. COMMUNICATED BY SARDĀR 'ATAR SINGH  
OF BHADAUR.

[The Vār (or Bār), or Ballad, of Chūhar Singh is one of the most famous popular poems of the Sikh Districts of the Panjāb. It relates a well known historical fact which occurred in 1798 A.D., viz., the treacherous burning to death of Chūhar Singh and Dal Singh, his brother, in a small *burj* or tower, into which they had been invited for the night by Sajjan, a Barār Jaṭṭ. Sajjan himself was soon after killed by Bīr Singh and Dīp Singh, the sons of Chūhar Singh, in revenge, with the help of the Paṭiālā troops under Albel Singh Kālākā and Bakhshī (Commandant) Saide Khān Dogar See Griffin's *Rājās of the Panjāb*, pp 257-8.]

[The most important tribe in the Panjāb are the Jaṭṭs, and the most important branch of these are the Siddhūs. At the present day the chief families of these Siddhūs are those called Phūlkiān or descendants of Phūl, a Chaudhri, or Revenue Collector, and also chief local magnate, under the Emperor Shāhjahān. Phūl died in 1652 A.D., and from him are descended the Mahārājā of Paṭiālā, the Rājās of Jind and Nābhā, the Sardārs of Bhadaur and many minor families.]

[The Barārs or Siddhū-Barārs broke off from the main line of the Siddhūs apparently about 1850 A.D., and are represented now by the Rājā of Faridkot.]

[Chūhar Singh of Bhadaur was the great-grandson of Rāmā, the second son of Phūl, and the first great chief of the house of Bhadaur. Dal Singh was his youngest brother and was the ancestor of the Kot Dunnā Sikhs. The present chief of Bhadaur is the great-grandson of Chūhar Singh through Dīp Singh, the younger of the two sons who avenged his death. Rājā Sāhib Singh of Paṭiālā, mentioned as having helped in the vengeance exacted for the death of Chūhar Singh, was the great-grandson of Rājā Ālā Singh, the third son of Rāmā, from whose eldest son, Dunnā, the Sardārs of Bhadaur are descended. The following genealogy will show the relationship of the various actors in the tale.]



[Bararakki or the Land of the Barârs consists of the parts about Mârî, Murâj, Mukatsar, Mukkî, Buchon, Bhadaur, Sultân Khân, and Faridkot, and patches in Paṭiālâ, Nâbhâ and Malaudh, i.e., the greater part of the Ferozpûr District, parts of the Lodiânâ District and of the Paṭiālâ and Nâbhâ States and the whole of the Faridkot State.]

### TEXT.

*Bâr Chûhar Singhjî kî, jis ko Bararakkî  
men am log gâte haiñ.*

Vichh Bhadaur de Chûhar Singh Bîm Sain sadâve!

Baddhî te râlî kise de pasand mûl na lâve.

Likkhe chitṭhî Dunne de Kot nûn chalâve:

“Tain charḥ ânwanâ, Dal Singhâ, rûj Bararakkî dâ  
thiâve;

5 Ajj dîn khattîân bahke putt potâ vichh Bhadaur de  
khâve.

**Bigar gae rijjat\*** Ghanayye Bâje dî, ghar baithe nûn  
Sajjan rûj âpân diwâve.”

\* For ra'lyat.



Vekhke parwānān sikhar dupahre Dal Singh charh āve.  
Bhrā dā sadyā juttī mūl nān pāve.

Charhde Dal Singh nūn sūnan ho gaiā mandā : ik chūh-  
rā lakṣān dā bharī lai ke darbajje nūn mohre āve.

- 10 Ganān dā gheriā, takor dhaunse nūn lawāve.

Vichch Barnāle de Dal Singh patte Chūhar Singh nūn  
bulāve :

“ Kī mahimm paī, Chūhar Singhā, tainūn ? kāh dī khātar  
Dal Singh nūn sadāve ? ”

Chūhar Singh Dal Singh charh Bhadaur nūn āe.

Donān bhirwān matā matāke sabh phauj Ghanayyo  
Bāje nūn charhāyā.

- 15 Pahile ḍerā vichch Bhāī-ke-Dyālpure lāyā ;  
Panjāh rupaie dā karāh parsād Māi Rajjī de chulhīn bartāyā.  
Dusrā ḍerā chak ke vichch Ghanayyo Bāje de lāyā.

Bolyā Sajjanūn “ tūn kaḍḍh layāvin muttīnū, Raushanā  
Kalālū, jehrīnū sajdiān tund diūn tund kaḍhāiān.”  
Akk to dhatūrā jahar diān gaḍḍiān vichch dārū ko  
Sajjan neṇ rālāiān.

Iknān ne bukkīn, iknān ne ukkīn, iknān ne chakk garvīān  
muṇh nūn lāiān.

- 20 Jinhān de piū dāde dārū akkhīn nān ḍiṭṭhī, unhān ne  
chakk matṭīān muṇh nūn lāiān.

Din chhipde nāl phaujān ho galān khīviān ; auro aur de  
nūl Sajjan neṇ dholkī bajāi.

Mārke kambal diān jhumbān bāhar Bararakkī dī āi.

Dhoke rohi\* diān khittīān bār chubāre dī banwāi.

Udoṇ boliā Chūhar Singh, “ Sajjanūn, dholkī kehī  
bajwāi ? ”

- 25 Kahandā, “ Jatt dā gamāch gal dhāṇḍī ; tūn paike saun  
rahu, Phūl ke,

Āūkūl ke diviān, man vichch gam rakkhū nūn kāi ! ”

Machūke pāthī use vele agg chubāre nūn lāi.

Jān mach utṭhī murde-khānī bolyā Chūhar Singh, “ Saj-  
janūn, masāl kāh nūn machāi ? ”

---

\* *Rohi* = *bār*, the uplands, deserts.

- “Tûn paikê sauñ rahu, Chûhar Singhâ, man vichêh gam  
rakkhûn nañ kâî !”
- 30 Ghorâ te dusâlâ laikê rijjat Bararakkî dî milan âî.  
Jân mach uṭṭhî agg murde-khânî kuchhak dig paññi  
chubâre diâñ karîân; agg Chûhar Singh de bambo  
dâhre aur mohani gogâr nûñ âî.  
Chûhar Singh boliâ, “Dal Singhâ, upar charh chubâro  
de, kuchh mardângî dikhâfê !  
Marnân tûñ ab sir pur â giâ, lâj kul nûñ kâñ nûñ lâfê ?”  
Âp dî jân dî nûñ banî, bharko roti dî dhâl Dal Singh do  
pairân nûñ dâhlî.
- 35 Mardâ hoyâ bolyâ, “Dal Singhâ, jamme the bâro bari,  
maut kattihûñ nûñ âî!  
Phûl Marâj dâ pichhâ sâlâ, honûñ hatth Jattân de âî.”  
Bolyâ Chûhar Singh, “Dal Singhâ, gharik dî der thâu  
rakkh lañ, sâñûñ der na kâî.”  
Bolyâ Chûhar Singh Nainâ Singh Jhanjar ko nûñ,  
“eh belâ hai, mardângî dikhâî.”  
Batheriân chalâñ Nainâ Singh Jhanjar ko neñ pes  
chalî, nahûñ kâî.
- 40 Tûñ bolyâ Sajjan, “tûñ pharâ de hathiâr, Chûhar Singhâ,  
tainûñ mârde nañhî.”  
“Âke phar lai hathiâr, Sajjanân, nahûñ bhej de Pardhânâ  
bhâî.”  
Mâr ditti Pardhânê nûñ Sajjan neñ, Chûhar Singh do  
chubâre nûñ charh lâyâ Pardhânâ; bagîrâke tîrân dî  
kânî Chûhar Singh nen Pardhânê de mukhe nûñ laî  
Timî Sajjan dî bharke chhannân duddh dâ liâî:  
“Main sadke, wo Chûhar Singhâ te Dal Singhâ; mere  
deuro, jândî wâr dâ duddh dâ chhannâ hatthou merio  
chhakke jâñî !
- 45 Tusîñ âdî Barâr mudhân de dhohe, basâhu karnâ nûñhî.”  
Itne mar gayâ Chûhar Singh: maro Chûhar Singh diâñ  
khabarân vichêh Gurû-de-Koṭhe âiân.  
Likh lai chitṭhî Mâî Rajjî neñ vichêh Bhadaur de âiân.  
Vâch lai chitṭhiân muharîñ munsîñ: kehîñ kuhar diâñ  
âiân !

- Saddke Lahaurī Dām nūn chitṭiān palle Lahaurī de āiān.
- 50 Toṛke chitṭhiān Paṭiāle nūn Māi Rājkur ne khoh siṭṭai  
mīdiān sajdīān saj gudāiān.  
Mar gae Chūhar Singh te Dal Singh unhān dīān khabarān āiān.  
Thabbiān de thabbe gahne lāh vichch paṭāre de pāiān.  
Rondī Māi Rājkonwar Chūhar Singh nūn kahke sir de sāiān.  
Turīān chitṭhiān vichch Paṭiāle de āiān.
- 55 Vichch Paṭiāle Saide Khān Dogar Albelā Singh Kālekā,  
jinhān ne sabh nūn chitṭhiān dikhliān.  
Charḥdīān phaujān Sabhar Dogar ne haṭāiān;  
“Garmin dā mahinā phaujān marangīān tihāiān.”  
Kaddke kālīān pīlīān akkhān gussā khāeke Albel Singh  
Kāleke nūn phaujān Ghanīe Bāje nūn charḥāiān.  
Phaujān Ghanīe Bāje nūn āiān.
- 60 Pahilā derā vichch Kurachhāpe, dōjā derā vichch Bhāi-ko-  
Dyālpure, jitthe degān kunke dīān bartāiān.  
Bolyā Bīr Singh Jalāl kā, “merā te bairī dā ṭākrā, Devīe,  
tūn karūi.”  
Satīn sawārān nāl kheḍdā sikār Sajjan, Phūlkīān de  
dhauusiān dīān ṭakorān sunke, ghoṛe dī bāg pachh-  
āhān nūn bharnāi.  
Ūh Chūhar Singh dā garaṛā ghoṛā, hatth de utte bāj kare  
hawāi.  
Dekhke Phūlkīān dīān phauj nūn ghoṛe te bāj ronde,  
thamden nāuhī.
- 65 Bolyā Sajjan, “lah laū pagriān, Barār bachyo, Sunām te  
Paṭiāle dīān bolīān chirīān ghar baiṭhiān nūn Rabb  
neñ phasāiān.”  
Khā gayā gussā Bīr Singh Jalāl ke nūn: “deh hukam,  
Rājā Sāhib Singhā, Jaṭṭ nūn jān dindā nāuhī.”  
De diṭṭā hukam Rājā Sāhib Singh neñ, ghoṛī magar Jaṭṭ  
de lagāi.  
Rūrī charḥde nūn mil gayā Bīr Singh barchī Sajjan de lāl.  
Bāhī dī sāng vichch dhartī de rar kāl.

- 70 Kolon tapp gayâ Lahauri Dûm wadhke sir Sajjan dâ agg  
dahrî nûn lûi.  
Mâr lîâ Sajjan Ghaniân sunk basûgâ nânhi.  
Â gaf andherî kise kahar dî, Jattân dî jân Rabh nen  
bachâi.  
Údon dâ ujârîâ Ghanîâ Bâjâ, uthe muṛ basiâ nânhi.  
Muṛ phauj Patiâle nûn jândî vichch Bhadaur de âi.  
75 Sabhnân bhâiân kaṭhâ karke Râjâ Sâhib Singh nen  
majlas baṭhâi :  
“ Dhâi gaf hadd ajj Bararakkî dî, dhohî Barâr tikaṅge  
nânhi.  
Takre hoke raho, bhirâvo, âpo apuî thâni.  
Jo bhânâ bartâyâ Gurû nen, so murdâ nânhi, Mât.  
Eh velâ kise de moran dâ nânhi, bâh chaldî nahîn âi.”

## TRANSLATION.

*The Ballad of Chûhar Singh as sung by the common  
people in the Barâr Country.*

In Bhadaur they called Chûhar Singh Bhim Sain.\*

He gave no heed to any one's opinion or advice.

He sent a letter to Kot Dunnâ,†

“ Come along, O Dal Singh, and rule the land of the  
Barârs ;

- 5 That our sons and grandsons may enjoy the gains of  
to-day in Bhadaur.

The people of Ghanayyâ Bâjâ‡ are in revolt, and Sajjan  
offers the rule to us at home.”

When he saw the letter Dal Singh came on at noon-day.  
(On receiving) his brother's message he did not (even)  
put on his shoes (in his haste).

As Dal Singh advanced an evil omen befel him : a scavenger carrying a head-load of wood met him at his gate.

\* That is Bhima, the Pândava, the personification of strength and power.

† In the Patiâlâ State.

‡ In the Firozpur district, now in possession of the Bhadaur family

- 10 Encompassed by the messengers (of death) his death-drum was beaten.  
 In Barnālā\* Dal Singh exchanged compliments with Chūhar Singh:  
 "What difficulty has befallen thee, O Chūhar Singh?  
 Why hast thou called Dal Singh?"  
 Chūhar Singh and Dal Singh went on to Bhadaur,  
 And the two brothers consulting advanced their whole force to Ghanayya Bājā.
- 15 Their first camp was at Dyālpurā of the Bhāīs,†  
 Where they distributed fifty rupees in sweets in honor of Māl Rājī.‡  
 The next camp was in Ghanayya Bājā.  
 Said Sajjan, "Do thou get out the flagons, O Ranshan Kalāl,§ of which (the wine) is fresh and very strong."  
 Sajjan mixed the poisonous seeds of the asclepias and datura with the wine.  
 Some in both hands, some in one hand, and some drank it off in cups.
- 20 They whose fathers and grandfathers had never set eyes on wine, brought flagons to their lips.  
 At nightfall the army were drunken, and when it was dark Sajjan beat the drums.  
 Making masks of their blankets the men of the Barār country came in.  
 Collecting the thorns of the deserts they made a fence round the house.  
 Then spake Chūhar Singh, "O Sajjan, why didst thou beat the drums?"
- 25 Saith he, "Some husbandman hath lost his cow; go thou to sleep, thou son of Phūl.

---

\* In Patialā State.

† Dyālpura is in Patialā State. The Bhāīs or Bhaikīān family are Suddh Jatts claiming senior descent to the Phūlkīān families, with whom they are intimately connected.

‡ Wife of Chūhar Singh.

§ The Kalāl is the caste that make and sell spirituous liquors.

O thou light of thy race, have no fear in thy heart."

Lighting coudung (fuel) he set fire to the house.

When the corpse-destroying flame arose said Chûhar Singh, "O Sajjan, what torch hast thou lit?"

"Do thou sleep, O Chûhar Singh, and have no fear in thy heart."

- 30 The people of the Barâr country took a horse and a shawl and came to meet (the conqueror Sajjan).

When the corpse-devouring flames arose some of the beams of the roof fell down, and the fire reached the handsome navel and the fine beard of Chûhar Singh.

Said Chûhar Singh, "O Dal Singh, go up on to the roof of the house and show them some spirit!

Since death hath come upon our heads, why should we disgrace our family?"

He cared nothing for his life, and throw his shield full of sand on the feet of Dal Singh.\*

- 35 Dying he said, "O Dal Singh, born at different times, our death has come to us together!

Phûl and Marâj are our homes† and we meet our death at the hands of Jatts."

Said Chûhar Singh, "O Dal Singh, keep thy life a moment, I will make no delay (in dying with thee)."

Said Chûhar Singh, "O Nainâ Singh, thou Jhanjar,‡ this is the time to show thy spirit."

Many an effort did Nainâ Singh, the Jhanjar, make, but none availed.

- 40 Then said Sajjan, "Give up thy arms, O Chûhar Singh, and we will not kill thee."

"Come and take the arms, O Sajjan, or send thy brother Pardhânâ."

\* To protect them.

† Phûl in the Nâbhâ State and Marâj in the Ferozpûr district are the original homes of the Phûlkîân and Mahârâjkîân Sikhs.

‡ A police officer or *thandâdar* under Chûhar Singh.

Sajjan signed to Pardhānā, and Pardhānā went up into the house to Chūhar Singh, and Chūhar Singh threw a burning arrow in Pardhānā's face.

The wife of Sajjan filled a cup with milk and brought it.

"I am your sacrifice, O Chūhar Singh and Dal Singh.

O my kinsfolk, drink this cup of milk at the time of your death from my hands and go.

- 45 Ye real Barārs were treacherous from the beginning :  
there is no trust in you."

And then Chūhar Singh died, and the news of Chūhar Singh's death reached Gurō's Kōṭha.\*

The Lady Rajji wrote letters and sent them to Bhadaur.

The clerks and officials read the letters: and how terrible was the news !

They sent for Lahaurī the Bard and the letters† were given to Lahaurī.

- 50 Sending the letter to Paṭiālā the Lady Rājkur tore the  
locks that she had (but) lately dressed.

The news that Chūhar Singh and Dal Singh were dead reached.

Heaps of jewels were taken off and put away into boxes.

Weeping the Lady Rājkonwar‡ called out, "O Chūhar Singh, O my Lord ! "

The letters journeyed and reached Paṭiālā.

- 55 In Paṭiālā were Saide Khān Dogar§ and Albelā Singh  
Kālekā|| who showed the letter to all.

Sabhar the Dogar¶ kept back his force from advancing ;  
(saying)

"The army will die of thirst in this month of heat."

\* In the Faridkot State. † Bards were the postmen of the old days.

‡ i.e., Rājji the wife of Chūhar Singh.

§ He was the Commandant of the Paṭiālā troops. The Dogars are Musalmāns that claim Rājput descent in the Ferozpur district.

|| Sardār Albelā Singh Kālekā was the Minister of the Paṭiālā state under Sahib Singh and a powerful man at the time. His sister was married to Chūhar Singh.

¶ Another Commandant of Paṭiālā troops.

With eyes black and red from anger Albel Singh Kâlekâ advanced his force to Ghaniâ Bâjâ.

The army reached Ghaniâ Bâjâ.

- 60 The first camp was at Kurarchhâpâ,\* the second at Dyâlpurâ of the Bhâts, where caldrons full of sweets were distributed.

Said Bîr Singh of Jalâl,† "O Devî, do thou confront me with my enemy."

Sajjan was hunting with seven horsemen, and hearing the drums of the men of Phûl, he turned his horse.

He had with him the grey horse of Chûhar Singh and his hawk on his hand.

Seeing the army of the men of Phûl the horse and the hawk began crying out, and ceased not.

- 65 Said Sajjan, "bring me three turbans, O sons of Barâ. These are but chattering birds of Sunâm‡ and Paṭiâlâ, God hath brought them to us at our homes."

Said Bîr Singh of Jalâl in great wrath, "give me the command, O Râjâ Sâhib Singh, and I will not let the Jatt go alive."

Râjâ Sâhib Singh gave the order and he set his mare after the Jatt.

As he was passing the dunghill§ Bîr Singh's spear reached Sajjan,

And he struck the straight spear (through him) into the ground.

- 70 And when Lahaurî the bard passed by him he cut off the head of Sajjan and set fire to his beard.

Now that Sajjan is dead, Ghaniâ Bâjâ cannot live in peace.

A storm came over it in great violence, and (only) God can spare the lives of the Jatts (now).

Ghaniâ Bâjâ has been deserted from that day and no inhabitant has gone back again.

\* In the Paṭiâlâ State. † The son of Chûhar Singh.

‡ A large, ancient and well known town near Paṭiâlâ itself.

§ i.e., just as he was entering the village.



The army returned to Patiālā going by way of Bhadar.  
 75 Rājā Sāhib Singh collected all the brotherhood together and held a council :

“The honor of the Barār country has died to-day and  
 the Barārs will not let go their revenge.

Have a care, O my brethren, each in his own place.

What fate the Gurū (Nānak) hath ordained cannot be  
 avoided, O my Lady (Rajjī).

Such a time cannot be avoided, for strength avails not.”

## No. XXIV.

### SANSÂR CHAND OF KÂNGRÂ AND FATTEH PARKÂSH OF SARMOR.

AS SUNG BY TWO *MIRÂSIS* FROM JAMMUN.

[This song purports to relate a war between the famous Râjâ Sansâr Chand, the Katoch of Kângrâ, and Râjâ Fattêh Parkâsh of Sarmor, and is interesting as showing how rapidly facts become distorted into mere tradition in India. According to the song Râjâ Fattêh Parkâsh married Râjâ Sansâr Chand's sister and the war between them, ending in the death of the former, was caused by a foolish quarrel between Râjâ Fattêh Parkâsh and his wife.]

[Sansâr Chand died as a very old man in 1824 A.D., while Fattêh Parkâsh was not born till 1805, and was placed on the throne of Sarmor by the British Government in 1815, and died after a prosperous and well spent life in 1850. According to a MS. history in Urdû I have of the Sarmor Râjâs, Fattêh Parkâsh's uncle, Râjâ Dharm Parkâsh, was killed in 1793 in a personal encounter with Râjâ Sansâr Chand in this way. Sansâr Chand *more suo* had attacked Râjâ Mahân Chand of Kushiâr on the Satlej, who, in his extremity, implored the aid of Dharm Parkâsh, agreeing to pay a *lakh* of rupees as indemnity. Dharm Parkâsh, with his barons and Râjâ Râm Singh of Hindôr or Nâlagarh, awaited Sansâr Chand at Jarârtokâ, where he was killed in the battle that ensued by Sansâr Chand himself. Neither this MS., nor a similar one I have about the Katoch family, says a word about Sansâr Chand's sister. Dharm Parkâsh left no issue and was succeeded by the incompetent Karm Parkâsh, his brother, and father of Fattêh Parkâsh.]

[The prose portion of the narrative being in Urdû has not been given in original.]

Râjâ Sansâr Chand of Kângrâ and Râjâ Fattêh Parkâsh of Sarmor, *alias* Nâhan, were related through the sister of Râjâ Sansâr Chand, who had married Râjâ Fattêh Parkâsh. One day Râjâ Fattêh Parkâsh went to his wife and told her to play at chess with him, the stake to be her brother's head. Said he, "if you lose I will go and bring Sansâr Chand's head here." "Very well" said the Râni, "and if you lose my brother will come and fetch your head." On this the Râjâ became very angry and threw the pieces in the Râni's face and said, "How will your brother take my head? I have a large army

and many allies, and your brother is but a dancing boy. How should he wield the sword?" "My brother's slaves are as many as your whole army," said the Râni, and wrote the whole story to her brother Râjâ Sansâr Chand. Whereon he attacked Sarmor and slew Râjâ Fattch Parkâsh and took his sister back with him to Kângrâ.

### JANG RÂJÂ SANSÂR CHAND, WÂLÎ KÂNGRÂ.

*Achal Sansâr Chand, Râm Râjâ, karat ashudh, ot dhyân pûrâ, jape Nâm Nârâyan se dhyân lagî.*

*Dharoi Dhyân Singh Jai Singh ke mân par, "pakar kâbû, karo bāt sârî."*

*Gendâ Dhadwâl jab uthâ sambhâlke japhî jawân kî lagî bhâri. Chhuṛî jab kard Dhyân Singh ke hâth se lagî Dhadwâl ke ghâūkârî.*

5 *Bhuj balitân sapûran Kafoch kâ sis son pakrâ jab kesdhâri.*

*Kari maslihat Khushhâl Chand Sansâr Chand tegh bîre dhare pân darbâr,*

*Idâ jab bîrâ Fattch Chand Mahârâj ne sâya Sarmor par bûndhî tabâr.*

*Baith darbârâ Phûp Mahârâj ne sârî sanj kâ bî ikhtiyâr*

*Milî Suket, Kahlûr, Kolâ milâ, milâ Goler sab kaurî ik tûr.*

10 *Huâ aswâr Tegh Chand ke chakurw sâya Sarmor ke hîl gar dhâr.*

*Bhut baitâl kul khet rîsen, khayr Kâlkâ kalak Râni judh lâyâ.*

*Bhajer jambû, aur garj ujhal karen, byas Nûrad ran râg gâyâ.*

*Buye bandûk aur tîr tartar chalen, garj bûlâi bareh bular puhâr.*

*Plid sipâh, nakib bingârdâ, hâziri bheḍâ sâr sarsâr.*

15 *Dûsrî taraf Dayyâ Râm lulkârdâ, mohar pudmôn phiren karen hathiyâr.*

*Jitâ hai jang Mahârâj, Mahârâj Sansâr Chand ne jang ko jîl bâji badhâi.*

*Mârâ Sarmor, aur Râni se mel kiâ, sanj Sattuj ko sudhâi.*

*Pitâ Tegh Chand sapûl syhal kî; aṭal Mahârâj bhûp bhae!*

## THE WAR OF RÂJÂ SANSÂR CHAND, LORD OF KÂNGRÂ.

The powerful Sansâr Chand, (like) the Lord Râma, was bathing, and was absorbed in meditation, and turned his to the worship of the name of Nârâyan.\*

A bitter complaint (arose) against Dhyân Singh, (who was) under the protection of Jai Singh, "seize him so that he escape not."

Then up gat Gendâ the Dhadwâl† and seized him in his arms.

When Dhyân Singh used his dagger he inflicted a severe wound on the Dhadwâl.

- 5 (Then) the whole of the strong men of the Katôches seize the long-haired one‡ by his hair.§

\* Khushhâl Chand and Sansâr Chand held a consultation and placed the sword and the betel-leaves in the assembly.||

And Fattêh Chand,¶ the great, took up the betel leaves and girded on his sword for the land of Sarmor.

Sitting in the assembly the mighty monarch (Sansâr Chand) mustered his forces.

Suket, and Kahlûr, and Kolâ and Goler all joined together and stood in a line.\*\*

\* Vishnu.

† The Kotwâl of Kângrâ. Dhadwâls are Râjpûts.

‡ i.e., Dhyân Singh, in allusion to his uncut hair as a Sikh.

§ These five lines have no connection with the rest of the story and evidently refer to quite another matter, probably belonging to another song. In 1774 Saifu'llah (or Saif 'Ali) Khân, the Muhammadan Governor, under the Delhi Emperors, of Kângrâ Fort died, and Sansâr Chand invoked the aid of Sirdâr Jai Singh Kanhayyâ in recovering it for himself. Jai Singh sent his son Gurbakhsh Singh who procured the surrender, not for Sansâr Chand, but for his father. Afterwards in 1784-5 Sansâr Chand joined Mahân Singh Sukarchakîâ in defeating Jai Singh at Batâlâ and so recovered Kângrâ. The Dhyân Singh of the song was probably an official sent to govern the fort for Jai Singh.

|| See Vol. I., pp. 43, 479, etc.

¶ Brother to Sansâr Chand.

\*\* Various hill states in the Kângrâ and Simlâ districts.

- 10 All the followers of Tegh Chand\* mounted and made the hills of the land of Sarmor to shake.  
 The ghosts and devils were rampant over all the field† and Queen Kâlkâ‡ raged furiously.  
 The jackals ran about and kites wheeled (overhead), and Nârada sang songs of joy.‡  
 The guns went off and the arrows flew incessantly, the air resounded as when Indra sends down heavy rain.  
 Yellow (dressed) were the soldiers and the herald was shouting, and the men were fighting with crossed swords.
- 15 On the other side was Dayyâ Râm taunting, the warriors in front were crossing swords.  
 The great king won the fight, the great king Sansâr Chand winning the fight finished his work (game).  
 Killing Sarmor and meeting the Queen, he took back his army to the Satluj.  
 The dutiful son of Tegh Chand distinguished himself; may the great king remain (ever) a monarch !

\* The father of Sansâr Chand

† i.e., Durgâ, the goddess of death and murder

‡ The Indian Orpheus, and also the "maker of strife"

## No. XXV.

### RAJA JAGAT SINGH OF NURPUR, AS RECITED BY TWO *MIRASIS* FROM JAMMÚN

[The facts related here are meant to be historical, and the story is valuable as showing how the mountaineers of Kāngrā and the neighbouring tracts have kept the tradition of the doings of this illustrious leader, whose deeds are recorded in sober history and have excited the admiration of real historians.]

[It need hardly be said that the bards have got most of the history and all the geography wrong. The real facts seem to have been as follows: taking advantage of internal troubles Shāhjahān made an attempt to recover Balkh and Badakhshān and sent the famous 'Alī Mardān Khān to conquer them in 1644 A D., but he was not as successful as the Emperor had hoped, and so in 1645 Rājā Jagat Singh was sent with 14,000 Rājputā, who performed great things but did not apparently reduce the country, as that was accomplished afterwards by 'Alī Mardān Khān working under the nominal guidance of the Imperial Prince Muhammad Murād Baksh. The whole affair ended tamely in 1647 by the relinquishment of the country to its original owners.]

[The story being recorded in Urdū has been given here in translation only.]

#### *The Story of Rājā Jagat Singh, Pathānī, Lord of Nūrpūr in the Kāngrā District.*

Rājā Jagat Singh, Pathānī Rājput, of Nūrpūr in the Kāngrā District, took service under the Emperor Akbar\* of Dehli, who had granted him territories yielding a revenue of six *lākhs*.† One day Akbar laid the betel leaves and naked sword of challenge‡ for an expedition to Kābul, but though there were two and twenty Rājās in the Court at the time no one would take up the challenge. So at last the Emperor turned to Rājā Jagat Singh who accepted the challenge. The Emperor was

\* Really under Shāhjahān

† Rs. 600,000.

so pleased at this that he told him to demand whatever he pleased, and all that the Rājā asked for was an army. As he had 30,000 men\* of his own the Emperor doubled them, but pressed him further as to his wants; whereon the Rājā replied that he, who had an army, wanted for nothing, neither in treasure nor territory. In the end the Emperor gave him 40,000 men with whom he started for Kābul. With him were the Nawābs 'Izzat Khān and Parzat Khān and the Dīwāns Kāśī Nāth and Toḍar Mall.†

On the road to Kābul there is a fort called Shahr Shafa' built by Nawāb Shafī' Shāh,‡ who had been harrassing the Emperor's territory, burning down his hunting-boxes and imprisoning his officials. Rājā Jagat Singh therefore attacked him with 30,000 men, but did no more than surround the place. It was a habit of Nawāb Shafī' Shāh to leave his fort at night and go hunting. On one of these expeditions he was caught, and Rājā Jagat Singh, putting silver fetters on his feet, sent him to Dehlī, where he was tortured to death by being hanged at the pulace gate and having nails driven into him.

After this Rājā Jagat Singh enquired of the people of Shahr Shafa' where the other marauders were to be found, and they showed the way to where nine *lākhs* (900,000!) of spears of the Yāsafzai Pathāns§ were congregated. This force belonged to Hamīd Khān,|| king of Khurāsān, and was commanded by Nawābs Saifu'llah Khān, Raḥmatu'llah Khān, 'Abdu'llah Khān and Aḥmad Khān. A great battle ensued, lasting eight days, during which all the commanders, except Nawāb Aḥmad Khān, were killed. On the last day the Nawāb and Rājā Jagat Singh met each other in battle and the Nawāb managed to wound

\* Really 14,000.

† Toḍar Mall died in 1589, so it is clear that he was not present. Who the others are meant for I cannot say.

‡ Probably meant for Shāh Safī, 8th Safīvi king of Persia, ob. 1642, to avoid whose tyranny 'Alī Mardān Khān, then governor of Kandahār for Persia, seceded to Shāhjahān in 1637.

§ These belong to the Peshāwar valley.

|| The persons who really opposed Shāhjahān's forces, were Nazar Muḥammad Khān of Balkh and his son 'Abdu'l-'azīz Khān.

Jagat Singh in the face over his shield, which made Jagat Singh so furious that he struck the Nawâb with such force as to cut him in half down through the saddle and wound the horse under him. After this the Râjâ occupied the territory and posted the Imperial garrisons over it.

The people then pointed out to him the fort occupied by Nawâb 'Ali Mardân Khân\* still further in the territory of Khurâsân, whom the Râjâ found to be a most powerful man. However the Râjâ proceeded onwards and sent his messenger (*vakil*) to declare war. "He had better go his way," said 'Ali Mardân Khân, "or I will drown him in the fords of Atak and Nilâb."† Finding him very strong the Râjâ resolved on treachery. He caused 500 *mans*‡ of poisoned sweetmeats to be prepared, as he ascertained that such things were much valued in those parts, and loaded them on 500 bullocks, which he had driven past the fort at night with torches tied to their tails. The Pathâns in the fort at once concluded that they were being attacked and rushed out and finding only a quantity of bullocks laden with sweets seized them as booty. The poison, however, soon killed them off either on the spot or in their houses. Jagat Singh thereon attacked the remainder of 'Ali Mardân Khân's forces and after eight days routed them. 'Ali Mardân Khân then fled for refuge to the Chief of the Bangash (Pathâns§), who imprisoned him.

The Chief of the Bangash sent Rahmât Khân with 18,000 men against Râjâ Jagat Singh, but the Râjâ overcame him and entered the Bangash territories. On this the Chief collected all his forces, 40,000 men, and faced Jagat Singh, but in 28 days he was killed and his territories annexed.

The Râjâ next proceeded to Kâbul, where 'Ali Mardân Khân was king,|| and opposed him. But the Pathâns had only daggers

\* The whole of this is of course all nonsense historically

† Both over the Indus near Atak. The hopelessness of the geography is becoming apparent.

‡ ~~Over~~ 20 tons.

§ Near Balkh and Bukhârâ says the bard! really this tribe lives in the Kohât District of the Panjâb

|| The bard is now utterly regardless of sequences, *mors suo*.



and Jagat Singh's men had guns, and so after many days the king of Kābul was killed and the Imperial authority was established.

Then the Rājā went on to Khurāsān and was opposed by the Wazīr Sāus Khān with 18,000 men of his own and 40,000 men of the king. A tremendous battle ensued in which the Rājā lost 10,000 men, but one of the Rājā's men speared Sāus Khān. After which the battle lasted 76 days till the king fled and the Rājā overcame his leaderless army. Having got possession of the kingdom, he placed his right foot on the throne and wrote news of the victory to the Emperor at Dehlī.

On his return to Dehlī the Emperor Akbar rewarded him with territories yielding two *lākhs* of rupees, which with his previous income of six *lākhs*, gave him a total revenue of eight *lākhs*.\*

#### KABIT.

*Jab dayyū kar, bulāre tāre jal sūgar ko. Dārād ko dūr kare ;  
yeh hī tero kār hai.*

*Nāmhoñ kī lajjā tū pāle qaul apne ko, sangat ko nuwāre ; Har,  
tū hī rachpāl hai.*

*Bhukhe ko bhare, sūkhe ko hare kare, dūbe ko tāre ; terī qud-  
rat āpūr hai.*

*Chaulah hī tabaq meñ sab base jir jete jape nām terā ik ; tū  
hī nirankār hai.*

*Bājñī ke jāe bāj, lūj nā lukāe lūkeñ ; murghī ke jāe bāj hot nā  
ghajāeke.*

*Mānnī ke jāe madh mātē matwāre phireñ ; singhñī ke jāe sher  
mūs ke khilāe se.*

*Gaūñ kā bachhā achhā dhore tipānā hot, gadhā bhī na hot  
bachhā Gany ke nhalāe se.*

*Kahil Kabī Gang, " Suno, Dindiyāl, baglā na hot hans motī  
ke chugāe se.*

## VERSES.

By thy kindness (O Hari) we can cross the ocean. Thou art the remover of pains : this is thy doing.

For thy name's sake thou dost perform thy word, and relievest us of pain ; Hari, thou art our protector.

Thou dost feed the hungry, and makest green the dry (places), and savest the drowning ; unfathomable is thy power.

In the fourteen quarters of the world all the people worship only thy name ; and thou art without form.

• The falcon bears the falcon, he cannot hide his dignity if he try ; the chick of the hen becomes not a falcon by teaching.

The son of the great wanders drunken with his pride and glory ; the whelp of the lioness is fed with prey.

The calf of the cow is born from a fine bull, but an ass cannot become a calf by washing with Ganges water.

Saith the poet Gang, "Hear, Cherisher of the Poor,\* the heron doth not become a swan by eating pearls."†

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\* The king.

† Refers to the common legend that the swan (*hansa*) lives on pearls only

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## No. XXVI.

### A HYMN TO 'ABDU'L-QÂDIR JILÂNÎ, AS SUNG BY A BARD FROM THE MONTGOMERY DISTRICT.

[This very spirited song relates a miracle attributed to Ghausu'l-'Âzam or 'Abdu'l-Qâdir Jilânî, who may be called the greatest Muḥammadan Saint in India. But it is much more likely that the story was originally told of his descendant Sheikh Muḥammad Ghaus Jilânî of Ūchh in the Multân district.]

[Pirân-i-Pîr, Pir-i-Dastagîr, Ghausu'l-'Âzam, Ghausu'-s-Samdânî Maḥbub-i-Subbānî, Mîrân Muḥayyu'ddîn, Sayyid (or Sheikh) 'Abdu'l-Qâdir Jilânî, Hasanu'l-Hussainî, the founder of the Qâdiriâ order of mendicants, was born in Gilân or Jilân, but properly Kil-o-Kilân, a western district of Persia in A.H. 471 or A.D. 1078, and died at Baghdâd in A.D. 1166, where his tomb is still held in great reverence. He had two sons Sayyid 'Alî Muḥammad and Sheikh 'Abdu'l-Walḥâb. Ninth in descent from the latter was Sheikh Ḥamid Jahân Bakhsh, better known as Ḥazrat Sheikh Muḥammad Ghaus Jilânî, who settled at Ūchh in the Multân district about 1394 A.D. in the time of Taimûr (1336-1405 A.D.), and is still the patron saint of the Dâūdputras of the Bahâwalpûr State. His descendant, Pîr Mûsâ Pâk Shâhid, a saint of great renown, was buried at Multân in 1593 A.D., and from him are descended the Makhdûms of Multân. The descendants of 'Abdu'l-Qâdir's eldest son also settled later in the Sarâf Siddhî *tahsil* of the Multân district. These facts are sufficient to account for the celebrity of 'Abdu'l-Qâdir in the Panjâb and India. Sayyid Muḥammad Qâsim of Dânpâr published a work in 1855 called '*Ajâs Ghausiâ*' in Urdû, giving full details about 'Abdu'l-Qâdir.]

#### TEXT.

MADAḤ ḤAZRAT 'ABDU'L-QÂDIR 'URF PÎRÂN PÎE.

Tûn pîr tamâni pîrân dâ !  
Tûn sarwar kul amîrân dâ !  
Gham dîr karo dilgîrân dâ !  
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî !  
Tûn dost pâk Ilâhî dâ !  
Tûn vîch Hazûrî châbîdâ !  
Sar-chhat julandâ Shâhî dâ !

- Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî !  
 Terâ waqâ buland sitârâ, jî !\*
- 10 Tujhe seven 'âlam sârâ, jî !  
 Terâ kul chaukoṭ nuqârâ, jî !  
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî !  
 Tûn Shâh Mardân dâ potâ hain !†  
 Tûn Nabbî Sâhib dâ dohtâ hain !
- 15 Vich nûr Ilâhî de dhotân hain !  
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî !  
 Tûn Sayyid pâk Gflânî hain !  
 Tûn zâhirâ qutub Rabbânî hain !  
 Tûn roshan dohen jahânî hain !
- 20 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî !  
 Jag hûe bahut azârî, jî :  
 Jo châ parhen madah tumhârî, jî :  
 Oh dî bhî turt kar denâ kârî, jî !  
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî !
- 25 Jag hûe bandiwân, pîrâ,  
 Oh de mushkil kare âsân, pîrâ !  
 Oh nûn bah waḡh har maidân, pîrâ !  
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî !  
 Ik jo budhî mâi, jî,
- 30 Us terî yârhi chât, jî,  
 Tûn oh dî murâd pahunchât, jî !  
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî.  
 Us budhî ghar farzand hûâ :  
 Sûrat wâgoṭ chand hûâ .
- 35 Oh sohanî qad buland hûâ !  
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî !  
 Budhî kuram te ghar sadâi, jî :  
 Woho sâun din ṭakâi, jî :  
 Woho maulî gadh pawâi, jî :  
 40 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî !

\* Jâ, sir : addressed to the audience, left out in the translation : see Vol. I., p. 421.

† These are mere figures of speech, but the saint was descended on the father's side from Hasan, and the mother's from Hussain, hence his title of Hasanu'l-Hussainî.

- Budhî nîngar turt mangâiâ, jî;  
 Oh de gâû dast bandhâiâ, jî:  
 Sâyân mil mil khûb nahâiâ, jî,  
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî!  
 45 Oh de âge thâl takâiâ, jî:  
 Ohnân nânak dâdak âiâ, jî:  
 Oh nûn neudrâ sab ugharâiâ, jî.  
 Ya Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî!  
 Larke nân mehndî turt lagâi, jî:  
 50 Oh nûu chay-hâ rang Ilâhî, jî!  
 Oh de shukar kare hai mâi, jî!  
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî!  
 Budhî ne ghorî turt mangâi, jî:  
 Oh de mukh lagâm diwâi, jî:  
 55 Sab velân dinde bhâi, jî.  
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî!  
 Larke pair rikâhe pâiâ, jî,  
 Un barse nâr sawâyyâ, jî.  
 Jo kuchh likhâ hai so pâiâ, jî.  
 60 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî!  
 Unhîn bahin jo pakare wâg, jî,  
 De bahinân dâ lûg, jî:  
 "Tainân Allah lâiâ bhâg, jî!"  
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî!  
 65 Us ditta sî âcherâ, jî:  
 Us âth, ghorâ, wichherâ, jî:  
 Us gâin, mahîn lawerâ, jî.  
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî!  
 Larâ jandî jâ namdâr hûâ:  
 70 Oh bhâiân nâl tayyâr hûâ:  
 Sab sâun te shagun vichâr hûâ!  
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî!  
 Tâ janj pattan te âi, jî:  
 Un berî turt mangâi, jî:  
 75 Sab mâl matta' bharâi, jî:  
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî!  
 Bâti jâ namdâr hue:

- Sab sâun te shagun vichâr hue !  
 Sab 'âlam nâl takrâr hue !  
 80 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî !  
 Oh aglâ âhâ fardâ, jî:  
 Oh bhûkâ mâl nâ zar dâ, jî:  
 Us jo kuchh dittâ sardâ, jî:  
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî !  
 85 Janj kartî eh salâhân, jî:  
 Wanj pakare ân mallâhân, jî:  
 Berâ turke hûf agâhân, jî.  
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî !  
 Uthe ghulî minh hanerî, jî:  
 90 Uthe bhul gâf terî merî, jî:  
 Uthe pesh na jâe dilerî, jî:  
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî !  
 Vichon to larî bôli, jî:  
 " Mainûn kâh nûn pâiâ dolî, jî ?  
 95 Sad shagun to merî jholî, jî: "
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî !  
 " Rabbâ, mainûn kâh nûn paidâ kitâ, ai ?  
 Mere kanth kharâ chip kitâ, ai !  
 Sas wâr nâ pânî pitâ, ai ! "  
 100 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî !  
 Uthe ghullân te chawâiâ, jî !  
 Dariyâ lahar vich âiâ, jî !  
 Us berâ chak ultâiâ, jî !  
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî !  
 105 Berâ latthâ jâe dughâtî, jî:  
 Janjî gharq hue jâ pânî, jî:  
 To hukm Ilâhî Wâlî, jî !  
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî !  
 Tûn budhî aisî khushî vich âi, jî:  
 110 Agge khabar ditti jâ râhî, jî,  
 Jo wartî khol sunâi, jî:  
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî !  
 Oh budhî hufî nit vichhâ dhare:  
 Oh nûh dekhan dâ châh kare: "

- 115 Oh qudrat Oh dî nûn wûh kare !  
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !  
 Buđhî â kharî dariyâe te ;  
 Jithe be,î buđhî so jâe te :  
 Us badhâ lakkh do'âe se.
- 120 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !  
 Buđhî nâ kuchh pî khâî, jî :  
 Oh dam dam pîr manâî, jî :  
 Oh din rât kurlâî, jî.  
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
- 125 Ik roz pîr shikâr âe :  
 Oh pâro lang urwâr âe :  
 " Kyûn ronî hâl wanjân, Mâî ?"  
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !  
 " Maithe iko pût vichârî dâ :
- 130 Oh bûđh mûâ hatiârî dâ :  
 Koî aur nâ augun bârî dâ."  
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !  
 Uthe do'â to mângî pîr, jî :  
 Us nadî kâ wagge nîr, jî :
- 135 Berâ kađdhâ òor zanjîr, jî :  
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !  
 " Abû Sâlih ke tum bans bahâdar !  
 Jodhâ ba'â sipâhan nar ! "  
 Mîrân qudrat eh dikhâî nûgar dolî 'âm bhar !
- 140 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !  
 Dholak tân tambûrî waj kar,  
 .Shâdî ho gâî vich shahar ;  
 Mîrân qudrat eh dikhâî, nigar dolî 'âm bhar !  
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !

## TRANSLATION.

A HYMN TO THE HOLY 'ABDU'L-QÂDIR, KNOWN AS PIRÂN PIR.

Thou saint of all the saints !

Thou head of all the holy ones !

Put away the sorrows of the sorrowful !

O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !

- 5      Thou friend of the Holy God !  
       Thou beloved of the Court (of God) !  
       The royal canopy is waved (over thee) !  
           O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân.
- Thy star is exalted on high !
- 10     The whole world follows thee !  
       The drums (of thy fame) are beaten in all the four  
           quarters (of the earth) !  
           O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !
- Thou art the grandson of Shâh Mardân ('Alî) !  
       Thou art the grandson of the Holy Prophet !
- 15     Bathed in the light of God !  
           O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !
- Thou art the Holy Sayyid of Gilân !  
       Thou art the visible pillar of God !  
       Thou art the light of both worlds !
- 20     O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !  
       Who is much afflicted in the world,  
       If he sing thy praises,  
       Thou dost relieve him early !  
           O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !
- 25     Who hath become a prisoner, O Saint,  
       His distress dost thou relieve, O Saint.  
       To him thou dost appear in any place, O Saint !  
           O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !
- There was an old woman,
- 30     She vowed to observe thy feast.\*  
       And thou didst fulfil her desire !  
           O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !
- In the old woman's house a son was born,  
       In beauty as the moon.
- 35     Tall and beautiful was he !  
           O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !  
       The old woman invited her kith and kin,

\* The *yârhî* or *yâhrî* is the *gyârvî*, or chief feast in honor of 'Abdu'l-Qâdir Jilânî, held on the 11th (*gyârvî*) of Rabi'û's-sânî, a full description of which is to be found in Herklot's *Qanoon-e-Islam*, p. 155 #



- And fixed an auspicious day,  
 And put on the marriage knots.  
 40 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !  
 The old woman sent for her son quickly,  
 And (wound) the marriage bracelet round his wrist,  
 And the matrons bathed him well.  
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !  
 45 The platter (of presents) was placed before him :  
 His father's and mother's kindred came,  
 And he received all their gifts.  
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !  
 The *mehndî*\* was quickly put on the boy,  
 50 The dye was put on him (in the name) of God !  
 And his mother gave thanks.  
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !  
 The old woman at once procured a mare,  
 And put the bit into its mouth.  
 55 The kindred made the sacrifice.†  
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !  
 The boy put his foot into the stirrup,  
 And the light (of God) was shed upon him,  
 And he obtained what was written in his fate.  
 60 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !  
 His sister held the reins,  
 And he gave her her ducs.‡  
 (Said she), " God grant thee fortune !  
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !"  
 65 He gave her a camel ;  
 He (gave) a camel, a horse, and a colt ;  
 He (gave) a cow and a milch buffalo.  
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !

\* *Mehndî* or *hind* is myrtle powder for colouring red the nails, etc., of bride and bridegroom.

† *Belâi dend*, is to wave a *takâ*, copper coin, over the bride and bridegroom's heads by their respective relatives as a sacrifice, and to give it to the bards. It is a Hindû custom.

‡ This present is obligatory in Hindû marriages.

- 70 The boy went to the *janâ* tree,\*  
 And his brethren went with him,  
 And all the propitious omens were observed !  
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !  
 Then the procession went to the ferry,  
 And demanded a boat at once,
- 75 And loaded up their goods and chattels.  
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !  
 At night they reached (the bride's house),  
 And all the propitious omens were observed !  
 And all the world collected there !
- 80 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !  
 Her father was well-to-do,  
 He had no lack of goods and money,  
 And he gave according his wealth.  
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !
- 85 The procession were enjoying themselves,  
 And the boatmen seized the poles,  
 And the boat went forward.  
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !  
 A storm of rain came on,
- 90 And they could not recognize each other,  
 And no resource was of any avail.  
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !  
 From within said the bride,  
 " Why didst thou put me in the *dolî*, (O God),
- 95 The marriage sheet is in my wallet."†  
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !  
 " O God, why was I born !  
 My bridegroom stands silent !  
 His mother has not yet waved the water‡ (over me) !"

\* *Acacia leucophloea*—The bridegroom in Hindû marriages must cut off a branch himself.

† The marriage sheet is that by which the bride and bridegroom are tied together at the wedding and is kept by the bride as long as she is a virgin; hence reference in the tale. The child-brides of India are of course virgins for years after their marriage.

‡ A ceremony, the bridegroom's mother has to wave water over the bride's head, and then drink it.

- 100 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !  
 (Then) the whirlwinds blew there,  
 The river broke into waves  
 And the boat upset.
- O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !
- 105 And the boat sank deeply ;  
 And the procession was drowned in the water :  
 It was the order of God !
- O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !
- 110 Meanwhile the old woman was very happy,  
 Until a stranger came and told her  
 And explained what had passed.
- O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !
- The old woman had kept her mat spread,\*  
 As she was very anxious to see her son's wife.
- 115 And she cried out at the power of God !
- O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !
- The old woman came to the river :  
 The old woman went to where the boat had sunk,  
 And vowed a thousand vows !
- 120 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !
- The old woman could neither eat nor drink,  
 And invoked the saint with every breath,  
 And wept and wailed day and night.
- O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !
- 125 One day the saint went a-hunting  
 And came across the river (to her) :  
 " Why weepest so bitterly, mother ? "
- O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !
- " I am the helpless (mother) of an only son ;
- 180 The miserable (mother) whose (son) hath been drown-  
 ed,  
 The sinful (mother) that hath no other "
- O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !
- She prayed then to the saint :

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\* For the bride and bridegroom to sit on when they return.

- And the waters of the river became disturbed,  
135 And the boat burst its chains !  
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !  
"Thou son of the great house of Abû Sâlih,\*  
Valiant and brave warrior !"  
And the saint showed his power by bringing forth  
the bride and bridegroom !  
140 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !  
Sounding the drums and timbrels,  
There was rejoicing in the city.  
For the saint had showed his power, by bringing  
forth the bride and bridegroom !  
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !

\* Said to have been the name of 'Abdu'l-Qâdir's father.

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## No. XXVII.

### JALĀLĪ, THE BLACKSMITH'S DAUGHTER, AS SŪNG BY A BARD OF THE AMBĀLĀ DISTRICT.

[This is a most popular tale all over the country, and is known not only to the bards, but also to the women who live entirely at home. I have, however, been able to ascertain nothing satisfactory about it.]

[The story of Jalālī is that she was a Blacksmith's daughter, (Lohārī,) seized upon by a local king from whom Roḍe Shāh or Roḍā spirited her away. Her home is given variously as Patnā (in a chap-book entitled *Qissa Roḍā Jalālī*), and somewhere in the Karnāl or Multān Districts. About Roḍe Shāh all I have been able to gather is that there is a tomb or shrine to him near Lāhor on the Amritsar Road, otherwise he is said to come from Multān, as a follower of 'Abdu'l-Qādir Jīlānī, in which case we must place him about 15th century at the earliest. All the legends agree in saying he came from Makkā, just as this one says the Lohārī was from Baghdād, but this must be sheer nonsense, as his name, Roḍe Shāh, the Shaven Mendicant, is purely Indian, just as is that of her 'caste.' The great feat and miracle attributed to Roḍe Shāh is that of making the invaluable *dūb* grass of India green and sweet for ever !]

[The language in which the legend is here given is well worth examination.]

#### TEXT.

##### LOHĀRĪ JALĀLĪ KĀ SĀKḤ.

Lohārī Jalālī Shahr Baghdād meñ paidā hūī, aur Roḍe Shāh  
Faqīr Makkā meñ paidā hūā. Roḍe Shāh Faqīr ko Lohārī  
Jalālī khwāb meñ nazar paṛī, aur Roḍe Shāh Faqīr ko usī waqt  
'ishq paidā ho gayā. Aur Lohārī Jalālī ko Roḍe Shāh Faqīr  
khwāb meñ Shahr Baghdād meñ nazar paṛā.

Itnī dekh Roḍe Shāh Faqīr ne Duldul līe saūwār ;  
Hāth kujāh, gal tasbīḥ, baghalon bīch Qurān.  
B'ismi'llah karke Duldul chhey dīc: rusto meñ mile  
Chāron Yār.  
Chāron Yār bolde Roḍe Shāh se, karcū sawāl :

- 5 "Kaunse mulk se âwanâ ? kaunsi vilâyat ko jân ?"  
 "Makkâ Sharif se âwanâ; Shahr Baghdâd ko jân."  
 Itne kahke chal pârê, aur raste mein ho gai rain.  
 Rain ko dekhke Rode Shâh hûe be-chain.  
 Rode Shâh Faqîr ne jangal kî ghâs ukthî karî; ghâson  
 se karen sawâl :
- 10 "Sawâ lathî deo bistarâ, phakar nûn parhnî namâz."  
 Itnî sunkar ghâs boldî phakar se karen sawâl :  
 "Hamâre par bistarâ nahîn, dekho koî thaur."  
 Itnî sun Rode Shâh Faqîr dil hûe udâs.  
 Gandî ghâs boldî, Rode Shâh se karen jawâb :
- 15 "Dhâtî bhâr, Hasrat, badh lo, bistar lo jamâe."  
 Itnî sun Rode Shâh Faqîr ne ghason se karen sawâl :  
 "Aur ghâs sab jal jâenge, tere se mâregî khushbâ.  
 Gawwân chugen, dâdh denge, aur duniyâ mein rahogâ  
 terâ nâm.  
 Aisâ nahnâ ho chaliye bande, jaisî nahnî dûb !
- 20 Aur ghâs sab jal jâegi, harî rahogî dûb !"  
 Itnî kahke Rode Shâh Faqîr chal parâ, âyâ mallâh ko  
 pâr :  
 "La'ke ro mallâh ke, sun merî ardâs.  
 Ik be'î Allah nâm kî phakar ko lakhâ de pâr."  
 Itnî sun mallâh boldâ ; "sun, phakar, merî bât ;
- 25 Hukm thîâ Lohârî Jalâlî kâ . tumheñ kaise lakhâve  
 pâr ? "  
 Itnî sun phakar boldâ ; "sun, mallâh, merî bât :  
 Auron se lendâ parshâ, phakar se le le do châr :  
 Ik be'î Allah nâm kî phakar ko lakhâ de pâr."  
 "Je tum phakar anîâ âpon se langh jâo pâr."
- 30 Itnî sun Rode Shâh Faqîr ke tan men lag gai âg.  
 Kîshî kî be'î banâe, soî kî balî lagâo :  
 B'ismi'llah karke phakar baith gae, langh gae parle pâr.  
 Apne dil men mallâh sochtâ, "phakar nahîn, koî  
 darvesh."
- Jâkar qadam darvesh ke pakar lîe, shâhjî se karen sawâl :  
 35 "Main nâ jânon tum aiscanîhâ, chashmon par lendâ bithâo.  
 Koî aisi do'â mangîyo merâ berâ kar jâyo pâr."

Itñi sun Rode Shâh boldâ, mallâh se karen jawâb :

"Bahutâ khatîyo, bahutâ kamâliyo, thâre khatê meñ  
barkat ho liyo nâh !"

Itñi sun Rode Shâh Faqîr kî mallâh huâ udâs.

40° Itñi kah Rode Shâh châl parê Shahr Baghdâd ko jân :  
Lohârî Jalâlî ke bâr meñ detâ 'âlakh' jagde.

Itñi sun Lohârî Jalâlî ne Kamâlî bahin lîe boldî :

"Jâiye, bahin lâdlî, bhichhâ de pao."

Lekar bhichhâ chal parî, âi phakar ke pâs :

45° "O phakar, bhichhâ lo, kharî Kamâlî tere pâs."

Itñi sun Rode Shâh Faqîr ne Kamâlî se karen jawâb :

"Ham ne bhichhâ kyâ karnî ? Jalâlî kâ lon dîdâr."

Itñi sun Kamâlî chal parî, âi Jalâlî ke pâs :

"Kâlâ kâlâ bhund sâ, par rahâ sâde khiyâl.

50° Motion kî bhichhâ nahîñ lendâ lengo terâ dîdâr !"

Itñi sun Rode Shâh Faqîr Lohârî se karen jawâb :

"Kâlâ kâlâ kis ko batâutî ? kâlâ hai burî bulâo.

Kâlâ sir ko bâl hain : yeh mardoñ ke singâr.

Kâlî ânkhoñ kî pûtlî, mohe kul sansâr.

55° Kâlâ Pachham kî bâdalî, barse kul sansâr.

Itne kâlôn ko mârke, phir phakar se kariyo jawâb !"

Itñi sun Jalâlî Kamâlî se kare jawâb :

"Jis phakar se maiñ ñarûñ, wahî âyâ sâde pâs !"

Hâth joñ Jalâlî boldî, "sun, Kamâlî bahin, merî bāt :

60° Bâbal mere se kah de, 'yeh phakar nahîñ, koî bad-  
ma'âsh. ' "

Itñi sunkar chal parî, âi bâbal de pâs :

Hâth joñ kah rahî, "sun, Bâbal, merî bāt ;

Phakar nahîñ koî maskhrâ, mange terî beñî kâ dîdâr !"

Itñi sunkar chal parâ, âyâ beñî ke pâs :

65° "Hukm, beñî, de de, jo châhe, so hove."

"Is phakar ko nikâl do, dhuke do do châr."

"Jâiye, phakar, hañ jâ : yeh hai Lohârî kâ farmân."

Itñi sun boldâ phakar, kare sawâl :

"Turtoñ Makkâ se â giâ, dekhan terâ dîdâr."

70° Itñi sunkar ghussâ ho gai woh chanchal sî nâr.

Ghar ke jallâd lîe bulwâo, mangwâe apne pâs :

"Is phakar ko pakar lo, mashkân deo âj.  
Yâ tû kah do phakar ko 'hat jâ,' aur nahîn, tukre kar  
do châr."

Itni sun phakar boldâ, aur Lohârî se kare jawâb :

75 "In baton se nâ ñarûn ; lûngâ terâ didâr !"

Itni sun Lohârî Jalâlî ne hukm diâ, charhâo :

"Jaldî maskan bandh lo, tukre kar do châr.

Itni tukre banâe do, aur kambal ke bândho piñd."

Itni sun jallâd ne bahâ diê talwâr,

80 Phakar bhî na boldâ, hukm hûâ Dargâh.

Châr châr ungal ke tukre kar diê, lîe samundar ko jûn.

Jâkar samundar ger diâ aur machhlîon ne badh lîa mât.

"Sârâ mât tum khâe lo, do nain deîyo chhor.

Mujh ko piyâ milan kî âs." Hukm hûâ Dargâh se  
Khwâj Khîzar darmiyân :

85 "Is phakar kî deh sampûran kar do : is ko piyâ milan  
kî âs."

Hukm hûâ Dargâh se sampûran ho gai deh.

Jalâdon se pahile chal parâ, âyâ Lohârî ke bâr :

"Lohârî Jalâlî, Allah kî piyârî, phakar nûn deîyo didâr !"

Bolî Jalâlî, "kyâ kahe ? sun, Kamâlî, bêt !

90 Kaisâ phakar boldâ is deodhî darmiyân ?"

Dekh Kamâlî ro parî, âî bahin ke pâs :

"Bahin, phakar nahîn, koî aulâ, aur phakar bure bulâe

Jis phakar nûn tû mâriâ, oh phakar khawâ tere darbâr !"

Itni sun ghusse hûî aur nain lîe bhartâr :

95 "Ai phakar, tû na hatâ, tere tukre kar dûngî châr !"

"In baton se nâ ñarun, lûngâ terâ didâr !"

"Sunkar â gayâ, Jalâlî, terâ bâp."

"Bâp, tain is phakar ko mâr do ; nahîn, marûn katârâ  
khâe."

Itni sunkar boldâ jhat us kâ bâp :

100 "Jo kahî so karûn is gharî woh bêt."

Lohe kâ tandûr garwâ de, aur lakron kî kar dî ânch.

Bandh mashkân, ger de us tandûr darmiyân.

Tandûr jhat garwâ diâ aur lakron kî kar dî ânch.

Surkh tandûr ho gayâ aur phakar se kare sawâl :



- 105 "Jâ, be phakar, hat jâ : nahîn, jal bal ho jâegâ râkh !"  
 "Dhur Makkâ se â gayâ len terâ dîdâr."  
 Itnî sunkar jal gaf, tan man lag gaf âg.  
 Bandh mashkân ger dîâ us-tandâr darmiyân.  
 Sârâ shahr ro rahâ, Lohârî se kare sawâl :
- 110 "Ai, Lohârî, tain kyâ karâ, phakar dîâ marwâ?"  
 Hukm hûâ Dargâh se dhûen ko waṭ dîe chaṛhâe.  
 Kajlî Ban men so rahe Roḍe Shâh Faqîr.  
 Lohârî Jalâlî boltî, "Sun, Bâbal, merî bāt ;  
 Is sârî râkh ko samundar men deṛyo bahâo.
- 115 Ab is phakar kî chuk lîe kaise legâ dîdâr ?"  
 Itnî sun kûndî soṇṭâ boldî Lohârî se kîe jawâb :  
 "Tû kaisî nahîn kar rahî ? phakar legâ dîdâr."  
 Itnî sunke boldî Lohârî karî jawâb :  
 "Râkh thî bahâ dî, ab tîjâ dûn karwâe."
- 120 Usî waqt Lohârî ne degân de chaṛhwâo.  
 Shahr men dhanḍhora de dîâ, aur faqîr lîe bulwâe.  
 Satranjîân bichhâ dîe, faqîr baithe âe.  
 Kuṇḍî soṇṭâ sochde rahe, na âe Roḍe Shâh Faqîr.  
 Hukm hûâ Dargâh se, Roḍe Shâh ke khul gao ânkh :
- 125 "Tum, phakar, kyâ so rahe ? thârâ tîjâ ho rahâ âj !"  
 Itnî sun Roḍe Shâh chal parê, âe Lohârî ke pâs.  
 Majlis lag rahî darbâr men : â Roḍe Shâh kare sawâl :  
 "De dîyo, Lohârî Jalâlî, Allah kî piyârî, phakar nûn de  
 dîdâr !"  
 Itnî sunkar Lohârî Jalâlî kare sawâl :
- 130 "Dekhîyo, phakar nahîn, koî auliâ : phakar bure bulâe.  
 Merâ singâr le jâ, aur phakar nûn de dîdâr."  
 Pahîn singâr Kamâlî nikal parî, âi phakar ke pâs :  
 "Â, phakar, dîdâr le, kharî Jalâlî tere pâs."  
 Itnî sunkar phakar boldâ Jalâlî se kare sawâl :
- 135 "Je tû Mâi Jalâlî hai, to tere chhere par barsîyo nûr :  
 Je tû phakar nûn ṭhag rahî, terî ho jâ rûh se be-rûh."  
 Hukm hûâ Dargâh se, ho gaf rûh se be-rûh.  
 Rondî pâṭdî âwandî, âi Jalâlî ke pâs :  
 "Bhâlî châhîye dîdâr de : aur nahîn, ho jâogî rûh  
 be-rûh."

- 140 Dekh sūrat Jalālī ro paṛī, naṭh bhajke ā gaī us phakar  
ke pās:  
“Ā, be phakar, dīdār le le, khaṛī Jalālī tere pās.”  
“Yūn to dīdār nā leūn; yeh hai phakar kâ jawâb.  
Mahil par apne chaṛh jā, aur sir se sâhī tār.  
Denâ dīdār, Bībī, aur sifat karūn terâ jag mân.”
- 145 Itnī sunkar ro paṛī, kare phakar kâ sawāl:  
“Aisī baten mat kaho; rakho paṛdâ tum âp.”  
“In bâton se na haṭūn: ye phakar kâ sawāl:  
Chhaje ūpar khaṛī ho, dekhe kul sansūr.”  
Itnī sunkar chaṛh gaī woh chātar sī nār.
- 150 Roḍe Shâh boldâ, “suno, Shahr ke log,  
Jalālī chaṛh gaī mahil par, sir se sâhī diâ tār.”  
Duniyâ ke log dekhde, Roḍe Duldul līe singār.  
Jhaṭ sawâr us Duldul par âp:  
“Sūrat terī bahut hai aur tū chātar sī nār:
- 155 Ham chale Makkâ Sharīf ko, tū rahe ūbād!”  
Itnī sun Lohārī ne ūpar se mārī chhâl;  
Jhatde se Duldul pakar līe, aur phakar kare sawāl:  
“Yâ tū mujh ko le chal; nahīn, khâkar marūn kaṭâr.”  
Itnī sun Roḍe Shâh Faqīr Lohārī se kare sawāl:
- 160 “Ham phakar darvesh hain, terâ hamārâ kyâ sâth?”  
“Chhîṭak, Phakar, lâ chalâ, ab jīne kī kyâ âs?  
Yâ chalūn tere sâth; nahīn, khâkar marūn kaṭâr.”  
Itnī sun phakar ne jhat le lī apne sâth.  
Lekar phakar chal pae, paṛī lambī râh.
- 165 Râh men phakar jungle ā gae. dere dīe lagâe.  
Is jungle ke bīch men baithe dono â.  
Jalālī ko le âe Makkâ ke darmiyân.

## TRANSLATION.

## THE TALE OF JALÂLÎ, THE BLACKSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

Jalâlî, the Blacksmith's daughter, was born in the City of Baghdâd, and Roḍo Shâh the Faqīr in Makkâ. Jalâlî, the Blacksmith's daughter, appeared to Roḍo Shâh the Faqīr

in a dream and Rode Shâh Faqîr fell in love with her at once. Likewise Rode Shâh the Faqîr appeared to Jalâlî, the Blacksmith's daughter, in the City of Baghdâd.

Seeing this (dream) Rode Shâh the Faqîr mounted his  
(mule) Duldul,\*

His gourd in his hand, his beads round his neck, his  
Qurân under his arm.

Saying "*Bî'smî'llah*"† he spurred on Duldul: on the  
road he met the Four Friends.‡

Said the Four Friends to Rode Shâh :

- 5 "From what country comest thou ? To what land goest  
thou ? "

"I am come from the Makkâ the Holy and I go to  
Baghdâd."

So saying he went on, and the night came upon him on  
the road.

Seeing the night Rode Shâh became miserable.

Rode Shâh the Faqîr took up the grass of the wilderness  
and said to the grass -

- 10 "Make me a bed of a span in length,§ for the *faqîr* must  
pray."

Hearing this the grass said to the *faqîr* ;

"Thou canst not make thy bed on me, seek some other  
place."

Hearing this Rode Shâh the Faqîr was grieved.

Then said the *dûb* grass|| to Rode Shâh the Faqîr :

- 15 "Take two and a half (mule) loads of me and spread  
thy bed."

\* Really the name of the mule of 'Ali here merely a fine mule

† "In the Name of God." the Musulmân invocation on commencing anything

‡ Abû Bakar, 'Umar, 'Usmân and 'Ali: the "four friends" of Muhammad

§ A half bed used as a penance by *faqîrs* on account of its extreme discomfort

|| *Kusa*, the *cynodon dactylon* or sacred grass of the Hindûs it has a fresh sweet smell.

- Hearing this Rode Shâh the Faqîr said to the grasses :  
 "The other grasses shall be burnt up, but thou shalt  
 give forth a sweet smell :  
 And the cows shall eat thee and give milk and thy name  
 shall live in the world.  
 Let the servants (of God) be humble as the lowly *dûb* ! \*
- 20 The other grasses shall be burnt up, but green shall  
 remain the *dûb* ! "
- Saying this Rode Shâh the Faqîr went on and came to  
 a boatman :  
 "O son of the boatmen, hear my prayer.  
 See the *faqîr* across (the river) in a boat in the name  
 of God."
- Hearing this said the boatman ; " Faqîr, hear my words.  
 25 I have the orders of Jalâlî the Blacksmith's daughter :  
 I cannot see thee over."
- Hearing this said the *faqîr* ; " Boatman, hear my words :  
 From others thou hast one *puisâ*,† take two or three  
 from the *faqîr*,  
 And see the *faqîr* over in a boat in the name of God."  
 "If thou be a (true) *faqîr* and saint take thyself  
 across."
- 30 Hearing this Rode Shâh the Faqîr's body was aflame  
 (with wrath).  
 Making a boat of his gourd and an oar of his staff,  
 And saying "*Bi'smî'llah*" the *faqîr* sat in it and went  
 across.  
 Thought the boatman in his mind, " He is no *faqîr*, he  
 is a saint?"  
 He went and fell at the saint's feet and besought the  
 saint:‡
- 35 " I knew not that thou wert so great a saint, or I would  
 have served thee well.§

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\* Allusion to its low spreading character.

† One-third anna or a half penny nearly.

‡ *Shâhî* is one of the extravagant titles assumed by *fakîrs*.

§ *Lit.*, sat thee on my eyes.

So pray for me that my boat may safely cross over  
(into the next world)."

Hearing this said Rode Shâh to the boatman :

"Labour much and earn much, but let not thy labour  
prosper thee !"

Hearing these words of Rode Shâh the Faqîr the boat-  
man became sorrowful.

- 40 Saying this Rode Shâh went on to the city of Baghdâd :  
And called ' *âlak* ' at the door of Jalâlî the Blacksmith's  
daughter.

Hearing him Jalâlî the Blacksmith's daughter said to  
her sister Kamâlî :

"Go, sweet sister, and give him alms."

She went with the alms to the *faqîr* :

- 45 "O Faqîr, take the alms, Kamâlî stands beside thee."

Hearing this said Rode Shâh the Faqîr to Kamâlî :

"I came not for alms. I came to see Jalâlî.\*"

Hearing this Kamâlî went to Jalâlî :

"Black, black as a beetle, hath fallen in love with thee.

- 50 He will not take the alms of pearls, he would see thee !"

Hearing this Rode Shâh the Faqîr shouted to the Black-  
smith's daughter :  
"Who is she calling black ? blackness is a deep stain.  
Black is the hair of the head, the adornment of man.  
Black are the pupils of the eyes, beloved of the whole  
world.

- 55 Black are the clouds of the West, that water the whole  
earth.

Destroy these black things ere thou answer the *faqîr* !"

Hearing this Jalâlî said to Kamâlî :

"The *faqîr* I dreaded has come to us !"

With joined hands said Jalâlî, "Sister Kamâlî, hear my  
words :

- 60 Go and tell my father, this is no *faqîr*, but some scound-  
rel."

\* To say that he had come to see a *pardnîshân* woman was, of course,  
to insult her grossly.

- Hearing this she went to her father ;  
 And said with joined hands ; " Father, hear my words.  
 He is no *faqîr*, but some jester and would see thy  
 daughter ! "
- Hearing this he went to his daughter :
- 65 " Give thy commands, my daughter: it shall be as  
 thou wilt."  
 " Turn out this *faqîr*, thrust him away."  
 " Go, thou *faqîr*, go away: this is the command of the  
 Blacksmith's daughter."
- Hearing this said the *faqîr* :
- " I came walking from Makkâ to see her (face)."
- 70 Hearing this the silly woman became angry.  
 She called the household executioner !  
 (And said) ; " Sieze this *faqîr* and bind his arms behind  
 him at once.  
 Either induce the *faqîr* to go away, or cut him to  
 pieces."
- Hearing this said the *faqîr* to the Blacksmith's daughter:
- 75 " I fear not thy words ; I will (assuredly) see thee ! "
- Hearing this Julâlî the Blacksmith's daughter gave orders  
 to proceed :
- " Quickly bind his arms behind him and cut him to  
 pieces.  
 Cut him into many pieces and tie up his body in a  
 blanket."
- Hearing this the executioner flourished his sword,
- 80 But the *faqîr* said never a word, (as) it was an order  
 from the Court (of God).  
 He cut him into little bits and took them to the  
 river.\*  
 Going to the river he threw them in and the fishes  
 divided the flesh.  
 (Said the *faqîr*) " eat up all the flesh, but leave the two  
 eyes ;

\* Hindû custom.

I would meet my beloved." An order went from the Court (of God) to Khwâjâ Khizar : \*

- 85 " Make whole the body of this *faqîr*, (for) he would see his beloved."

The order went from the Court (of God) and the body became whole.

He went on before the executioners and came to the door of the Blacksmith's daughter :

" O Jalâlî, thou Blacksmith's daughter, beloved of God, show thyself to the *faqîr* ! "

Said Jalâlî, " what saith he ? Kamâlî, hear my words !

- 90 What *faqîr* is he that is talking in the doorway ? "

Kamâlî wout to see and came weeping to her sister :

" Sister he is no *faqîr*, but some saint, and (that too) a powerful saint.

The *faqîr* that thou didst slay is the *faqîr* (now) standing at thy door ! "

Hearing this she was wroth and her eyes grew stern :

- 95 " O *faqîr*, if thou dost not go, I will cut thee in pieces."

" I fear not these words, (but) I will see thy (face) ! "

" Hearing this, Jalâlî, hath thy father come."†

" Father, slay this *faqîr*, or I will stab myself to death with a dagger."

Hearing this her father said quickly :

- 100 " I will do as thou sayest this moment."

He made an iron oven and lighted wood within it.

Binding his arms behind him he threw (the *faqîr*) into it.

Quickly he made the oven and lighted the wood.

The oven became red-hot and the (Blacksmith's daughter) said to the *faqîr* :

- 105 " Go, O *Faqîr*, go away or be burnt to ashes ! "

" I came from far Makkâ to see thy (face)."

Hearing this she was aflame (with wrath), and the fire (of wrath) caught her body and soul.

\* See Vol I . p 416. &c.

† Jalâlî's father says this

- Binding his arms behind him they threw him into the oven.  
 All the city wept and said to the Blacksmith's daughter :
- 110 " O thou Blacksmith's daughter, what art thou doing,  
 slaying this *faqîr* ? "
- It was the order of the Court (of God) and the smoke  
 went up in circles.\*
- And Rode Shâh the Faqîr slept in the Kajali forest.†  
 Said Jalâlî, the Blacksmith's daughter ; " Father, hear  
 my words :
- Throw all these ashes into the river.‡
- 115 Now that we have finished this *faqîr* how shall he see  
 ( my face ) ? "
- Hearing this his pestle and mortar§ said to the Black-  
 smith's daughter :
- " How wilt thou deny ( thy face ) to the *faqîr* ? "
- Hearing this said the Blacksmith's daughter :
- " The ashes have been sent afloat, now will I hold the  
 funeral ceremonies."||
- 120 And that very moment the Blacksmith's daughter put  
 the cauldrons on ( the fire ).
- She sent a cryer through the City and called all the *faqîrs*.  
 She spread carpets and the *faqîrs* came and sat on them.  
 The pestle and mortar began to grieve because Rode  
 Shâh Faqîr came not.
- It was the order of the Court (of God) and Rode Shâh  
 opened his eyes.
- 125 " Why art thou sleeping, *faqîr* ? They are holding thy  
 funeral ceremonies to-day ! "
- Hearing this Rode Shâh went to the Blacksmith's  
 daughter.
- The company were all assembled when Rode Shâh came  
 and said :

\* Through which Rode Shâh escaped.

† Brought in merely as a famous name : see Vol I., p. 520

‡ Hindu custom.

§ Kept by *faqîrs* for making *bhang*.

|| *Tîdî* or *soyam*, the ceremonies on the third day after death held  
 by Musalmâns.



- "Show (thy face), Jalâlî, thou Blacksmith's daughter,  
beloved of God, to the *faqîr*!"
- Hearing this said Jalâlî the Blacksmith's daughter:\*
- 130 "Behold, this is no *faqîr*, but some saint: and (that too)  
a powerful saint.  
Put on my clothes and show thyself to the *faqîr*!"  
Putting on the clothes Kamâlî went out to the *faqîr*:  
"Come *faqîr*, behold me, Jalâlî standeth beside thee."  
Hearing this the *faqîr* said to Jalâlî:
- 135 "If thou be the Lady Jalâlî, then let thy face glow with  
light:  
But if thou art deceiving the *faqîr* may thy beauty  
vanish."  
It was the order of the Court (of God) and her beauty  
vanished.  
Weeping and wailing she went to Jalâlî:  
"If thou seek thy good show thyself (to him), or thy  
beauty will vanish.
- 140 Seeing her Jalâlî wept and ran quickly to the *faqîr*:  
"Come, *Faqîr*, behold me, Jalâlî standeth by thee."  
"I will not see thee thus: this is thy *faqîr*'s reply.  
Go upon the palace roof, take the veil from off thy  
head.  
Show thyself, Lady, and let the world praise thee."
- 145 Hearing this she wept and said to the *faqîr*:  
"Say not such words; keep my honor!"  
"I will not go back upon my words: this is the *faqîr*'s  
request:  
Stand on the roof and let the whole world see thee."  
Hearing this the wise woman went up (on to the roof).  
150 Said Rôde Shâh, "hear, ye people of the City,  
Jalâlî hath gone up on to the roof of her palace, and  
taken the veil from off her head."  
All the world was looking (at her) while Rôde (Shâh)  
saddled his (mule) Duldul.

\* To her sister.

Quickly he mounted him :

(Said he) "great is thy beauty and thou art a wise woman :

155 I go to Makkâ the Holy, do thou dwell (here) !"

Hearing this the Blacksmith's daughter leapt down from above ,

And quickly she seized Duldul and said to the *faqîr* :

"Either take me with thee, or I stab myself to death with a dagger."

Hearing this Rôḍe Shâh Faqîr said to the Blacksmith's daughter:

160 "I am a *faqîr* and a saint, what connection can there be twixt me and thee?"

"Thou hast enchanted me, O Faqîr, and how can I live now (away from thee) ?

Either I go with thee or stab myself to death with a dagger."

Hearing this the *faqîr* took her at once with him.

The *faqîr* took her, and ~~they~~ went a long road.

165 On the road they arrived at a desert and made a halt.

They both settled in that desert.

And he (at last) took Jalâlî to Makkâ.

## NO. XXVIII.

### THE LEGEND OF 'ABDU'LLÂH SHÂH OF SÂMIN,

AS TAKEN DOWN IN THE BALUCHI LANGUAGE FROM THE  
NARRATIVE OF GHULÂM MUHAMMAD BALACHÎNÎ MAZÎRÎ,  
AND TRANSLATED BY M. LONGWORTH DAMES, ESQ.

[ 'Abdu'llâh Shâh belonged to a Sayyid family living at Samta, a village some miles south of Derâ Ghâzi Khân. He enjoyed a great reputation for sanctity, which is maintained by his family, now represented by a grandson of the original 'Abdu'llâh Shâh. The story is chiefly remarkable for the introduction of the heroes of the very favorite Panjâbi tale of Hir and Rânjhâ in the after-world. Rânjhâ is represented as still following his original occupation of a buffalo-herdsman, and as supplying milk to the Prophet.]

[The story of Hir and Rânjhâ is of world-wide celebrity in the Panjâb, and will be given in full later on in these volumes. Hir was the daughter of Chûchuk, a Syâl of Bangpûr, in the Muzaffargarh District. Rânjhâ's true name was Didho; he was by caste a Rânjhâ Jatt, and is known almost exclusively by his caste name, which also takes the diminutive forms Rânjhuâ, Rânjhetâ, and Rânjhetrâ. His father Manjû was a Chaudhri or Revenue Collector, and local magnate at Takht Hazâra, in the Gujranwâla District].

[The Syâls are of Râjpût origin, and claim higher rank than the surrounding Jatt tribes, to whom they will not give their daughters in marriage, although they may marry Jatt women. Thus, though Hir and Rânjhâ were both Muhammadans, their love was illicit, and ended disastrously. The pride of the Syâls is illustrated by another celebrated love story, "Sâhibân and Mirzâ," which will also be given in full later on, the scene of which is at Khîwâ near Jhang. It is even now an insult to a Syâl to mention either Hir or Sâhibân, and no Syâl will remain present, while either of these stories is being recited. They are, however, celebrated in the Panjâb as the types of constant lovers, much in the same way as Abelard and Héloïse in Modern Europe, or as Laili and Majnûn in Arabic, and Farhâd and Shirîn in Persian story. Hir's tomb is about half a mile from the civil station of Jhang, and is marked on the survey map as "Mookurba Heer," which stands for "Maqbara-i-Hir," or Hir's monument. It is a brick building, resembling in style the ordinary Musalmân tomb of the 16th century, with the exception that instead of being covered by a dome it is open to the sky. There are niches or windows on the four sides. That on the west is closed, while the other three are open, the reason assigned

being that the wind should blow on Hîr from every direction except that of her home Rangpûr, where she had been murdered. The tomb stands close to an old bed of the Chenâb, and it is related that at the time of Hîr's death the river was still flowing in this old bed, and that Hîr appeared in a vision to a merchant who was travelling past in a boat, telling him to build her tomb in this place, and to build it so that the rain of Heaven should always fall on it. This was done after Hîr's body had been placed in the tomb, but before it was closed Rânjhâ appeared, and, entering the tomb alive, was buried with her. This is not in accordance with the poem, but is the account given by Bhuttâ Vais, an old Jatt in charge of the tomb. A *melâ* or fair, of some local celebrity, is held at the tomb in the month of Mâgh (February). Hîr and Rânjhâ are commonly said to have flourished 700 or 800 years ago, but others assign them to Akbar's time (16th century A.D.), and the architecture of the tomb is in accordance with this supposition].

[The first poem in their honour is said to have been composed by Namodar Patwari, of Jhang, but the most celebrated is the poem of Wâris Shâh, a native of Takht Hazâra in Gujrânwâlâ, Rânjhâ's native place. It even now forms a favourite subject for local bards. Wâris Shâh is supposed to have flourished 150 to 200 years ago].

[It should be remembered that the letters printed in the following text as *th* and *kh* are pronounced in Balochi as the *th* respectively in 'breath' and 'breathe'].

#### TEXT.

'Abdu'llâh Shâh Saidu nishtaghâ Samînâ. Ravân bîthâ hajjâ, shuṭḥo jahâzâ charithâ. Ravâna ravâna shuṭḥa, jahâz oshtâtḥa bîthâ. Jahâz mardân hîlâ khuṭḥa, jahâz na bokhta.

Samundar kharghâ murgh-gale nishtaghetḥ. Gudâ jahâz-wâzhâ gwashta. "Banda en choshen bî, ki wâstâ Hudhâhâ wathî sarâ dâth, azh jahâzâ er-khaffith, baroṭḥ, hawân murghân bâl dâth? Murgh bâl girant, gudâ jahâzâ gwâth mân-khâith, jahâz ṭilhith." 'Abdu'llâh Shâhâ gwashta, "Mân deân wathî sarâ wâstâ Hudhâhâ." Er-khaptâ azh jahâzâ, shuṭḥo hawân murgh bâl dâthaghand, murgh bâl giptaghand; gwâth mân-âkhta, jahâz ṭilhithâ.

'Abdu'llâh Shâh Samundar pahnâdhâ dighârâ rawân bîthâ. Jâhe ki âkhta, gindî gwâmeshânî rand en. Zurthâ-f hawân rand, zîrâna zîrana shuṭḥa; baroṭḥ gindî duhoû dukhaghen, gwâmeshânî jhok en hamodhâ. Suhr-saren zâle nishtiyon. 'Abdu'llâh Shâh ki nazi âkhta, phâdh-âkhto hawân zâl, gwash-

ta-î, "B'ismi'llâh 'Abdu'llâh Shâh Samînewâlâ, biyâithe!" Phol-khutâ ki, "Mâi, tha khai e?" Zâlâ gwashta ki, "Mañ Mâi Hîr ân; Miân Rânjhâ go mêhiân en. Makhta tho khush bi nind, begahâ Miân Rânjhâ di khâit." Begahâ gwâmesh âkhta pha jhokâ, suhr-rîsheñ marde phedhâgheñ. Phol-khutâ 'Abdu'llâh Shâhâ ki, "Hawen mard khai en ki phedhâgheñ gwameshânî randâ?" Mâi Hîrâ gwashta ki, "E Miân Rânjhâ en." An ki âkhta 'Abdu'llâh, Shâh phâdî-âkhta. An mardâ gwashta, "B'ismi'llâh, 'Abdu'llâh Shâh, biyâ durr sh'âkhtaghe!" 'Abdu'llâh Shâhâ gwashta, "Mahairâ, Miân Rânjhâ." Miân Rânjhâ ch'eshiyâ hâl gipta. 'Abdu'llâh Shâh wathî hâl thewagheñ dâhaghant. Miân Rânjhâ gwashta, "Thaî hajj azh dargâhâ qabûl en, mañ begahâ shîre barân phujainân ma Huzârâ."

Guðâ mañî shîrâ phur khuttho sar chakhâ zurtho, 'Abdu'llâh Shâh dastâ gipt-î, gwashta-î, "Wathî chhamân bût." Chhamân bûtthaghantî. Guðâ gwashta Miân Rânjhâ, "Nî chhamân phut." Nî ki chhamân phatthaghantî dîthâ-î ki Rusûlu'llâh nishtagheñ wathî takht sarâ. Rusûlu'llâh salâm dâthâ-î, hajj qabûl bîthâ-î.

Gindî ki ya kumbhâr Samîu-nindokheñ, ânhî chakhâ chyâr-gîst rūpî chafî khapto bastha-ich. Guðâ Rusûlu'llâh pharmantha ki, "Miân Rânjhâ tharâ hukm en ki 'Abdu'llâh Shâh wathî shahrâ rasain dai." Dar-khapto âkhtaghant jhokâ. Miân Rânjhâ gwashta ki, "Do rosh nind hamedhâ, shîrâ bawar gwâmeshânî, guðâ tharâ wathî handâ rasainân." Do rosh nishta hamedhâ; saimî roshâ Miân Rânjhâ gwashta ki, "Nî dastâ manûn dai, guðâ chhamân bût." Dast dâtho chham bûtthaghant-î. Guðâ Miân Rânjhâ gwashta, "Nî main dastâ bil dai, chhamân phat." Chhamân phatî gindî ki main Samîn Shahr lâfû oshtâthaghân. Jihânâ dîthâ ki 'Abdu'llâh Shâh âkhta. Kumbhâr âkhtâ greâna gwar 'Abdu'llâh Shâhâ ki, "Philân handâ Drâkâne logh duzân bhorentha, rand ârtho main logh pahnâdîhâ gwâzenthâish; 'Nî Sarkâr gushîth ki chyâr-gîst rūpî chafî phur khan dai.' Mañ be-gunâh ân. Hudhâî wâstâ manân chorain." 'Abdu'llâh Shâhâ gwashta ki "E chatî main chorainagh nen," ki huzûr dîmânâ thaî chakhâ basthiyen. Baro phur khan dai."

## TRANSLATION.

'Abdu'llâh Shâh Sayyid lived at Samûn. He started on a pilgrimage [to Mecca,] and went on board a ship. Going on he proceeded, when the ship stopped. The crew exerted themselves, but the ship did not move.

A flock of birds were sitting on the seashore. The ship's master said: "Is there any such man here, who, for the sake of God, will risk his life\* and alight from the ship, and go and make those birds fly away? If the birds fly away the wind will reach the ship, and the ship will go on." 'Abdu'llâh Shâh said, "I will risk my life for God's sake." He alighted from the ship, and went and made the birds fly away, the wind reached the ship and the ship went on.

'Abdu'llâh Shâh (left alone) on the edge of the sea started off along the land. He came to a certain place, and there he saw tracks of buffaloes. He took up these tracks, and following and following them he went on and saw a smoke rising.† There was a buffaloes' grazing station (*jhok*) there. A red-headed woman was seated there. When 'Abdu'llâh Shâh approached the woman rose and said, "In the name of God, 'Abdu'llâh Shâh of Samûn, you are welcome!" He asked her, saying, "Mother, who art thou?" The woman said, "I am Hîr; Miân Rânjhâ is with his buffaloes. For the present sit down and rest. In the evening Miân Rânjhâ also will come." In the evening the buffaloes returned to the station, and a red-bearded man came with them. 'Abdu'llâh Shâh asked (of Hîr) "Who is this man that is coming in the track of the buffaloes?" Hîr replied, "This is Miân Rânjhâ." When he came 'Abdu'llâh Shâh rose. The man said, "In the name of God, 'Abdu'llâh Shâh, you are welcome!" 'Abdu'llâh Shâh said, "All is well, Miân Rânjhâ." Rânjhâ asked him for his news. 'Abdu'llâh Shâh told him all that had happened to him. Rânjhâ said, "Thy pilgrimage is accepted at the (divine) threshold. In the evening I shall take some milk, and bring you into the presence (of the Prophet)."

\* *Lit.*, give his head.

† *Lit.*, a smoke smoking.

Then having filled an earthen pot with milk and lifted it on to his head, he took 'Abdu'llâh Shâh by the hand, and said "Shut your eyes." He shut his eyes. Then Rânjhâ said, "Now, open your eyes." When he opened his eyes he saw the Apostle of God sitting on his throne. The Prophet saluted him, and his pilgrimage was accepted.

There he saw a certain Kumbhâr (potter), an inhabitant of Samîn, on whom (the Prophet's court) imposed a fine of eighty rupees. After this the Prophet gave this command: "Mîân Rânjhâ, thou art ordered to conduct 'Abdu'llâh Shâh back to his own town." They went out and returned to the station. Mîân Rânjhâ said, "Stay here for two days, and drink my buffaloes' milk. Then I will take thee to thy own place." For two days he stayed there: the third day Rânjhâ said, "Now give me your hand and then shut your eyes." He gave him his hand and shut his eyes. Then Rânjhâ said, "Now let go my hand, and open your eyes." He opened his eyes and found himself standing in the town of Samîn. The whole world saw how 'Abdu'llâh Shâh came. The Kumbhâr came weeping to 'Abdu'llâh Shâh saying, "At such and such a place thieves have broken into the house of a certain carpenter. They brought the track and made it pass by the side of my house, and now the Government says, 'Pay up a fine of eighty rupees.' I am innocent, for God's sake get me off." 'Abdu'llâh Shâh said, "It is not for me to get this fine remitted, for it was imposed upon thee in the court of the Prophet's Majesty. Go and pay it."

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## NO. XXIX.

### THE STORY OF RÂJÂ JAGDEO, AS TOLD BY A BARD OF THE MONTGOMERY DISTRICT.

[It is probably hopeless to find out who Râjâ Jagdeo the Panwâr was in the flesh, as the ancient Râjpût tribe of the Pramara, Puñwâr or Panwâr, have so long lost all vestiges of royalty that nothing but vague tradition remains of their former grandeur. There is not a name in the legend among the several mentioned of Jagdeo's family that gives any clue to his identity. Dhârânagarî or Dhâra, his home, is meant by the bard to be Pâkputtan, but, I think, it is more probably a confused recollection of the real Dhârânagar of the old Pramaras in the Vindhya mountains. The scene of his exploits with the demon is laid at Dipâlpûr, once an important place, but now an obscure village in the Montgomery District, and affords no clue to chronology. The scene of his second exploit is laid in the modern city of Jaipûr and referred to modern times.]

[The legend is pure folklore of the ordinary sort, and what history crops up is, of course, confused and contradictory. The story of Jagdeo's birth is referred to the time of the Emperor Salim Shâh Sûr, who flourished 1545-1554 A.D., and one of his exploits to the days of the great Jai Singh Sawâi, founder of Jaipûr, who died in 1743 A.D.]

[I have not thought it worth while to give the prose portion of the legend in original, but much of the language of the verses is archaic.]

#### THE STORY OF RÂJÂ JAGDEO PANWÂR OF DHÂRÂNAGARÎ.

There was once a Râjâ of the Dwâpar Jug\* whose name was Udâdît and who was a Panwâr by caste. From him was descended Râjâ Kuran, the Panwâr.

Now Râjâ Udâdît had no son, and one day, as he was out hunting, he chanced upon a *faqîr* sitting in the wilds. The Râjâ got off his horse and paid his respects to the holy man and made all his followers do the same. The *faqîr* was much pleased at this and also at the Râjâ's humility in standing in his presence while he himself remained sitting, so he asked him what he wanted, and the Râjâ replied that he had no son. On this the *faqîr* stretched out his hand and gave him two

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\* A random statement to give an air of antiquity to the legend.



apples which he told him to give his wives, who would then bear him two sons, and the Râjâ did accordingly.

About five months after this Salim, the Emperor of Dehlî, demanded tribute to the extent of two and a half *lâkhs* of rupees (250,000), but as the Râjâ could only pay one and a quarter *lâkh* he was detained in Dehlî. When he had been there four months a bard was sent to congratulate him on the birth of Jagdeo, his eldest son, and four days after a Brâhman was started off to congratulate him on the birth of a younger son, Randhaur. The Brâhman outwalked the bard and reached Delhi first, so the news of Randhaur's birth reached before that of Jagdeo's and Randhaur was recorded as the successor of Udâdît by the Emperor. When the true facts were explained to the Emperor he refused to alter the succession and so it came about that Randhaur was treated as the elder son.

Now the Emperor had refused to receive the one and a quarter *lâkh* offered by Udâdît, as it was only half his demand, so the Râjâ still had this sum with him, and when he explained to the bard why it was he was detained in Dehlî the bard explained to him that he had better spend what he had on an entertainment in honor of the birth of his two sons and see what would happen. Whereupon the Râjâ ordered an entertainment to the public on a scale never before seen even in Dehlî and made all the people very happy. The Emperor and his wife, of course, heard of it and she persuaded her husband to forgive the Râjâ who had spent his all in delighting the Emperor's subjects. Next day when the Emperor was seated in his hall of audience he sent for Râjâ Udâdît and he not only remitted all the revenue due from him, but gave him a dress of honor (*khil'at*) and let him go home free.

Afterwards when the boys grew up Randhaur was appointed successor to the throne and all the people went to pay their respects, but when Jagdeo went to the audience he thrust his spear into the ground and went away, saying in his heart that he himself was the lawful heir. The ministers and courtiers observed this and told Râjâ Udâdît that Jagdeo was a strong

man and had envy in his heart and would some day slay the Râjâ Randhaur. Râjâ Udâdit informed Jagdeo of what the people said, and Jagdeo, thereupon, resolved to leave his country and started off to seek his fortune with his horse and one servant.

As he wandered on he came to the country of Râjâ Kankhâr and put up at a Brâhman woman's house, who lived with her son next door to Râjâ Kankhâr's palace. She was a widow and the Râjâ paid her five gold pieces\* for accommodation for the night only.

At that place a demon (*deo*) had been in the habit of coming at night and killing and eating three or four of the people, so the Râjâ had built a fort of a mile square for him to live in and into it he sent as a sop to the demon twelve loaves and some meat from his own table and one human victim from the city daily. This demon's name was Marhû,† and his city of Marhû still stands near Dipâlpûr‡ about 30 miles from Mungamrî (Montgomery). While Râjâ Jagdeo was staying with the old woman the chief constable came to her to say that it was her son's turn to go as the victim next day, whereon she fell to weeping and said :—

*"Je mujh ko hotê sâr chhor nagarî nêh jâtî;*

*Kis dharm vilâyat baith jâ, mushqat kar khâtî.*

*Yehân baithan jî dahâio;*

*Jarnû pût sapût, nêr nainî bhar âio.*

*Ab kî rât katûn afsos karân;*

*Is rât kâ is nagarî meû kyûn rahân?"*

"Had I my will I would leave this city,

And go to some more favored land and earn my living.

Here I bewail my life;

I have a dutious son, for whom my eyes are filled with tears.

\* Five *mohars*, = 80 rupees.

† In Panjâbî, a corpse.

‡ An ancient site in the Montgomery District and in former times an important city second only to Lâhor and Multân as late as the 16th Century. It is not far from Pâkpaṭṭan.

I pass this night in sorrow :

Ah, why do I stay this night in this city ?

And while she was still weeping the chief constable went his way, and seeing her in great distress Jagdeo's heart was moved with compassion, as he was a pure, chaste, earnest, austere and generous-hearted\* man, and he said to her :—

*"Nâ ro, mâganhâr:† sîs main apnâ desân.*

*Desân Nâm Khuâlê ke, sohhlê do jag men lesân.*

*Tumhârâ pût chhorâusân; Rajpât bêt sâchî kare!*

*Sîs desân main apnâ, jo pût tumhârâ nâ mare."*

"Weep not, Brâhmanî: I will give my head.

I will give it in the Name of God and secure a good name in both worlds.

I will release thy son ; and Râjpûts speak the truth !

I will give my head that thy son may not die."

Saying this he lay down to sleep and the old woman was content with the pledge. Meanwhile the chief constable came and said, "Give your son, mother." When Râjâ Jagdeo heard this he bethought him of his pledge and taking his sword in his hand went up to the chief constable and asked where the demon dwelt. The chief constable began thinking to himself who he could be, as he did not look like a Brâhman or a servant, so he said to him :

*"Kis des kâ dhani? kaun hai gûn jo thârâ?*

*Kis bap kâ pût kaun hai ism tumhârâ?*

*Kis des tum chale? suno ik 'araz hamârâ!*

*Âj kâl thârâ dise. Woh âfât balwant hai, jî: lûkh khûn kî use."*

"What lord's son art thou ? where is thy house ?

What father's son ? what is thy name ?

Whither goest thou ? Hear a word from me !

Thou hast met thy fate to-day. The monster is very strong and has slain thousands."

\* *Jatî, sutî, hattî, pattî, sakhtî.*

† *Mâganhâr*, lit. beggar, used towards Brâhman women when addressed.

Replied Rājā Jagdeo :

*"Kahe Rāo Jagdeo, kul sab fūnī hosī.*

*Maidān parā Rājput sīh de kadhī nā desī.*

*Kyūn bāt ghūṭī kahō ?"*

*Jagdeo kahe Kotwāl ko, "tum hī lok thir hī rahō ?".*

*"Saith Rājā Jagdeo, all are mortal.*

Once on the field of battle the Rājput never turns his back.

Why dost speak terrifying (false) words ?"

Saith Jagdeo to the chief constable, "will you people remain where you are ?" \*

Said the chief constable, "I will take him to the demon as he is willing to be destroyed, but as the people will accuse me of offering up a stranger I will take witnesses with me."

*Lā sāth Jagdeo, pāñch sāt aur bulāe.*

*Gae Rāsak† ke pās, jā khulā darwāza lāe.*

*Baṛe Jhanī Pauwār, "Rām Rām" mukh se kare.*

*Soch pā us log ko, Rājput nāhīn hargiz dare.*

He took Jagdeo with him, calling four or five (others).

He took him to the demon and opened the door.

The brave lord, the Pauwār, said adieu‡ with his lips.

Thought the lookers on, a Rājput will never fear.

Then the chief constable went to Rājā Kankhār and told him the news.

*Giā pās Kankhār koṭwāl ik bāt bakhānī :*

*"Ik dekhā Rājput, jān us hī thī fānī.*

*Us tumhāre nagar mun achraj bāt dekhī thī.*

*Is Dwāpar Jay meñ Rājput dekhā sakhī."*

*Sunī bāt Kankhār ānkhon se nīr palatīe,*

*Giā hos fārmosh bāl pāt pāt satīe.*

*Kankhār kahe koṭwāl ko, "tumhān bāt āge kyūn na kare ?*

*Rakh leo Rājput ko, jo pūt Brāhman kī mare."*

The chief constable went to Rājā Kankhār and told the story :

\* i.e., will you not die too ?

† For *Rākshasa*, and so all through this legend with the allied words *Bakas*, *Rākehas*, &c.

‡ *Rām Rām* : the usual salutation on coming and going.

"I have seen a Râjpût, who puts no value on his life.  
I have seen a wondrous thing in thy city.  
I have seen a (truly) generous Râjpût in this Dwâpar  
Jug."

Hearing this Râjâ Kankhâr's eyes dropped tears,  
And being disturbed in his mind he tore off his hair.  
Said Râjâ Kankhâr to the chief constable, "Why didst  
thou not say this before?"

Spare the Râjpût and let the Brâhman's son die."  
Said the chief constable :

*"Ham harjo lakh wâr bāt, us ik na mání.  
Us shish diā Rabb\* Nām; mard kī yeh hī nishānī.  
Solān kalān shapūt hai, chandah bilyā nīlhan.  
Sūrat sairat us kī, jo sundar 'aqal jarān."*

"I tried a thousand persuasions, he would not listen  
to one.

He gave his head in the Name of God ; this is the sign  
of a true man.

He has the sixteen (good) qualities and knows the  
fourteen sciences.

Beauteous is his form and beautcons his mind."

And the chief constable said to the Râjâ, "he was not out  
of his senses and fully understood the risk he was running,  
but he said he had given his pledge in the name of God and  
would not draw back."

Meanwhile, Râjâ Jagdeo was sitting inside the closed door,  
and said to himself, it was well that he had given his head in  
the name of God.

*Kīā soch Jagdeo daur darwāzā āyā :  
Dīe hāth kī jhoshī for darwāzā dhāyā.  
Pāhar āyā koṭ ton jo wāṅg sher bādal gajrā.  
Dīve fatah Khudāwand, shabāsh log mastak sajā.*

Jagdeo thought over it and ran towards the door :

He pushed it with his hand and tore down the  
door.

He came out of the Fort as doth a roaring lion.

\* Observe the Muhammadan words for God all through this legend.

God gave him the victory, and the people bent their heads in admiration.

And coming suddenly out of the door the Râjâ awaited the coming of the demon.

*Gai gharî do râit thî, roh Râkshas âyâ.*

*Chalâ âgâo ho Râjâ Jagdeo bulâyâ :*

*"Pûjî pair Pañwâr ke do hâth hamre chhakeñ.*

*Lagne hâth Pañwâr ke, tû tadân nâm hamrâ japn."*

When two watches of the night had passed the demon came.

When he came in front of him Râjâ Jagdeo called out to him :

"Try the strength of thy hands and feet with the Pañwâr,

When the hands of the Pañwâr touch thee, thou wilt take his name."\*

When the demon heard this he said :

*Bole Itakhas, "bul shâbâsh ! Rajpût piâre !*

*Jâ, bakhshâ thârî jân ; jâo tum apne dwâr.*

*Aise jodhe ballî, kyûn kathan maidân meñ gaho ?*

*Ham kahê ; tum samajh jâ ; jo bâr bâr phir na kaho."*

Said the demon, "bravo, friend Râjpût !

Go, save thy life ; go to thy own house.

Why should so brave a warrior face this fatal field ?

I have said it : do thou hearken ; I will not say it again and again."

Replied Râjâ Jagdeo :

*Bole dhanî Pañwâr, mukhoñ ik sakhan â lât ;*

*"Ik nâî ke put, ik tum goli jâ ?"*

*Komar bandh ran bare, oh Râkhas, oh Jagde ;*

*Dorrâ sher jodhe lapn.*

Then out spake the bold Pañwâr with his lips :

"Art thou thy mother's son or the child of some slave-girl ?" †

\* i.e., acknowledge his superiority

† The taunt here is in the insinuation that he is illegitimate.

Jagdeo and the demon girded their loins and entered  
the field of battle,

As two lion-like warriors fight.

And as they fought God gave the victory to Râjâ Jagdeo.

*Balî prâku bân zor bhuj doheñ lûe.*

*Pakar pachhârû deo dant dharnî dhar ðûe.*

*Lîo Nâm Narangkâr kâ to kînî deo pukâr.*

*Nîm râi páchhe rahe to pûe fatuh Pahnôâr.*

The brave hero used the might of both his arms.

He seized the demon and dashed him to the trembling  
earth.

The demon called out to him in the name of God.\*

It was after midnight that the Pahnôâr obtained the  
victory.

When Râjâ Jagdeo overthrew the demon and sat on his breast, the demon began praising the Râjâ and said to him : " I was born in Lankâ† (Ceylon) and I noticed that my parents always prayed that I should be protected from a virtuous man. I used to laugh at them, as mankind is our food, and I could not understand why we should fear a man. When I grew up I left Lankâ and have lived on human beings for the last fifteen years. Even at very sight of me they die and I devour them at leisure, but nevertheless my parents' fear of mankind has never left them."

*"Jo sunâ hai kannî, asûñ ajj ankhiñ dekhâ.*

*Desûñ tudh soghât jo sangramî uñhâ.*

*Bukhsî merî jân, Jagde, Lank chhor Brij wasûrân ;*

*Jît Khag Amî Singh doheñ terî nagar padhârân."*

"What I had heard with my ears I have to-day seen with  
my eyes.

I will give thee presents if I escape from fighting thee.

Grant me my life, Jagdeo, and I will leave Lankâ and  
live in Brij,‡

\* To spare his life.

† The fabled home of the demons.

‡ A holy land of the Hindûs and, of course, the very opposite of Lankâ.

And bring before thee both Jît Khag and Amî Singh."\*

And the demon said that Jît Khag had been given to his father by Sulaimân (Solomon) the Holy and that he had the power of scaring off the seventy hundred evils. "And in addition to this I will give you Amî Singh Bîr, and if you will spare my life, I will leave Lankâ and go to Phulankât and never come here again." But Râjâ Jagdeo refused to spare his life.

*Kîâ âfat ko zor, hâth shamsher uñhâe.*

*Mukh se japke Nâm, tegh Râsak ko wâre.*

*Âfat kâ sir kâtâ, do jahân shâbâsh lukhî*

*Dhârââ dhanî Pânwâr hai, kar balî mard Jagdeo sakhî.*

Putting the demon under him, he took his sword in his hand.

Taking the (Holy) Name he brandished his sword over the demon.

Cutting off the demon's head he won glory in both worlds.

The bold Pânwâr of Dhârâ, the high-spirited Jagdeo, hath put on the garland of manhood.

When Râjâ Jagdeo had cut off the demon's head he determined to go back to his bed in the city, but Râjâ Kankhâr had placed 15 soldiers and 5 guns at each gate from which a continuous fire was kept up to keep off the demon. However Râjâ Jagdeo went on.

*Âfat kâ sir kât, zor Jagdeo dikhâe.*

*Lââ hâth ke bîch dast sajje se chûe.*

*Âfat kâ sir kañke jiwâe dar par khavâ:*

*"Bûâ khol kinâr kâ, ham ghar Bâhman ke chalâ."*

Jagdeo showed his prowess and cut off the demon's head.

He took it in his right hand.

He cut off the head of the demon and stood at the city gate,

\* The allusion here is to the very little understood subject of the *Bîrs* or warrior godlings, who seem in India to correspond to the *Pahlavans* of Persian fable. Their name is legion and they are worshipped as gods, the cult of any particular *Bîr* being strictly local.

† Explained as another and a distant Lankâ.



(And said) "Open the leaves of the gate, I would go to the Brāhman's house."

And the Rājā said to the door-keepers :

*Chār chiz achhī nahīn hotī, hāthīwān, sārīwān, gārīwān, darwān. Wān kī lafz achhī nahīn hotā.*

Four things are evil, elephant-driver, camel-driver, cart-driver, doorkeeper. *Wān* is a bad ending to a man's name.\*

And then the Rājā said to the door-keepers :

*"Ai mānas darwān, tumhen dar kuluf utāro !*

*Ai mānas darwān, kyā hai chālū thāro ?*

*Humrā kahā mūn le, jo yeh bhalōn kī rīt :*

*Ham to khās Rājpūt haiin, jo tum se rakhūn prīt."*

"O friend door-keepers, open the locks of the gate.

O friend door-keepers, what is your intention ?

Hear my words, as good men should :

I am a real Rājput that is your friend."

"Open the doors and I will repay you the obligation." But said the door-keepers :

*"Ham kyā jānēn prīt ? Kāun hai mānas bandū ?*

*Us te dīo bhāg, kam tū kīā manū ?*

*Bhāgūn se tūn Rāsakōn, nā shish apnā dīā.*

*Achraj hūā is Shahr meñ, jo burā kām tum ne kīā !"*

"What know we of friendship ? Who art thou ?

Hast run away (from the demon), and done an evil thing ?

Thou hast run from the demon and not given him thy head.

It is astonishing to this city that *thou* shouldst do evil !"

And said the door-keepers, "it is against our orders that we should take you in." Then thought the Rājā in his mind that

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\* This is a well-known *bon-mot* thrown in for effect. The play is on the termination *bān* and there is properly an answer—" *Hān, mīharbān* : Just so, kind sir." *Mīharbān*, kind sir, having also this objectionable termination *bān* (or *wān*).

he had better tell them of his success, as their fear of the demon was so great. So he said to them :

*"Jis âfat kâ khauf tumhen, hamûn woh âfat mârî.*

*Us se lîâ khos sang kinkhân do dhârî.*

*Âjat kâ sir kâtke, jo eyâ dai par kharâ*

*Lîâ khol kinâr kâ, ham ghar Bâhman ke chald."*

"I have slain the demon whom ye fear.

I have taken his two-edged sword that he had.

I have cut off the demon's head, that stand at your gates.

Open the leaves of the gate, I would go to the Brâhman's house."

Said the door-keepers :

*"Khol uohi kinâr jo balkârî hove*

*Yâ kholwâs kinâr, joâ topân dhore.*

*Âjat kâ sir latîâ, to bali tarân opnâ havo*

*Bûâ khol kinâr kâ, to bhi an andar wavo"*

"Let him open the gates that is mighty :

Or let him open the gates that hath the guns with him.

If thou hast cut off the demon's head, show now thy strength.

Open the leaves of the gates (thysself) and enter"

Râjâ Jagdeo perceived that they were mocking him, and being furiously angry and a man of miraculous power, he pushed open the door and overthrew the fifteen soldiers and the five guns together.

*Bahan phor, jo tajeu so râî uha .*

*Tore qajal zanjî, jo darbâne kûthî.*

*Darwâzê dî ton mor, har phrîche dhâre.*

*Jitne bâns palî ke pâl, utne Pañwâr ke ahlâre.*

*Dekhê loq sarî ke, "na jât pât pûho bhalo :*

*Dhârâ dhanî Pañwâr hai, jo Marhâ jhây Jayde chalo."*

Throwing down all that were passing the night there,

He broke the bolts and bars and slew the door-keepers.

He broke open the gates and strewed about the pieces.

The Pañwâr's battlefields were as many as the leaves of the bamboo.

The people saw and said in admiration, "ask nor clan  
nor caste :

He is Jagdeo the bold Pañwâr of Dhârâ that hath slain  
the Demon."

And all the people cried out that the demon had broken  
loose and burst into the city, so they took to flight. And the  
news reached Râjâ Kankhâr who collected his forces, mounted  
all the guns on the Fort and entered it. But Râjâ Jagdeo  
went to the Brâhman's house and lay down to sleep. Mean-  
while Râjâ Kankhâr's soldiers found the rampart of the Fort  
broken down and the demon lying dead with his head severed  
from the trunk and they told him of it. Admiring the bravery  
of the hero who could slay such a demon the Râjâ returned home.

*Pâe fatâh Pañwâr pichhân haï dere âio.*

*Sunî bāt Kankhâr, usî ko turt mangâio.*

*Kul amîr bhaje sabhe, Kankhâr kahe wazîr ko, "Wahî jawân  
abhî lâio."*

The Pañwâr gained the victory and went home.

As soon as Kankhâr heard of it he sent for him.

He sent all his nobles and Kankhâr said to his minister,  
"Bring the young man here at once."

When Râjâ Kankhâr's officials came to Râjâ Jagdeo and told  
him that the king had sent for him, he angrily cried out, "I am  
not your servant. I will go to the king when it suits me, and  
that is to-morrow morning. Even then I will merely make over  
the demon's head and go back to my home." So then the  
Râjâ sent his minister to Jagdeo who said :

*"'Aqil baṛe amîr Râî Kankhâr bulâe :*

*'Aqil baṛe amîr melkar kul ko lâe."*

"The wise and noble Râjâ Kankhâr calls thee :

He hath sent all the wise and noble (of his people) to-  
gether (to thee)."

And then he asked him his name and home :

*"Kis des kâ dhani? Kharî bāt tum hi kaho."*

*Wazîr kahe Jagdeo ko, "Tumhen shēr ithî raho."*

"Of what land art Lord ? Tell me truly."

Said the minister to Jagdeo, "So lion-like a man must remain here."

So Râjâ Jagdeo bathed himself, put on golden sandals, took the demon's head in his hand and accompanied the minister to the Râjâ's palace. On the way the minister asked him to explain fully who he was to the Râjâ. Presently they reached the king's presence and Râjâ Jagdeo said to him :

*"Uddât kâ pût hân, Pirthî kâ Râjâ.*

*Pânchoñ phar hathiyâr, nahîn mainî râti bhâjâ."*

*Bîch kachahrî âke sab salâm majlis kare :*

*Kankhâr Jagdeo ko jo âp hâth mâth dhare.*

"I am the son of Udâdît, the Lord of the Earth.

Wearing the five arms I did not run away in the night."

As he came into the assembly all saluted him :

Even Kankhâr himself put his hand to his forehead for Jagdeo.

Then Râjâ Jagdeo sat beside Râjâ Kankhâr on the throne with the demon's head before him.

Now Râjâ Kankhâr had long ago promised that whoever should kill the demon should have half his kingdom and his daughter Phûlmâdo to wife, whatever his caste might be. So the king said to his minister that, as he had made the promise, and as the person who had fulfilled the conditions was a Râjpût of high descent, a Hindû, and pious, devout, earnest and austere, there was nothing left to him but to carry it out at once.

*Khushî hûe Kankhâr, khufia ik bâl sunâi :*

*"Tainân qolâ dewân." Shitâb Râje kînî kurmâi,*

*Hulen hâsîl sâie dâr. Kankhâr kahe wazîr ko : "Jo nek kûm Sâhib kû!"*

Pleased was Kankhâr and said privately :

"I will give thee my daughter." Quickly the Râjâ made the betrothal.

And gave all the necessary orders. Kankhâr said to his minister : "How well hath God done!"

So Râjâ Kankhâr married his daughter to Râjâ Jagdeo.

About a month afterwards Rājā Jagdeo acquainted his wife with his intention of making a journey, and on her entreating him to take her with him he started off with her, taking also his servants, her maid, and the necessary following.

*Ik mahāne ba'd Rājā ne kī anwārī,  
Ik Rānī Phulmāde, nāl ghulām piārī.  
Majlī majlī pahunchhe ant āe nagarī barī,  
Mahilīe Jagdeo ne kiwār khol andar bare.*

After a month the Rājā started forth  
With Rānī Phulmāde and a trusty servant.  
At the end of each stage they came to a great city,  
And Jagdeo opening the gates of a palace went  
within.

At Jaipūr the Rājā rented a house and rested there. After four days had passed the maid said that there was no more oil left for the lamps, so the Rājā ordered her to go and buy some in the bāzār. The maid went accordingly, but was refused at every shop, so she had to return without any oil, and when the Rājā told her to light the lamp she said :

*"Hukm nahīn is des matā kōi dīwā bāle.  
Sunī bāt Jai Singh usī ko pakar mangā le -  
Ghar nālām us kā kare," ghulām kahe Jagdeo ko, "jo dīwā  
mandar bare."*

"It is against the laws of this land that any man light a lamp.

As soon as Jai Singh hears of it he seizes (the delinquent)

And sells his house," said the servant to Jagdeo, "who lights a lamp in his house."

The fact was that Rājā Jai Singh had strictly forbidden any one to keep a light in his house and allowed no lamp except in his own palace in all his territories. All that the people could tell Rājā Jagdeo about it was that it was the Rājā's order. So Rājā Jagdeo gave his servant five gold pieces (*mohars*) and

told him to get some oilman to give him oil in return on the ground that they were travellers.

*Kahe Râjo Jagdeo nafar ko, "tel le do :*

*Jo koî kare gumân usî ko pakar mangâo."*

*Nafar khol mihrân dhare, nâm leve jab tel kâ, to woh kalâm telî kare.*

Said Râjâ Jagdeo to his servant, "bring oil :

If any refuseth, seize and bring him here."

The servant brought out the gold pieces, but when he mentioned the name of oil the oilman spake as before.\*

Being refused the oil the servant went back, and when Râjâ Jagdeo demanded the oil he said, "hear what the oilman said :

*Kaun terâ Jagdeo, jist n tel mangâyâ ?*

*Aisâ kare gumân kyûn Jai Singh te âyâ ?*

*Is Râjâ Jai Singh ke jo lākhi khâe tukrâ gâe !*

*Jâtiye kaheñ Jagdeo ko jo yeh kalâm telî kahe "*

*Thorî âi bāt nafar n kîâ pasârâ .*

*Telî kare kalâm, "kaun Jagdeo tumhârâ ? "*

*Phar kaṭûr Jagdeo gîâ toṭ, telî mârke sabhî tel Jagdeo lîâ*

"Who is thy Jagdeo that desires oil ?

Who is it that has come thus to mock Jai Singh ?

This Râjâ Jai Singh whose gifts thousands enjoy !

Go and tell Jagdeo what the oilman saith."

The servant magnified a small matter :

The oilman had (really) said, "who is thy Jagdeo ?"

Jagdeo took his dagger and went to the oilman, and slew him and took all his oil.

When Râjâ Jagdeo reached the oilman's house the latter remarked that a short time before a stupid fool had been at his house, and now that he had come in a rage, whereon the Râjâ slew him at once with his dagger, and as his wife began making a disturbance, he slew her too. He then took all the oil there was in the shop and lit up his house.

Râjâ Jai Singh heard in the morning that a man, calling himself Râjâ Jagdeo, had killed an oilman and his wife and had lit

\* *ie.*, refused to give it.

up his house with their oil contrary to orders, but he took no notice of it at the time.

Now Rājā Jai Singh had a moon of his own\* which he hung up in the sky to give light to his people and, of course, when Rājā Jagdeo was in the city it was lighted up as usual, and this made him ask about it, and he learnt that it was an artificial moon made by Rājā Jai Singh. As soon as he learnt this he determined to play a practical joke, and found out where the moon-makers lived, and sent his servant to fetch them in order to make him a moon like Jai Singh's. The moon-makers had heard of what had happened to the oilman for refusing oil, so they were afraid to refuse also, and accompanied the servant to Rājā Jagdeo's house. When they arrived he asked them how much they wanted for a moon. They replied, whatever he wished to pay, so he gave them 500 golden pieces and ordered a moon like Jai Singh's.

*Kahe Rāo Jagdeo kārīgar turt mangāe,  
Binā tel ke chānd Rājā phaṛnalak charhāe.  
Sabhā Shahr ghaughā kare.*

*Jai Singh kahe wazīr ko, "isī waqt Sūrij charhe!"*

Calling them quickly spake Rājā Jagdeo to the moon-makers,

And had a Moon put up in the heavens (that burnt) without oil.

All the City cried out at it,

And Jai Singh said to his minister, "the Sun hath risen!"

As soon as the moon-makers had raised up a second moon Rājā Jai Singh heard of it and asked who had done such a thing. His officials told him that it was by the order of the man who had killed the oilman. "Very well," said Rājā Jai Singh, "tomorrow morning we will test his strength," and he began collecting his army. Meanwhile Rājā Jagdeo reflected that he was a mere traveller and had better pay his respects to Rājā

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\* This story is a most curious reference to the astronomical proclivities of Jai Singh Sawāī, his scientific feats having in 150 years given rise to such pure folklore as this!

Jai Singh and depart. So next morning after bathing he put on his golden sandals and splendid raiment and went off to see Rājā Jai Singh. It was the day of the Salonā festival,\* and before Rājā Jagdeo arrived at Jai Singh's palace, Kankālī, the bard's wife,† had been to Rājā Jai Singh to congratulate him on the day and receive her customary present.

*Sūrij dittā chūsh Rājā ne kī Kachahrī :*

*Pānchoṅ phar hathiyār Rājā āyā hankūrt.*

*Bich Kachahrī āeke sab salām majlis kare :*

*Jai Singh Rājā Jagdeo ko jo āp hāth mātḥ dhare.*

When the sun rose the Rājā held his Court,

Wearing his five arms bold Rājā (Jagdeo) came there.

He came into the assembly and all saluted him :

Even Jai Singh put his hand to his forehead for Rājā Jagdeo.

Then Rājā Jagdeo went and sat beside Rājā Jai Singh on the throne and all the nobles of the Court were silenced for awe of him and none durst ask him who he was or whence he came. Then up came Kankālī,† the bard's wife and said.

*"Jab jāgo parbhūt pirtham Thākur ke āven ;*

*Karke māt dandāwat bhat charnī chit lāven ;*

*Gannī kare ashnān dhyān pūjā kār rākhēn ;*

*Kathā bhārtā hot paṭ gītā gun bācheṅ.*

*'Jithā sakat ko dān hai,' Bed pāt Paṇḍit paṛheṅ.*

*Pūraṅ sukab kab lāj ko, achal rāj jug jug hī kareṅ."*

"When ye wake at dawn first go to the God (Thākur) ;

Making the circuit, bend your hearts to prostration and obeisance ;

Sing your hymns, bathe, meditate and worship ;

Read your religious books and sing your hymns.

'Give of your ability,' teach the Doctors from the Scriptures,

\* This account of the proceedings at the Rākhi festival of the Rājapāts is worth noting Salonā is the last day of Sāwan and falls about the 15th of August.

† *Bhātnī* : this is the regular custom.

† Kankālī or Kankālīnī, means a witch or sorceress.



It is the prayer of the perfect poet that ye may rule for  
age upon age."

Then Kankālī, the bard's wife, went up to the Rājā to bind on the *rākhi*\* and put a veil over her face. First she raised her right hand and put the *ṭikā*† on the forehead of Rājā Jagdeo and then with her left hand she put it on the forehead of Rājā Jai Singh. After this Kankālī, the bard's wife, went away and so did Rājā Jagdeo.

When he had gone the nobles said to Rājā Jai Singh "he seems to be some great Rājā, but we do not know who he is. We are, however, much struck with the doings of the bard's wife. First she acted improperly in reciting the verses veiled, and then in putting the *ṭikā* on the stranger's forehead with her right hand and on your Majesty's with the left." "When she comes again," said Rājā Jai Singh, "we will ask her what she meant."

In the afternoon, when the Rājā again held an audience, Kankālī, the bard's wife, came again to recite verses, but the Rājā stopped her and demanded of her who it was on whose forehead she had placed the *ṭikā* first in the morning so improperly. To which she replied:—

"*Dhanī Dhārān ká dhanī, des pirthī jag jāne :*  
*Dhanī Dhārān ká dhanī, des pirthā ān māne.*  
*Main Kankālī kandālī, sāf bát mukh se kahān :*  
*Main Kankālī kandālī, dhāp sis gale kahān."*

"Lord of the lordly Dhārā, all the earth knows him :  
Lord of the lordly Dhārā, all the earth acknowledges him.  
I, Kankālī, am true and speak truth with my lips :  
I, Kankālī, am true and veiled my face and spake."

The Rājā then asked her why she had veiled her face and marked the stranger first with the *ṭikā* with her right hand and then himself with the left. "I veiled myself before him," she replied, "because in him I saw a true man." Then said

\* A bracelet bound on the wrist to avert the evil-eye at this festival. Tod, *Rajasthan*, orig. ed., Vol. I., pp. 242 and 457, gives elaborate accounts of the ceremony.

† The mark of royalty.

the nobles, "she never veiled before us, so if she veiled before him because he is a true man she must take us all for women." Said Rājā Jai Singh to her, "what are the signs of a true man?" Replied she, "purity, chastity, earnestness, austerity, generosity,\* all these I saw in him." Then said the Rājā, "you say you saw generosity in him, let us then test this first. Go and ask him for a present, and whatever you get I will give you eleven-fold hereafter." "Swear this with an oath of the Hindūs," said she. Then said the Rājā:—

*"Indar bāt baram bāch bāton̄ ṣale nīchar galē!"*

"By Indra I say, that if I go back on my word may I rot in the nether world!"

In the old days this oath was so powerful that he who fore-swore it was annihilated in the next world. So next morning Kankālī, the bard's wife, went to Rājā Jagdeo's house to beg. Said Rānī Phūlmāde, "he is not at home, you will find him at the bathing place." Kankālī went there and found Rājā Jagdeo returning from bathing with his towel in his hand and his loṭṭ† and telling his beads. Kankālī went up to him and said:—

*"Gaṇpat Gaṇesh mangal kare!"*

*Rājā Jagdeo ne kahā, "hukm, mānganhār!"*

*"May Gaṇeśa, Lord of Hosts, bless thee."*

Said Rājā Jagdeo, "thy will, thou beggar (of alms)?"

Said Kankālī, "I am (the Angel of) Death and slay by chance or by disease."

*"Ik khaṭ chaph̄ mareñ, ik sote nahīñ jageñ.*

*Ik āg dah marēñ, ik dang bhū bhajeñ.*

*Ik pūnī dum marēñ, ik sūn ghun ghajeñ.*

*Har būh maruñ jāio nā; suno, Rājā, mātā yūñ kahē,*

*Sis kāt de bhaṭ ko jo kīrat jag men rahe."*

"One dieth in his bed, one sleepeth and waketh not.

One dieth in the fire, one falleth by a serpent's bite.

\* See ante, p. 185.

† A brass cup or pot used for drinking and bathing purposes by Hindūs.

One is drowned in the water, one dieth bold and roaring.  
All must die in some way; hear, Rājā, thus saith the  
mother;

Give thy head to the bard's wife, if thou wouldst have  
a good name in the world."

Said Kankālī, "Rājā, thy head is the boon I crave." Said he,  
"My head is His that gave it me: thou cravest it—here it is."

*Jus jāwan, ajas maran hai, jus ke kītye kām.*

*Kahe Baitāl, "sun, Bikarmā,\* jo suful bāt hai dān."*

Goodness is life, evil is death, so do good works.

Saith Baitāl, "hear, Bikarmā, charity is the deed that  
prospereth."

Then said the Rājā to the bard's wife, "cut off my head."  
But said she, "I am no murderess that I should cut off thy head  
in the *bāzār*. Go to thy house and cover thy head with jewels  
that all may know it to be a Rājā's and not a goat's head.  
Then take a platter in thy left hand and with thy right hand  
strike off thy head into it with thy dagger and then shall I  
know thee for a truly generous man. I take only freely given  
alms. I am no oppressor." The Rājā went home and told his  
wife Rānī Phūlmāde of what the bard's wife had asked and  
what he had promised. Then said Rānī Phūlmāde:—

*"Main to torī dās hūn, roh mātā bhagrān.*

*Jo kuchh mātā pitā kahe, soī gal parvān."*

"I am thy slave, she thy blessed mother.

What thy father and mother say is incumbent on thee."

Said the Rājā, "the head is His who gave it, not father's nor  
mother's." Then the Rānī covered his head with jewels weep-  
ing, and when she had finished, the Rājā called out to Kankālī:  
"Here, thou beggar-woman, come and take thy alms," and  
Kankālī presented herself. Whereon the Rājā taking the platter  
in his left hand and his dagger in his right struck off his head

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\* This is a characteristically confused allusion to the variant of this  
very legend by which Bikarmā (Vikramāditya) becomes possessed of  
Ujjayinī from the demon or ogre Agwā Baitāl. The story is told at  
length in Mrs. Postans' *Cutch*, 1839, pp 20-22, and is alluded to in *Panjab  
Notes and Queries*, Vol. I., note 832.

and his body fell to the ground. Then spake Kankâlî to Phûlmâde :—

*"Main Kankâlî kandalî Des Dakhan se âî.  
Sîe deîo Rabb Nâm, mard kî phîrî dohât.  
Main, Kankâlî kandalî, sâf bāt mukh se kahnâî.  
Tum, Rânî Phûlmâde, suhâg tumhârâ sufal rahâî."*

"I am the true Kankâlî from the Southern Land.  
His giving his head in the Name of God is the deed of  
a true man.

I, Kankâlî, am true, I speak truth with my lips.  
Rânî Phûlmâde, thou shalt live in prosperous wedlock."

"Now let us pray to God (*Khudâ*), for He will mysteriously restore thee to wedlock, and have a care that no fly touches his body."

In the morning Kankâlî took the head in the platter and went with it to Râjâ Jai Singh, to his hall of audience and demanded eleven such heads. The head, however, was so covered with jewels that the Râjâ thought it was merely a platter of jewels and offered her fifteen such, but Kankâlî took out the head in the hall of audience and said :—

*"Jas kâran Jagdeo jûn dhar jag meî âîo :  
Jas kâran Harî Chand haîh pur jâe vikâîo :  
Jas kâran Bal Bain jîb kâ lobh na kîno :  
Jas kâran Jagdeo sîs Kankâlî ko dîno."*

"For honor came Jagdeo thus upon the earth :  
For honor Harî Chand sold himself (as a slave) :  
For honor Bal Bain\* gave up worldly lusts :  
For honor Jagdeo gave his head to Kankâlî."†

When he heard this, Râjâ Jai Singh asked Kankâlî to wait awhile and went to his nine queens and asked them for their heads, but they refused, saying, "we came into the world to enjoy ourselves, not to give up our heads." Then he went to his seven sons who also refused, saying, "if this is what

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\* Reference to the well-known classical legends of *Harischandra* and *Bali*.

† i.e., for a good name.

you want we will pack ourselves off at once." Then said Kankâlî:

*"Dharg hai Râjâ Jai Singh, jis dharm wanjâio !*

*Dharg hai Râjâ Jai Singh, jis nâm gawâio !*

*Dhurg hai tore karan ko bîch nâs jab hot ! "*

"Cursed be Râjâ Jai Singh, that went back on his word !

Cursed be Râjâ Jai Singh, that lost his (good) name !

Cursed be thou to be destroyed by thy own act ! "

Saying this Kankâlî returned to Râjâ Jagdeo's house, where she joined the head to the body, and then she said to Rânî Phûlmâde : " my daughter let us pray to God (*Khudâ*) together, and if it be His will that you again enjoy wedlock the Râjâ will live." For she said :

*"Jab Khudâ ki Kachahrî kâ velâ hotâ hai, jab sawâlî ke sawâl kâ velâ hotâ hai, aur us Kachahrî mein un kî do'â mustajâb hoe."*

"When it is the hour for God to hold his Court, then is the hour for the prayer of the suppliant, for then his prayer prevaieth in the Court (of God)."

In the morning Kankâlî told Rânî Phûlmâde to see if God had heard their prayer, and when the Rânî went to awaken the Râjâ he sat up and spake. And Rânî Phûlmâde gave heart-felt thanks to God.

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## No. XXX.

### RĀJĀ NAL, AS PLAYED ANNUALLY AT JAGĀDHRI IN THE AMBĀLĀ DISTRICT.

[This poem is a *śwāg* of the same description as those previously given, and is performed or sung in precisely the same way.]

[The tale of Nala and Damayanti has been so often edited and translated from the Sanskrit that it needs no special explanation here, except to point out that the present version closely follows—but in a vastly inferior fashion—the legend as related in the *Mahābhārata* up to the point where Nala and Damayanti are driven into the forests. After this the bard wanders off into other stories and ends lamely and abruptly.]

[The part played here by the gods as superior heroes under an abstract God—mentioned under various names—just as ordinary mortals could be, points to the vast difference that really exists between the popular Hinduism of modern days and the religion of the authors of the *Mahābhārata*, &c.]

[According to the bards Rangāchār the Brāhman relates the tale as Vṛihadasya does in the *Mahābhārata*. This Rangāchār has already turned up as the narrator in previous *śvāngs*.]

[There is a common modern story current in chap-books and very popular in the Panjāb called *Nal Daman* based on the *Mahābhārata* legend. These versions of *Nal Daman* are translations or renderings of a Persian work of the same name, which in its turn is an adaptation of a Sanskrit variant of the tale. An abstract of this tale will be useful here to be read with the Sanskrit and modern bardic versions.]

[The *Nal Daman* story is as follows. Rājā Nal sees Daman in a dream and falls in love with her, and a similar dream comes to Daman. Her nurse, or duenna, attempts to dissuade her from falling in love with Nal, and so does her father the King of Badar (Vidarbha) when he hears of it. A swan then carries the correspondence which ensues between Nal and Daman, and at last her father, finding it useless to separate them, has them married at his house. Nal takes her to his country and gambles away his property to his younger brother, who turns them both out into the deserts. In the deserts Nal loses his last covering in attempt to catch a bird for food, and is also unsuccessful in attempting to catch some fish. After this he loses Daman, and being driven mad by the bite of a serpent, wanders to the country of Ratnaran (Rituparna of Ayodhya). Upon this there is a diligent search made by Brāhmins, and Nal and Daman are finally united.]

## TEXT.

*Swâng Râjâ Nal kâ.*

Jagat jot Jwâlâmukhî, dharte terâ dhyân !  
Kirpâ apnî kijîyo ; karo chhand kâ gyân !

- Bhawânî, man ichhâ bar pâûn !  
Karo budh pargâsh, simarke Nal kâ swâng banâûn.  
5 Hath jor âdhîn hovegî, charnoñ sîs niwâûn.  
Main tumharî âdhîn, Mâtjî ; man ichhâ bhar pâûn.

He Mâtâ rî, main mûrakh hûn, mand 'aqal mujh ko hai  
thorî.  
Karo kirpâ jag, Mât, saran main lenî torî.

## TRANSLATION.

*The Legend of Râjâ Nal.*

O Jwâlâmukhî,\* light of the Earth, let me worship thee !  
Grant me thy grace ; give me knowledge of verse !

- O Bhawânî† fulfil my heart's desire !  
Give me the light of wisdom, that worshipping thee I may  
sing the legend of Nal.  
5 With joined hands will I honor thee, laying my head  
at thy feet.  
I am thy worshipper, O Mother ; fulfil my heart's desire.

O mother, I am but a fool and little wisdom have I.  
Have mercy on me in the world, Mother, for I am thy  
servant.

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\* Any fire coming from the earth, or a volcano, supposed to represent the fire in which Satî the wife of Sîva burnt herself Here meant in a general way for Devî and brought in because of the celebrated shrine to Jwâlâmukhî in the Kângrâ District.

† Meant for Devî as above.

Main liâ hûn saran, bhûjâ tum pakaro mori.

- 10 Kahte Balmukand, hâth tumhari hai dori !

*Muktâl.*

Arî Sârad Mahârânî,  
Tû hai Châr Jûg men jâni,  
Jis ke baithî kanth  
Bahisht kî us se nishânî.

*Gurû.*

- 15 " Man kî dugdhâ tyâg de ; suno hamâri bât.  
Is chintâ ko dûr kar : kyâ soche din râf ?  
Dukhî main jag men dekhi sârî.  
Nal Râjâ par bipat parî ; main tujh se sunâûn, piyârî ?  
Hain sâth ghorâ aur hâthî, ho gaî sab se tayyârî.

I am thy servant, do thou load me by the arm.

- 10 Saith Bâlmukand,\* my honor† is in thy hand !

*Refrain.*

O Queen Sârad,‡  
Known throughout the Four Ages !  
To whose throat thou comest  
Hath the signs of Heaven.

*Gurû.§*

- 15 " Put away the sorrows of thy heart ; hear my words.  
Put away these griefs afar : why dost grieve day and  
night ?  
Throughout this world have I seen grief.  
On Râjâ Nal there fell great sorrow, as I will tell thee,  
friend.  
Horses and elephants had he and gave up all, but

\* Bâlmukand is evidently here the Gurû or spiritual adviser of Judishtar and represents the sage Vṛihadaśva, who repeats the story of Nala to Yudhishtira to soothe his grief in the orthodox legend of the *Mahabhrata* † *Lit* , rope.

‡ The Goddess of Learning : see Vol. I , p. 122

§ Bâlmukand, or Vṛihadaśva, now addresses the grief-stricken monarch Judishtar, or Yudhishtira.



- 20 Tere sang to chār bīr, jinhen Jarāsandh se māre.  
 Ai Rājājī, Nal Rājā Mahārāj dharm kā karnehārā.  
 Līā jūe meñ jīt, rāj se bāhar nikālā :  
 Gīā banon ke bīch, tyāgke sab parwārā.  
 Damwantī thī sāth, hūā phir us se niyārā ! ”

*Judishṭar.*

- 25 “ Suno Bipr Gurdeojī, main sab līā bichār.  
 Kaho bāt Nal Bhūp kī, muñh se karo bistār.”

*Gurū.*

“ Suno, man ab chit lāke.  
 Kahūn Nal Rājā kī bithā, dukhī hūā ban meñ jāke.  
 Damwantī thī sang, kahūn tum ko chit lāke.

- 20 Thou hast four brothers\* that slew such men as Jarā-  
 sandh.†  
 O Rājā, the great lord Rājā Nal obeyed the law.  
 He was beaten in a gambling match and driven from his  
 kingdom,  
 And went into the forests away from his household.  
 Damwantī was with him and then he was separated  
 from her ! ”

*Judishṭar.*

- 25 “ Hear, O Brāhman Gurū, I have considered all they say.  
 Tell the story of King Nal, giving the details with thy  
 lips.”

*Gurū.*

“ Hearken with heart and soul.  
 I tell tho sad story of Rājā Nal and the sorrow he suffered  
 in the forests.  
 Damwantī was with him as I tell thee with all my  
 heart.

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\* viz., Arjuna, Bhīma, Nakula, and Sahadeva, who with Yudhis-  
 thira are the heroes of the *Mahābhārata*.

† Killed in combat by Bhīma according to the well-known legend.

- 30 Kyûn socho din râť ? kahûn tum ko samjhâke.  
 Khelo chaupur sar sat kî bâjî lâke.  
 Yeh chaupur kâ khel, dâr pânsâ chit lâke."

*Pahilî Sakhî.*

- "Nikhâd Des ke bîch meñ Bîr Sen ik bhûp.  
 Tâ ke ghar Nal putr hai kâmdeo kâ rûp :  
 35 Kâmdeo kâ rûp birâje, adh-budh sobhâ pâe.  
 Chaupur khel bahot se jâne, rath bidhyâ charâî.  
 Sobhâ kahûn kahân tak ? mû par kahî na jâe.  
 Nal Râjâ sâ hûâ, na hogâ, Tîn Lok ke mâhîn !"  
 Ai Râjâjî, sau Râjâ ke bîch mâno koî chand-râje :

- 30 Why dost grieve day and night ? I tell thee, admonish-  
 ing thee.  
 Play at *chaupur*\* with a pure heart.  
 This is the way to play *chaupur*, throwing the dice  
 with care."

*First Maid.†*

- "In the country of Nikhâd‡ one Bîr Sen§ is king.  
 In his house is a son Nal as beautiful as Kâmdeo :||  
 35 Adorned with the beauty of Kâmdeo and innumerable  
 charms.  
 Very great is his skill at *chaupur*¶ and in the art of war.  
 How far shall I speak of his virtues ? They cannot be  
 fully told.  
 A Râjâ like Nal has never been, nor will be, in the Three  
 Worlds !  
 O Râjâ, he was like a majestic moon among a hundred  
 Râjâs :

\* See Vol. I., pp. 243-245. This is advice to Yudhishtira. Both he and Nala came by all their sorrows through inordinate gambling.

† These maids are attendants on Yudhishtira.

‡ i.e., Nishadha, probably the modern Bhil country.

§ Vîra Sena, the father of Nala.

|| i.e., Kâma, the God of Love

¶ His skill in gambling is always reckoned among Nala's virtues !

- 40 Sār-bīr, balwant, sher jān ran men gāje.  
 Parhā Bed Purān, sat kā pāsanhārā :  
 Rājā Indar samān Sabhā ke bīch nihārā.”

*Dūserī Sakhī.*

- “ Kis Rājā ke bāgh men ho rahī ’ajab bahār ?  
 ‘ Ām, anjīr, angār, sab nimbū, seā, anār,  
 45 Bāgh men khil rahī khūb chambelī !  
 Marwā mohan, Madan phūl, aur khil rahī ’ajab chambelī.  
 Hans roz chugne āye tahān mil mil dārā kelī :  
 Roz bāgh men sair kare Rānī aur sang sahelī.  
 Kis bāgh men hans chugne ko āe ?  
 50 Līe Rāo ne dekh turt pakārān ko dhāve.  
 Dene motī ger hans jab chugne lāge,  
 Līā hans ik pakār, aur hans sab bhāge.”

- 40 A hero and a warrior, roaring as a lion in the field of  
 battle.  
 He had read the *Veḍas* and *Purāṇas* and was an  
 encourager of virtue :  
 Looking like Rājā Indar in the midst of his Court.”\*

*Second Mail.*

- “ What Rājā’s is the garden that blooms so beautifully ?  
 Mangoes, grapes, figs, limes, apples, pomegranates,  
 45 And jasmines are in full bloom in the garden.  
 Sweet marjoram and Cupid’s flower and lovely jasmines  
 are blooming.  
 Swans come daily in flocks together, where  
 Daily the Rānī wanders in it with her maids.  
 Whose is the garden where the swans have come to feed ?  
 50 The Rājā has seen them and ordered their immediate  
 capture.  
 The pearls are thrown before the swans and they have  
 begun to feed,†  
 (Lo !) one swan is caught and the rest have flown away.”

\* Indar Sabhā, or Indra’s Court, is the conventional expression for  
 all that is beautiful and lovely. † See Vol. II., pp. 88-89.

*Hans.*

- " Râjâ, nâ mâriye, hans hamârâ nâm.  
 Dekhat main chhoṭe lagen, bare sanwâr le kâṁ.  
 55 Bare sanwâr le kâṁ, aur, Jî, sâch bāt bathâṁ.  
 Damwantî ik Râni; kaḥiye, tum ko us se milâṁ.  
 Jaldî mujh ko chhoṛo, Râjâ, us Râni pe jâṁ.  
 Tujh bin nahîṁ aur ko byâhe, aisi bāt sunâṁ.  
 Ai Râjâjî, Tîṁ Lok ke bîch nahîṁ koî aisi Râni.  
 60 Chale hans kî châl; kahe mukh imrat bânî;  
 Mirg nainî; madh bharî; chandar mân mukh kî jotî;  
 Nâ Indrâsan bîch Nâg kanyâṁ kî jotî!"

*Râjâ Nal.*

" Main tujh ko mârûṁ nahîṁ, man men dhar le dhîr.  
 Sun, re hansâ bâware; kyûṁ hotâ dulgîr?"

*Swan.\**

- " O Râjâ, slay me not, for swan is my name.  
 In form I am small, but I can do thee great service.  
 55 Great service can I do, and, Sir, I will tell thee a true  
 thing.  
 There is a Râni Damwantî, say, and I will join you  
 together.  
 Quickly let me go, Râjâ, that I may go to the Râni.  
 I will tell her to marry none but thee.  
 O Râjâ, within the Three Worlds there is no such Râni.  
 60 Her gait as a swan's, sweet words speaks she with her  
 lips;  
 Eyes as an antelope's, her youth in its prime; her face  
 bright as the moon;  
 No Nâg's daughter in Indra's Court bright as she!"†

*Râjâ Nal.*

" I will not slay thee, take courage in thy heart.  
 Hear, foolish swan; why art sad?"

\* The story of Nala now begins by the captured swan addressing him after being caught, as related by the maid.

† A confused allusion here to the Apsarases or nymphs of Indra's heaven Indrâsan = Indar-sabhâ c.f. line 42 and for a note on the Nâgs or Nâgas see Vol I, p. 414, &c.

- 65 Kyūn hotā dilgīr, piyāre ? Us kā bhed batā de.  
 Jis Rāje kā hai woh beṭī, us kā darshan dikhā de.  
 Sobhā kare baṛī mukh setī ; us kā nām batā de.  
 Bhālūn nahīn ahsān, hans re, jo tū mujhe milā de.  
 Hans re, jā piyārī ke pās, merā sab hāl sunāo.
- 70 Damwantī ke pās āj ham ko le jāo.  
 Tain sab barnan karā, sunat jīūrā ghabarāyā.  
 Dījīye darshan dikhāe ; tujhe yeh hī samjhāyā."

*Hans.*

- "Rājā Deo Nikādh meñ Bhīm nām bakhiyāt :  
 Sūrbīr, dharmātmā, Damwantī kā tāt.
- 75 Bāt main kab lag karūn bakhiyānī ?  
 Us piyārī ke badan bīch meñ bharkar tolī jawānī.

- 65 Why art sad, my friend ? Tell me the reason.  
 Show me that Rājā's daughter.  
 Thou hast praised her greatly with thy lips ; tell me her  
 name.  
 I will not forget thy kindness, O swan, if thou bring  
 me to her.  
 O swan, go to my love and tell her of me.
- 70 Take me to-day to Damwantī.  
 Thou hast told me all, and hearing it my life has be-  
 come restless.  
 Show her to me : thus I conjure thee.\*"

*Swan.*

- "In the land of Nikādh† there is a Rājā named Bhīm,‡  
 Hero and sage is he and father of Damwantī.
- 75 How long shall I sing her praises in words ?  
 In that loveling's body doth youth blaze forth.

---

\* The inconsequence of this speech is carried on throughout the poem and is characteristic of it; due, no doubt, to the story being so well known to the audience.

† Should be Vidarbha, the modern Bīrār.

‡ Bhīma of Vidarbha, father of Damayantī; not to be confounded with Bhīma the Pāṇḍava.

- Us ko chāhe rakhe deotā, dharmrāje gyāni !  
 Chand kiran se jōtī, Rāni aisi rūp diwāni.  
 Rājāji, sundar mūrat, banī bīch mahilon ke sohī,  
 80 Hans gun, mukh chand, rikhī jan man ko mohī :  
 Deo, dait, bhūpāl, nahīn ghar aisi nārī !  
 Nā main kānon sunī, nā dūjī main nihārī.”

*Rājā Nal.*

“Are hans, wahān le chalo, jahān hai sundar nār.  
 Uṛkar chhīn men jā milōn, nahīn paukh dīe Kartār !

*Rāgnī.*

- 85 Hans, uṛke abhī jāo.  
 Khabar piyārī ke tum lāo.

It is meet that some god wise as Dharmrāj\* should  
 wed her !

The beauty of the Princess is bright as the beams of  
 the moon.

Sir Rājā, beautiful of form she has become the orna-  
 ment of the palace.

- 80 Qualities of the swan, face as the moon, charms to  
 conquer sages !  
 In no home of god, or Titan, or king is such a maid !  
 Nor have mine ears heard, nor mine eyes seen a second  
 to her.”

*Rājā Nal.*

“O swan, take me whither is this beauteous maid.

Had God† given me wings I would fly to her in a  
 moment.”

*Song.*

- 85 Swan, fly off at once  
 And bring me news of my love.

\* i.e., Yama.

† Observe the vast difference made here throughout between ‘God’ as represented by such words as *Kartār*, *Kartā*, &c., in this poem and the ‘gods’ of mythology as represented by *deo*, *deotā*, &c., and how the two expressions are used concurrently. This poem is a valuable lesson in the actual religion of the every day Hindū.

- Zarā māt der ab lāo;  
 Us se jāke yeh samjhāo :  
 Woh sunder mujh se, piyārī,  
 90 Basar gal sudh sab mārī.  
 Piyālā zahar kā pītūn :  
 Binā piyārī nahīn jītūn.

*Hans.*

- “ Us piyārī ke rūp kā kab lag karen bakhānī ?  
 Rikhi, muni aur deotā dekh digī haiñ dhyānī !  
 95 Kañwal mukh chandar birāje ;  
 Sab sakhīon ke bīch nār beṭī wahī sāje ;  
 Gal motīon ke māl ; nāk nāk besar sohe ;  
 Shish phūl sab dekh, sab man ko mohe ;  
 Bhichhwe aur pāzeb jāno rānbandī gahnā ;  
 100 Dekhat sab base hue ; bane jūn mirg ke nainā !”

- Make no delay  
 And go and tell her this :  
 That I love her beauty  
 90 And have lost my wits (for her).  
 I will drink a cup of poison  
 Rather than live without my love.

*Swan.*

- “ How long shall I praise the loveling's beauty ?  
 Prophets, sages and gods have looked on it and lost  
 their (power of) devotion !  
 95 Her lotus\* face glorious as the moon :  
 An ornament amidst all her maids :  
 Garland of pearls round her neck ; lovely rings in each  
 nostril ;  
 Flowers on her head captivating the hearts of all who  
 see her ;  
 Anklets and toe-rings and jewels on her forehead ;  
 100 All who see her are ravished ; eyes as of antelopes !”

\* Conventional metaphor for beauty and auspiciousness applied to feet, eyes, face, &c.

*Râjâ Nal.*

- "Are hans, jâo, tumhen main to dîâ u'âe.  
 Hâth joṛ tum se kahûn, milo dâṛ meñ jâe.  
 Abhi Bedarbhain-nagar meñ jâo :  
 Us piyârî ke pâs jâeke merâ hâl batâo,  
 105 Hâe-hâe-kar prân tajûn ; nahîn mat na der lagâo.  
 Jo tumharâ bas chale, hans re, pâs mere le âo."

*Muktâl.*

- Hans ne lîe udârî :  
 Gîâ jahân haigî piyârî.  
 "Nâ nindrâ, nahîn bhûkh,  
 110 Soch mujh ko hai bhârî."

*Hans.*

"Sun, Râñî, is jagat meñ hor na tum sî nârî :  
 Mulk mulk meñ ham phiren sab dekhâ sansâr."

*Râjâ Nal.*

- "O swan, go, for I let thee fly.  
 With joined hands I tell thee to join thy flock.  
 Go now to the City of Bedarbhain\*  
 And go to my love and tell her of me.  
 105 My life goes out in sighs ; make thou no delay.  
 If it be in thy power, O swan, bring her to me."

*Refrain.*

- The swan flew away  
 And went to where the loveling was.  
 "Without sleep and without food," (said he)  
 110 "Great is my anxiety."

*Swan.†*

"Hear, Râñî, there is no maid like thee in the world :  
 And I have wandered from land to land and seen all the  
 world."

---

\* i.e., Vidarbha.

† To Damayanti.



- Jagat men aur nahîn Rânî aisi.  
 Inder Lok kî nâr Urbasî so nahîn hai terî jaisî !  
 115 Chand Kiran Râjâ kî sūrat nâ man men bhâî.  
 Nal Râjâ sâ rūp kisî se main jag men dekhâ nahîn.  
 Ai Rânîjî, is duniyâ ke bich sabhî pe joban âyâ ;  
 Aur kisî kâ rūp mere man ko nahîn bhâyâ.  
 Terâ jaisâ rūp âj Nal ūpar chhâyâ :  
 120 Us ko le to biyâhe, tumhen main yeh bar sunâyâ."

*Rânî Damwantî.*

" Sun Râjâ ke rūp ko dil to gîâ le âe ;  
 Birâ agin ut pat hûî man mere ke mâhîn,  
 Hans, ab sunke bachan tumhâre.  
 Kaun des kâ Râjâ Nal hai ? Sachî bât batâ, re !

- There is no such Rânî in the world (as thou),  
 Not even Urbasî\* in Indra's land is such as thou !  
 115 Râjâ Chand Kiran's† beauty did not please me,  
 But I have seen no beauty in the world like Râjâ Nal's.  
 O Rânî, all have youth in this world,  
 But no other's beauty hath pleased my heart.  
 Nal's beauty is as thine,  
 120 So do thou marry him, I tell thee."

*Rânî Damwantî.*

" Hearing of the Râjâ's beauty my heart is ravished ;  
 The fire of separation (from my love) is ablaze in my  
 heart,  
 O swan, from hearing thy words.  
 In what land is Râjâ Nal ? O tell me true words !

\* Urvasî, a celebrated nymph at Indra's Court, here called by its classical name of Indraloka.

† Confused allusion to the legend of Râjâ Chandarbhan, (see ante, p 78ff.) and perhaps to that of Satyabhâmâ, wife of Krishna and mother of Chandrabhânâ, who accompanied her husband to the Indraloka on the occasion of his stealing the *pârijâta* tree.

- 125 Tain ne âj birâ kî phânsî dîe gale men, piyâre !  
 Ab to der kare mat, hansâ, Nal Râjâ pe jâ, re !  
 Hans re, us Râjâ pe jâtyo, 'araz kahîye yeh merî :  
 Janam janam yeh bât kabhî bhûlûn nahîn terî.  
 Yeh hî bât tum kaho pâs Râjâ ke jâe :  
 130 'Tujhe suembar bîch baregî Rânî âi.' "

*Hans.*

- "Sundar des Nikâdh hai ; Bîr Sen nirp nâm :  
 Sûrbîr bal mâhîn sab ke sâre kâm :  
 Sab ke sâre kâm ; putr us kâ Nal Râjâ.  
 Sundar râj samâj ; bajeñ chhattis bâjâ.  
 135 Sir par mukaṭ birâj, gale motîñ kî mālâ :  
 125 Thou hast placed the noose of separation round my neck  
 to-day, O my beloved (swan) !  
 Make no delay now, my swan, and oh, go to Râjâ Nal !  
 O swan, go to the Râjâ and tell him this my say.  
 And I will never forget the obligation to thee through  
 all my births.\*  
 Do thou go to the Râjâ and tell him this :  
 130 'The Rânî will choose† thee in the midst of her  
*swayamvara.*' "†

*Swan.*

- "Lovely is the land of Nikâdh ; Bîr Sen is the king's  
 name .  
 A warrior whose might is at the service of all :  
 At the service of all ; Râjâ Nal is his son.  
 Lovely is his kingdom where the 36 kinds of music are  
 played.‡  
 135 A glorious crown on his head, a garland of pearls round  
 his neck :

---

\* Allusion to the doctrine of the transmigration of souls.

† *Lit.*, wed.

‡ The ancient custom of public choice of a husband constantly alluded to in legends

§ Conventional expression . see Vol. I., p. 176.

Âbhûkhan singâr, sîs par surkh dushâlâ.  
Kâmrûp autâr, kahân lag upmâ gâûn ?  
Nâ aisâ koî bhûp, tujhe, Rânî, samjhâûn."

*Rânî Damwantî.*

" Are hans, jaldî jâo, zarâ na lâo der.  
140 Nal Râjâ kâ nâm sun lîe, birâ ne gher."

*Ragnî.*

" Gher birâ ne lîe, piyâre.  
Khabar jaldî se jâ lâ, re !  
Barûn Nal Râo ko, hansâ :  
Nahîn is meñ kuchh sansâ !  
145 Sunî ta'rîf main, piyârf,  
Milan amblâkh hai mârî !"

Jewels and ornaments and red kerchief over his head :  
An incarnation of Kâmrûp\* is he : how far shall I sing  
his praises ?  
There is no such king (elsewhere) I tell thee, Rânî."

*Rânî Damwantî.*

" O swan, go quickly and delay not at all.  
140 The hearing of Râjâ Nal's name hath surrounded me  
with (the pain of) separation."

*Song.*

" Separation hath encompassed me, O my beloved (swan).  
Go and tell me (of him) quickly !  
I will wed Râjâ Nal, O swan :  
There is no doubt in this !  
145 Hearing his praises, O my beloved (swan),  
Hath smitten me with a desire to meet him !"

---

\* The Indian Cupid.

*Sakhî.*

- “Din din pîlî ho gaî, sunîye, Râjksîwâr.  
 Kyâ tere tan soch hai ? Kaho mukh bachan uchâr.  
 Kaho mukh bachan uchâr ; kaun dukh ne tû gherî ?  
 150 Nit uṭh rahe udâs, zarâ dhartî nahîn serî.  
 Kyâ upjâ man khiyâl ? Hâl to kah de sârâ.  
 Kah de man kî bâṭ : kahâ yeh mân hamârâ.”

*Râni Damwantî.*

- “Ari sakhî, main kyâ kahûn apnî kî bâṭ ?  
 Nâ jânûn mujh se kyâ hûâ ; soch rahî din râṭ.  
 155 Sakhî, merî bhûkh piyâs uṛ gaî sârî :  
 Din nahîn chain ; nain nahîn nindrâ ; soch mujhe thî  
 bhârî ;  
 Sûkat badan ; agin tan biyâpî ; hos nahîn âṭî mujh ko ;  
 Hâl be-hâl hûâ, sajhni ; main kyâ samjhâungî tujh ko ?”

*Maid.*

- “Day by day dost thou turn pale, Princess.  
 What is the care in thy heart ? Tell me with thy lips.  
 Tell me with thy lips : what grief hath encompassed  
 thee ?  
 150 Sorrow remaineth ever and thou hast no ease at all.  
 What idea is in thy mind ? Tell me all the story.  
 Tell me the desire of thy heart, I say to thee.”

*Râni Damwantî.*

- “My maid, how shall I tell thee of myself ?  
 I cannot tell what has befallen me ; I grieve day and  
 night.  
 155 My maid, hunger and thirst have left me altogether ;  
 No joy by day ; no sleep to my eyes ; heavy is my  
 anxiety ;  
 My body dries up ; fire is in my soul ; my wits come not  
 to me ;  
 I am miserable, my maid ; how shall I tell it thee ?”

*Sakhī.*

- “Mahārāj, tumharī sutyā nit uṭh rahat udās :  
 160 Ham se kuchh bolī nahīn, nā jīwan kī ās.  
 Behut behāl hai Kanwārī.  
 Pāchho us ko jāe ; 'araz yeh bāt hamārī.  
 Bhojan dīnā tiyāg, rahe nahīn jal kī piyāsā.  
 Phir us kī, Mahārāj, kaun jīwan kī āsā ?”

*Rājā Bhīm Sen.*

- 165 “Sun, bāndī, tumhare bachan ham ne lie bichār ;  
 Āj suembar main rachīn : Rām utāre pār !  
 Khushī hogī Damwantī mahārī !”

Yeh hī bachan sunke bāndī, sab khushī hūe nar nārī.

*Maid.\**

- “My Lord, thy daughter is ever in sorrow :  
 160 She will say nothing to me, and there is no hope of her  
 life.  
 Very miserable is the Princess.  
 Go and ask her why ; this is my prayer.  
 She hath given up her food and thirsts not for water.  
 So, my Lord, what hope is there of her life ?”

*Rājā Bhīm Sen.*

- 165 “Hear, my maid, I have heard thy words.  
 To-day will I prepare for her *swayamvara* : God† prosper it !  
 And my Damwantī shall be happy !”

Hearing this the maid and all the attendants were pleased.

\* Addressing Bhīma, Damayantī's father.

† Rām cannot mean Rāma Chandra here in any way except as God in the abstract, as Nala could never have looked him as 'God,' being either his ancestor or his immediate descendant.

*Rājā Bhīm Sen.*

- “Kal ko dūt bhejke, sārī kar dūn abhī tayyārī.  
 170 Hor kām so pichhe karnā, kahūn khushī yek hī mahārī.”
- “A, Chāran, jaldī jāo patrī lekar hāth :  
 Sab Rājōn se jāeke, yeh hī kaho tum bāt.  
 Jāeke patrī khol dikhānā.  
 Damwantī kā rachā suembar, sab se yeh kah ānā.  
 175 Pūrab, Pachham o Dakhan, Utar, chār dasā phirānā.  
 Rachā suembar sab Rājōn kā kul ko yehān se ānā.  
 Chāran, jaldī jānā,  
 Zarā nahīn der lagānā.  
 Sab Rājōn ko sang  
 180 Apne leke ānā.”

*Rājā Bhīm Sen.*

- “I will send out the messengers\* to-morrow and make  
 all the preparation.  
 170 Other things I will do later, this is my desire, I tell thee”
- “O Chāran†, go with the writing in thy hand :  
 Go to all the Rājās and tell them of this.  
 Go open the scroll and show it them.  
 Go and tell them all that Damwantī's *swayamvara* is  
 being prepared.  
 175 Go to the East and West and South and North and the  
 four quarters.  
 The *swayamvara* is prepared and all the Rājās must  
 come.  
 Chāran, go quickly  
 And make no delay.  
 And all the Rājās  
 180 Bring back with thee.”

---

\* To call the guests for the *swayamvara*

† The family bard, who would, according to modern custom, carry the

*Châran Bhât.*

- “Hukm dâ soî karûn, jāunâ parbhât.  
 Châr dasâ ke bîch main pahunchûn râton rât :  
 Sabhî Râjon ko jāe sunâûn.  
 Damwantî kâ rachâ suembar patrî khol dikhâûn.  
 185 Pûrab, Pachham, Dakhan, Utar, châr dasâ phirâûn.  
 ‘Karke khabar sabhî Râjon ko pâs tumhâre âûn.”

Mahilon se Nal chal parē, sune dût ke bain,  
 Piyârî ke dekhe binâ nek parē nahîn chain.  
 Indar bāt Nârad ko samjhâve.

*Indar.*

- 190 “Tum ho âp dayyâ ke sâgar, berâ pār langhâve.

*Châran, the Bard.*

- “Thou hast given the order and I obey, going at dawn.  
 I will reach each of the four quarters night by night,  
 And tell all the Râjâs.  
 I will show the writing, that Damwantî's *swayamvara* is  
 prepared.  
 185 East, West, South, North, in the four quarters will I  
 wander,  
 And giving the news to all the Râjâs will I return to  
 thee.”

When Râjâ Nal heard the messenger's words  
 Happiness left him because of not seeing his love.  
 Then Indar said to Nârad,\*

*Indar.*

- 190 “Thou art the ocean of grace, make me to succeed.†

\* This is one of the many confusing passages in this poem. The scene abruptly changes, and the messenger of Bhîma has now reached Nala. In the *Mahâbhârata* when the gods hear of the *swayamvara* they determine to attend as suitors, and make Nala act as their go-between to secure Damayanti's favour for one of them. Line 189 introduces this scene here.

† *Lit.*, take my boat across : a conventional phrase in this sense

Man iohhâ pûran ho ; merî jî yeh bhed batâve.  
 Ai Râjâ, sab kahân ohale ? Man kî sunâ merâ mitâve."

*Nârad.*

- " Bidar nagar ke bîch meñ Bhîm Sen bikhât.  
 Barâ bali woh Râo hai, Damwantî kâ tât.  
 195 Damwantî kâ tât hai, us kî saj rahî aswârî.  
 Barê barê jodhâ âe haiñ, fanjân niyârî niyârî.  
 Suno, Indar Mahârâj, kahe main tumheñ hisas sârî :  
 Bîr gai bâghoñ ke andar, sundar sajî sawâri."

*Indar.*

- " Damwantî ke wâste sab âe yeh bhûp !  
 200 Ab us kâ barnan karo ham se adhik sarûp :  
 Ham se adhik sarûp karo tum barnan sâre !

That the desire of my heart be fulfilled ; tell her the meaning of this.

O Râjâ,\* where are all these† going ? Remove the doubts in my mind.¶

*Nârad.†*

- " In the land of Bidar§ is the celebrated Bhîm Sen.  
 A powerful Râjâ is he and father of Damwantî.  
 195 He is the father of Damwantî and this is his cavalcade  
 Great warriors have come and many are following.  
 Hear, my Lord Indar, for I tell thee all the story :  
 The crowd hath gone within the garden, and beauteous  
 is the cavalcade."

*Indar.*

- " All these kings come for Damwantî's sake !  
 200 Tell me now of her wondrous beauty :  
 Tell me all the tale of her wondrous beauty !

\* The gods are always addressed as Râjâ throughout.

† i.e., the guests to the *swayamvara*

‡ The introduction thus of Nârada, the messenger and adviser of the gods, is strictly in accordance with the classical legend.

§ i.e., Vidarbha.



Yeh sunē kī bāt, yeh hī abhlākḥ hamāre.  
 Tum, Nārād, rikhe rāt, sabhī ghaṭ ghaṭ kī jāno :  
 Hāth joṛkar kahūn, hamēn sab bāt bakhāno."

*Nārād.*

- 205 " Damwantī ke rūp kā hotā nahīn bakhān :  
 . Ghandar kalā mukh, nain mīrg, rāj-sutiya ko jān.  
 Nahīn upmā ham se kahī jāe.  
 Us piyārī ke bich suembar chalo āp hamrāī.  
 Nā koī tere surg-lok meñ aisi nār banāī !  
 210 Baṛe bhāg jag meñ us ke, jo us ko le biyāhī !"

*Indar.*

" Sunkar tumharī bāt ko abhī chalūn tat-kāl.  
 Sunkar tumharī bāt ko ho giā hāl be-hāl.  
 Kām ab mere tan meñ chhāyā.  
 Jāke darsan karūn jo us ke, jab sīl ho kāyā.

Hearing of this, this is my desire now.  
 Thou Nārād, chief of the sages, knowest the secrets  
 of all :  
 With joined hands I say, tell me all the story."

*Nārād.*

- 205 " Damwantī's beauty cannot be told :  
 Face as the moon, eyes as the antelope's, know her for a  
 king's daughter.  
 I cannot tell her praises.  
 Go thou thyself to the loveling's *swayamvara*.  
 Not in thy heavens is there such a maid !  
 210 Happy his fortune in the world that weds her !"

*Indar.*

" Hearing thy words I go now at once.  
 Hearing thy words I am become restless.  
 Love hath entered into my body.  
 I will go and see her that my body may have rest.

- 215 Dharmarâj, Agnî pe jâûn, dil meñ uñhâûn mâyâ;  
Sâth Baran ko leke apnî karûngâ man kâ châyâ."

"Ik kârn merâ karo, suno, Râo Nal Bhûp.

Châr deotâ âte balî, jog kalâ dhar rûp.

Râo, tum Damwantî pe jâo :

- 220 Hamre dût bano, Mahârâjâ, us ko jâ samjhâo ;  
Indar, Dharm, Jal, Agnî kâ tum jâke nâm batâo.  
Koî deotâ bar le in meñ se, aisî jâe sunâo.

Râo, tum jâldî jâo,

Usî Rânî se kaho :

- 225 Apnâ maqsad chhor,  
Dharm apne pe raho."

- 215 I will go to Dharmrâj and Agnî and tell them what is  
in my mind ;  
I will take Baran with me and fulfil the desire of my  
heart."\*

"Hear, O Râjâ Nal,† and do me a service.

Four powerful gods are coming to the *swayamvara*,  
changing their forms by (virtue of) contemplation.‡

Râjâ, go thou to Damwantî,

- 220 Become our messenger, Mahârâjâ, and go and tell her,  
And mention Indar, Dharmrâj, Jal,§ and Agnî (as  
suitors).

Tell her to select a husband from among the gods.

Râjâ, go quickly,

And tell the Princess

- 225 To give up her own desire  
And be true to the right."

\* Dharmarâjâ = Yama. The presence here of the gods Indra, Yama, Agni, and Varuna is in strict accord with the classical legend.

† Indra now goes to Nala to ask for help in the matter of procuring Damayanti as his bride.

‡ Adverting to the classical notions of the power of penance and contemplation.

§ For Jalapati, Lord of the Waters, an epithet of Varuna.

*Râjâ Nal.*

"Ap kah, soî karûn : suno, Indar Mahârâj :  
Tum ho chârôn deotâ, karo shakl kâ kâj !"

*Râgnî.*

230 "Tum hîn Jagdîs, jug dhyânt,  
Tumharî bât mainî mainî.  
Mahil kis tarah mainî jâûn ?  
Baran wahûn kaun bidh pâûn ?  
Raheû deorhî pe rakhwâlf ;  
Jâeû bidh kaun se, piyârî ?"

*Indar.*

235 "Kirpâ hamârî so tujhe koî na dekhe nar nâr,  
Jâo mahil ke bîch men, ai Nal Râjkanwâr,  
Mahil meû nâ koî tumhen pahchâne.  
Dekhen nahîn aur koî wahûn se, ik Damwantî jânî.  
Ab nâ dor kare, Râjâjî, bachan hamârâ mâne,

*Râjâ Nal.*

"Thou hast said and so will I do : hear, oh Indar  
Mahârâjâ :

Ye four are gods, do ye (good) service to all !"

*Song.*

230 "Thou art a Lord of the Earth, contemplative  
for ever,  
I obey thy word.  
How shall I go into the palace ?  
How shall I find a way of entrance there ?  
There are guards upon the doorway ;  
How shall I go in, my friend ?"

*Indar.*

235 "By my grace nor man nor woman shall see thee.  
Go into the palace, O Prince Nal.  
No one in the palace shall recognize thee.  
None shall see thee then, but Damwanti shall know thee.  
Make no delay, Sir Râjâ, and obey my word.

- 240 Châr deo ham raheñ Surg meñ chârôn Bed bakhâne."

Râjâ âe mahil meñ Nârad ke darbân.  
Khabar kisi ko nâ hûî, kirpa karî Bhagwân.  
Dekkar Damwantî jhat âî;  
Kahe Damwantî :

*Rânî Damwantî.*

- "Kaun tû haigû ? de ham ko batlâe !  
245 Kahân se âyû ? kahân jâegû ? hosh tujhe nâhîn ?  
Mere mahil meñ ân, dîwâne, nahaqq jân gauwâe !"

*Râjâ Nal.*

"Rânijî, sun lîjîye, patî birtâ tû hai nâm !  
Main deoton kâ dût hûî, Nal Râjâ hai nâm."

*Râgnî.*

- "Nâm Nal Râj hai merâ,  
250 Kîâ main mahil meñ pherâ.

- 240 Wo four gods remain in heaven studying the four  
*Vedas.*"

Tho Râjâ entered the palace as Nûrad's messenger.  
No one knew of it by the grace of God.  
Seeing him Damwantî came at once ;  
And spake Damwantî :

*Rânî Damwantî.*

- "Who art thou ? tell me !  
245 Whence camest thou ? whither goest ? Hast no sense !  
That thou comest, fool, into my palace to lose thy life  
for nothing !"

*Râjâ Nal.*

"O Rânî, hear ; thy name is virtue !  
I am the messenger of the gods and Râjâ Nal is my  
name."

*Song.*

- "My name is Râjâ Nal,  
250 And I have wandered over the palace.

Dharmrâjâ, Baran, Agnî,  
 Jo chauthâ Indar hai, Rânî,  
 Mujhe bhejâ tumhûre pâs.  
 Kahûn mainî bân, un mânî,  
 255 Unhoñ ne jo kahâ mujh ko.  
 Yeh sunkar, chit meñ dhar le :  
 Un hîn charoñ ke mân se  
 Ik to deotâ bar le !”

*Rânî Damwantî.*

“ Main to tumharî nâr hûñ, tum hamrî bharî !  
 260 Merû to *yehî* nem hai, barwan Nal Rajkânûwâr !”

*Râgnî.*

“ Nem manî mân yeh hî dhârî !  
 Tum hîn prân kî piyârî.  
 Tujhe jo tiyûgke jâûñ,—  
 Bachan sat ke mainî samjhâûñ,—

Dharmrâj, Baran, Agnî,  
 And the fourth (of these) Indar, O Rânî,  
 Have sent me to thee.  
 I tell thee, and do thou hear,  
 255 What they said to me.  
 Hear this and ponder it in thy heart :  
 From out of these four  
 Do thou wed a god !”

*Rânî Damwantî.*

“ But I am thy wife and thou my husband !  
 260 And *this* is my hope, to wed the Prince Nal !”

*Song.*

“ This is the hope of my heart !  
 Thou art the love of my life !  
 If I be separated from thee,—  
 And I tell thee true words,—

- 265 Nahîn Indar ko bartî jâke.  
 Marûngî zahar bis khâke.  
 Na jîûngî, suno, Sâîn ;  
 Prân chhîn meñ tajûñ mâhîn."

*Râjâ Nal.*

- 270 "Surg lok ke deotâ padmî Indar samân !  
 Kyûñ un ko bartî nahîn ? tû ho gaî nâdân !  
 Tû ho gaî bâorî, Baran surîklâ nahîn dâjû !  
 Indar samân nahîn koî Râjâ, sab karen un ko pûjâ !  
 Dharmrâj, Agnî ko bar le ; chûron deotâ hai bhârî !  
 Maiñ to nîr manukh zât hûn : kyûñ tû bhûl gaî, piyârî ?"

*Rânî Damwantî.*

- 275 "Patî birtâ jo nâr hai, mâne kul kî ân.  
 Maiñ to tumharî dâs hûn, tum mere Bhagwân !  
 Tum mere Bhagwân, piyâ ; maiñ patî birtâ hûn nârî,

- 265 I will not go and wed Indar.  
 I will take poison and die.  
 I will not go, listen, my Lord ;  
 I will give up my life in a moment."

*Râjâ Nal.*

- 270 "A glorious god of heaven like Indar !  
 Why will thou not wed him ? thou art gone mad !  
 Thou art become foolish, there is no second to Baran !  
 There is no Râjâ like Indar, whom all worship !  
 Wed Dharmrâj or Agnî ; all the four are great gods !  
 I am but one of mankind : why hast forgotten thyself,  
 my love ?"

*Rânî Damwantî.*

- 275 "I am a virtuous woman and care for my family  
 honor.  
 I am thy slave and thou my God !  
 Thou art my God, my love ; and I a virtuous wife.

- Dharm giâ, kyâ rah giâ ? Râjâ, ho jug meñ un kí hârî.  
 Jab se bôt kahî hansâ ne, jab se prît lagî mârî,  
 280 Jo mujh ko tum nah baro, to prân tajûñ chhin meñ  
 piyârî."

*Râjâ Nal.*

- "Woh chârôn haiñ deotâ, Tîn Lok ke nâth.  
 Tum un ko bar lo ; abhi mân hamârî bôt.  
 Mân hamârî bôt, piyârî ; yeh hai prem kahânî.  
 Indar Râjâ biyâh karwâo to hogî Indrânî.  
 285 Aisâ Râo aur nahîñ dūjâ ; tain mau mân kyâ jâne ?  
 Tû us ko bar le, Rânî, ho jâgî paṭ-rânî."

*Rânî Damwantî.*

"Paṭ-rânî to ho guî ik piyâ se prem !  
 Paṭî birtâ jo hûr hai, un kâ yeh hai nem.  
 Un ke yeh hai nem, piyârî, sat dharm main nâ hârûñ.

If duty go what remains ? Râjâ, such are ruined in the  
 world.

- From the time the swan spake hath love conquered me.  
 280 If thou wed me not I will give up my love in a moment,  
 my love."

*Râjâ Nal.*

- "Those four are gods, lords of the Three Worlds.  
 Wed thou (one of) them ; hear now my words.  
 Hearken to my words, my love, for they be words of love.  
 If thou marry Indar thou wilt then be Indrânî.\*  
 285 There is no Râjâ second to him ; what hast thou in thy  
 mind ?  
 Marry thou him, Rânî, and be his chief-queen."

*Rânî Damwantî.*

"A chief-queen am I from the love of one husband !  
 This is the hope of virtuous women.  
 This is their hope, my love, and I will not go back from  
 my duty.

\* The name of Indra's wife ; she is, not otherwise of any importance  
 as a goddess

- 290 Bîch suembar âj tumhârî phûl-mâl gale meñ dârûñ.  
Ik bachan tum se hûâ merâ, ab dūjâ kyâ purakh barûñ ?  
Jo tum tiyâg jâoge mujh ko, khâe kaṭârâ âj marûñ."

*Râjâ Nal.*

- "Surg lok kâ bâs ho, man meñ karo bichâr.  
Tum man meñ yeh soch lo, sundar Râjkañwâr.  
295 Sundar Râjkañwâr, tumheñ ho chitr sugar, sun le, nârî.  
Indar Râj se biyâh karwâo, yeh hî bêt mâno hamârî.  
Sundar rūp banâ hai us kâ, gal sūhâ, motî mâlâ.  
Yeh hî bêt tum karo, piyârî, piyo prem ras kâ piyâlâ."

*Rânî Damwantî.*

- "Prem nem un kû rahe, jin kî dhur se pît.  
300 Prem kahâñî kaṭhan hai, koî birlâ jâne rît."

- 290 To-day at the *swayamvara* will I throw the flower-gar-  
land round thy neck.\*  
I gave thee my word once, how can I now wed another ?  
If thou desert me I will stab myself with a dagger  
and die."

*Râjâ Nal.*

- "Thou wilt become a dweller in Heaven, ponder it in  
thy mind.  
Think of this in thy mind, my beauteous Princess.  
295 Beautiful Princess, be sagacious and wise, and hear,  
my girl.  
Marry Râjâ Indar, and hear these words of mine.  
Beautiful is his form, red kerchief round his neck, and  
necklace of pearls.  
Do thou this, my love, and drink of the cup of love."

*Rânî Damwantî.*

- "The hope of love is their's whose love is from the  
beginning.  
300 The tale of love is difficult, and few know its ways."

\* In token of accepting thee as my husband.



*Râgnî.*

- 305 " Rît birlâ koî jâne."  
 Bachan Râjâ nahîn mâne.  
 " Sil gun rūp mainî nârî,  
 Dharm ko nâ tajûn, piyârî.  
 Tum hîn Mahârâj ho mahârî !  
 Bachan mainî ne sahe thâre.  
 Suno, mainî dâs hîn thârî,  
 Ik pal nâ rahûn niyârî !"

*Râjâ Nal.*

- 310 " Rânî, tum chatar bano, mat nâ bano nâdân.  
 Châr deo ko tum baro, kahâ hamârâ mân.  
 Kahâ hamârâ mân, tujhe mainî bahut bâr samjhâe.  
 Morâ kahâ mâno tum, Rânî, achhî bât sunâi.  
 Sun, Rânî, gyân hamârî ik samajh nahîn âi.  
 Dil kâ soch dūr kar, piyârî ; 'aql kahân gañwâi ?"

*Song.*

- 305 " Few know its ways."  
 The Râjâ would not listen to her words.  
 " I am a woman of virtue and uprightness,  
 And I will not give up my duty, my beloved.  
 Be thou my Lord !  
 I have listened to all thy words.  
 Hear me, I am thy slave.  
 And not a moment will I remain away from  
 thee !"

*Râjâ Nal.*

- 310 " Rânî, be wise and be not foolish.  
 Wed one of the four gods and mind my words.  
 Mind my words as I have often conjured thee.  
 Hear my words, Rânî, for I have spoken well.  
 Hear me, Rânî, my wisdom hath not entered thy under-  
 standing.  
 Put thy fears afar, my love ; where hast lost thy sense ?"

*Rânî Damwantî.*

- 315 "Barûn na tum bin aur ko ; marûn âj âp ghât !  
 Satî hûn, sâl rachûn : chalûn tumhâre sâth !  
 Chalûn tumhâre sâth, prân chhin meñ kho dârûn !  
 Jo ab ke yeh kaho, katûrî tan meñ mârûn.  
 Tum hoke guumân, hât yeh kaun sunâi ?
- 320 Main to tum bar lie, jân ko kanth guñsân."

*Râjâ Nal.*

- "Hâth joṛ bintî karûn ; suno, Indar Mahârâj.  
 Damwantî pe main gûâ âj âp ke kâj.  
 Gûâ âp ke kâj âj ; yeh suno hamârî bânî.  
 Bahut bâr us ko samjhâe, nahîn mântî Rânî.
- 325 Wâ to kahe, 'barûngî Nal ko,' ho rahî 'ishq dîwânî.  
 Samajh bichâr, suno, Mahârâjâ, yeh tû sach jâñî."

*Rânî Damwantî.*

- 315 "I will wed none but thee ; I will die at once !  
 I will be *satî*, I will prepare my pyre (rather than not)  
 go with thee !  
 I go with thee, (or) I destroy my life at once !  
 If thou speakest again as now I will strike a dagger  
 into my body.  
 Being wise, how canst say such things as these ?
- 320 I have accepted thee as my husband, the lord and hus-  
 band of my life."

*Râjâ Nal.\**

- "With joined hands I beseech thee ; hear, my Lord  
 Indar.  
 I went to Damwantî to-day on thy behalf.  
 I went on thy behalf ; hear these my words.  
 Often did I conjure her, but the Princess would not listen
- 325 Said she, 'I will wed Nal,' and remained mad with love.  
 Think of it and hear, my Lord, knowing this for the  
 truth."

\* Returning to India.

*Indar.*

" Sab deotâ, yeh hî karo : dhâro Nal kâ rûp.  
Phir Rânî kis ko bare hamrâ dekh sarûp ?  
Hamrâ dekh sarûp !"

- Sabhî ne yeh man bîch bichâre :
- 330 ' Chalo suembar bîch jabân haigî Damwantî piyârî,  
Bahut bâr Nal ne samjhâe, nâ mânî woh nârî.  
Us kâ sat ñigâe chalenge.' Yeh hî bât man dhârî.  
Jab Râjâ Bhîm ne denî sabhâ lagâe,  
Sakhî bejhkar mahil meñ Damwantî lie bulâe.
- 335 Damwantî lie bulâe, lie phir phûl-mâl karâe.  
Sab dewat Nal rûp dekhke, jab mau meñ ghabarâi.

*Indar.\**

" All ye gods, do this : put on the form of Nal.  
And then which of us shall the Princess wed, seeing us  
all (alike) ?  
Seeing us all alike !"

- 'They all pondered this in their hearts :
- 330 ' Let us go to the *surayamvara* where is the lovely Dam-  
wantî.  
Often has Nal conjured her, but the maiden would not  
listen.  
Let us go and destroy her honor.' This they had in their  
minds.  
When Râjâ Bhîm begun to collect the assembly,  
He sent a maid into the palace and called Damwantî.
- 335 He called Damwantî and made a flower garland.  
When (the maiden) saw all the gods in the form of Nal  
she was confused in her mind.

\* To the other gods.

Bích suembar phire dekhti : ‘ Mahmân kalîn jâc ?  
Dekhâ sabhâ kâ rang nâr ne die Harî bulâe.

*Rânî Damwantî.*

“ Ai, Prabhû Dînânâth, ab suniye merî pukâr.  
340 Is sanghat men sukh karo, Tin Lok Kartâr.”

*Râgnî.*

“ Prabhûjî, sidh lîjiyo merî,  
Torî mainî charan kî cherî.  
Deo Nal rūp sab dhârâ :  
Merâ sat râkh, Kartârâ !  
345 Barûn Nal Bhûp ko, Sâmf ;  
Merâ sat râkh tum, Sâin !  
Tajûn mainî prân mahilon men !  
Merâ sat sîl ho pûrâ ! ”

Wandering about the *swayamvara* looking (for him she said to herself): ‘ Where has the guest gone ?’  
Seeing what had passed in the assembly the maiden called on Harî.\*

*Rânî Damwantî.*

“ O God, the Lord of thy Servants, hear now my prayer.  
340 Give me thy blessing in this trouble, thou Creator of the  
Three Worlds.”

*Song.*

“ O Lord, give me relief, for  
I am a worshipper at thy feet.  
All the gods have put on the form of Nal.  
Preserve thou my honor, O God !  
345 I would wed the King Nal, O Lord :  
Preserve thou my honor, O Lord !  
I will give up my life in the palace !  
Keep whole my virtue and honor ! ”

\* i.e., Vishnu = God.

*Dharmrâj.*

- “ Soch kare mat, bâwarî, kahâ hamârî mân.  
 350 Jâ, tujh ko yeh bar diâ, mile bhûp surgyân.  
 Milo bhûp surgyân, nâm Nal se tum bachan uchâro.  
 Us Râjâ ke gale bich tum phûl-mal ab ñâro.  
 Sadâ sîl terâ rahe jag mein, sat kabhî nahîn hâro.  
 Man ânand karo tum, piyârî ; man mein yeh hî bichâro.”

*Rânî Damwantî.*

- 355 “ Sunke tumharî bât ko mâlâ lîe uñhâî.  
 Ab dâltâ gal bich mein Nal Râjâ ke jâe ! ”

*Râgnî.*

- “ Piyâ gal mâl main dârûn,  
 Jo tan man âj sab wârûn ! ”  
 Gale mein ñârke mâlâ,  
 360 Khushî hoke piâ piyâlâ.

*Dharmrâj.\**

- “ Be not anxious, foolish (unaid), and hore my words.  
 350 Go, I have granted thee this boon, that thou find this  
       wise king.  
 Find this wise king and call out the name of Nal.  
 Put the flower garland on the Râjâ's neck.  
 May thy virtue remain for ever in the world and thy  
       honor be never injured.  
 Keep thy heart happy, my lovely (maid) ; and ponder  
       this in thy heart.”

*Rânî Damwantî.*

- 355 “ Hearing thy words I take up the garland.  
 And I go and place it round the neck of Râjâ Nal ! ”

*Song.*

- “ I place the garland on my love's neck,  
 And I sacrifice my body and soul to him ! ”  
 Putting the garland round his neck  
 360 She drank of the cup of happiness.

\* Some confusion here. Damayantî prays to God in the abstract,  
 and yet is answered by Varuṇa as in the classical legend

Lage bâje jabhî bajne,  
 Lage chintâ sagal tajne.  
 "Bulâo bipr, tum Râjâ,  
 Hûo man ke pûran kâjâ."

*Râjâ Nal.*

- 365 "Ham ko rukhsat dîjîyo, Bhîm Sen Mahârâj.  
 Sab kûran Har ne karo ; rahe hamârî lâj !"

*Râgnî.*

- "Lâj Har ne râkh lie mahârî !  
 Karen ham nagar kî tayyârî.  
 Der kîje nahîn, Râjâ :  
 370 Karo hamrâ yeh hî kâjâ."  
 Sueubar sab hûû sundar,  
 Bano jahân bhûp ke mandar.

And the music began to play,  
 And all her sorrow to depart.  
 "Râjâ, send for the Brâhman,\*  
 For the desire of my heart is fulfilled."

*Râjâ Nal.†*

- 365 "Now let us depart, O Mahârâjâ Bhîm Sen.  
 God hath done all there was to do ; may my honor be  
 preserved !"

*Song.*

- "God hath preserved my honor !  
 Let us make ready for my city.  
 Make no delay, Râjâ :  
 370 Do this service for me."  
 Beautiful was the *swayamvara*,  
 Held at the royal palace.

---

\* To marry us.

† The marriage is now over

“ Bidâ dîjo hamen Râjâ ;  
Kare Har ne merî kâjâ.”

*Râjâ Bhîm Sen.*

- 475 “ Khûb bât tum no kahî, hamen kîû parwân.  
Ab tumharî tayyârî karûn, he nirp chitr sujân.  
He nirp chitr sujân, karo tum abhî chalan kî tayyârî.  
Jo kuchh bât kahî hai tum ne, mân lîc main thârî.  
Singârûn faujân, rath, hâthî ; sang karûngâ thârî.  
380 Yeh rath âj singâr, kîâ main khâtir siraf tumhârî.”

*Rânî Damwantî.*

“ Mâtâ, mujhe na bhûlîye, lîjîye beg bulâc.  
Woh din kab phir hovegâ, milûn tumhen main âc ?”

*Râguî.*

“ Milan merâ kaun bidh hove ?  
Nain bhar bhar sakhî rove.

“ Bid us farewell, Râjâ,  
For God hath done our desire.”

*Râjâ Bhîm Sen.*

- 375 “ Well hast thou spoken, I accept thy words.  
I will make preparation for thee, O wise and intelligent  
prince.  
O wise and intelligent prince, make thee ready to go at  
once.  
I have obeyed all that thou hast said.  
I will prepare thy cavalcade and chariots and elephants.  
380 This chariot have I adorned for thee alone to-day.”

*Rânî Damwantî.*

“ Mother, forget me not and quickly call me home.\*  
When will the day come that I meet thee again ?”

*Song.*

“ How shall I meet thee again ?  
My maidens' eyes are full of tears.”

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\* These speeches between mother and daughter are conventional.

- 385 Milûngî phir kab, Mâtî ?  
 Lîjîye beg bulwâe.  
 Phir tumheñ kahân milûn, Bahinâ ?  
 Merâ jul se bharâ nainâ."

*Mâtî Rânî Damwantî kî.*

- "Suno, Kañwar, merî lâdî, tujhe bin mabil andhêr.  
 390 Jaldî bulwâûn tujhe, nâ karne kî der.  
 Ik 'araz mauñ karûn, bachan merâ sun lîje.  
 Sâs susar kî tahlî, patî kî agyâ kîje ;  
 Rakhîye kul kî laj ; tujhe yeh hî samjhâûn.  
 Jâo sâs ghar, la'l, terê pe wârî jâûn.  
 395 Baitho rath ke bich, matî uñ der lagâo.  
 Kushal khem son, la'l, sâs ghar apne jâo."  
 Kûnch kî Râjâ chalc, dînâ rath hukwâe.

- 385 When shall I meet thee, Mother ?  
 Call me quickly home.  
 Sister, when I shall meet you ?\*  
 My eyes are full of tears."

*Damwantî's Mother.*

- "Hear, Princess, my darling, without thee is the palace  
 dark.  
 390 Quickly will I call thee and make no delay.  
 One word have I to say, hear it.  
 Serve thy husband's parents and obey thy husband ;  
 Preserve the honor of thy family ; thus do I conjure  
 thee.  
 Go to thy husband's house, my beauty ; I am thy sacri-  
 fice.  
 395 Sit thee in the chariot and make no delay.  
 With joy and delight, my beauty, go to thy husband's  
 house."

The Râjâ commenced his march and drove off in his  
 chariot.

*Classically Damayanti was an only daughter.*



- Mahil Râjâ chale, âe nagar ke mâhîn :  
 Âe nagar ke mâhîn ; nagar meñ ghar ghar pañ badhâñ.  
 400 Mandar se sab nârî milkar sâj artâ le âñ  
 Râjâ âo mahil bîch meñ sundar sej bichâñ.  
 Ganpat kirpâ kare ; ânke râj kare chit lâe.

*Kâljug.*

- “ Kirpâ, Nâth Nârad, rakhîye ; kahân gae the âj ?  
 Sab ham se barnan karo, ai gunî sand samâj.  
 405 Ai gunî sand samâj, hamon kaho sâch mukh bânî.  
 Châr deotâ milke tum to kahân gae the, gyânî ?  
 Ye ichhâ pûchhan kî merî ; kaho, bāt un mânî.  
 Hâth joî ke main pûchhân hân, mukh se kaho bakhânî.”

- Stage by stage the Râjâ entered his own city :  
 Entered his own city and congratulations came from  
 every house in the city.  
 400 All the women of the palace brought *artâ*\* for the  
 bridegroom.  
 The Râjâ entered the palace and made the marriage bed.  
 Ganpat† was propitious ; so (the Râjâ) ruled with joy.

*Kâljug.‡*

- “ Grant me thy grace, Lord Nârad ; whither wentest thou  
 to-day ?  
 O sage of the assembly,§ tell me the whole tale.  
 405 O sage of the assembly, tell me the truth with thy lips.  
 Whither went all you four gods together, my wise one ?  
 I ask thee the wish of my heart : tell and I will hear  
 thy words.

With joined hands I ask thee, tell me with thy lips.”

\* The ceremony of carrying a tray of powdered rice to meet the bridegroom at the bride's house. It is introduced here as having been performed at the bridegroom's house by poetical license

† i.e., Ganeśa, the God of all beginnings.

‡ Kali, as the personification of the Kali-yuga, the present wicked age. Here Kali is employed as a god just as are Indra, Agni, &c. There is a complete change of scene here, and Kali is addressing Nârada asking him what has happened at the *swayamvara*. The legend still follows the classical story.

§ Nârada is the Nestor of the Indian Classics, as well as the messenger of the gods.

*Indar.*

- “ Bhîm Sen Mâhârâj ne rachâ suembar ân :  
 410 Damwantî ke wâste kîo bare samân.  
 Kîe bare samân, ajî, ham usî dekhke âe.  
 Châron deo gae wahûn se, tujh ko bachan sunât.  
 Nal Râjâ biyâh le gae, us ko sundar bhawan banâe.  
 Bahut dîn Râjâ ne dînâ, birham bhoj karwâe.”

*Kâljug.*

- 415 “ Char deotâ chhoṛke purakh barâ jo nâr,  
 Us ko chahîye daṇḍ ; kuchh hamen lîye bichâr.  
 Hame ne lîye bichâr, unhen kuchh daṇḍ ki karûn tayyârî  
 Khotâ kâam kîâ nârî ne, man meû nahîn bichârî.  
 Bwâ dukh dûngâ maiû un ko, yeh ablâkh hamârî.  
 420 Nal Râjâ se biyâh karâ, jin bâṭ na bhûjî thârî.”

*Indar.\**

- “ Bhîm Sen, the Mahârâjâ held a *swayanvara* :  
 410 And made great preparation for Damwantî's sake,  
 Made great preparation, sir ; I have just come from  
 seeing it.  
 The four gods went there, I tell thee.  
 Râjâ Nal took her away in marriage, as beautiful was he  
 as a god.  
 Great gifts gave the Râjâ (Bhîm Sen) and great quantities  
 of food.”

*Kâljug.*

- 415 “ Throwing over four gods, the woman that married a  
 man  
 Must be punished ; I have an idea.  
 I have an idea, and will prepare a punishment for her.  
 An evil thing did that woman, keeping no thought (of  
 grace) in her heart.  
 Great trouble will I bring upon her, this is my desire.  
 420 She has married Râjâ Nal, who disregarded thee.”

---

\* Answering for Nârada.

*Indar.*

- “Jab ham ne agyâ dîe, tab ðârî gal mâl.  
 Dîn Râjâ dharmak haiñ, bolo bachan sambhâl.  
 Bolo bachan sambhâl, unheñ kuchh ðaḍḍ nahîñ denâ bhâf.  
 We Râjâ gunmân ba'e haiñ, yeh tum ko maiñ samjhâf.  
 425 Jab us ko ham se dîe agyâ, jab Râjâ Nal râj bare.  
 Un ko ðaḍḍ kabhî nahîñ hogâ; nahîñ bachan hamâre  
 bnjh karo.”

Jab Kâljug wahân se chale, âyâ Dwâpar pûs.

*Kâljug.*

- “Ik kâm merâ karo, yeh hî mujh se biswâs.  
 Yeh hî mujh se biswâs; chalo tum Nal Râjâ nagarî mâhiñ.

*Indar.*

- “When I besought her she put the garland round his  
 neck.  
 The Râjâ (Nal) is faithful to his duty, think over thy  
 words.  
 Think over thy words, he is not worthy of any punish-  
 ment.  
 The Râjâ is very virtuous, I tell thee.  
 425 When I besought her she married Râjâ Nal.  
 She should never be punished; she valued not my  
 word.”

Then Kaljug went away thence and came to Dwâpar.\*

*Kaljug.*

- (And said): “Do me a favour, this is my request.  
 This is my request; go thou to Râjâ Nal's city.

---

\* The Dwâpara-yuga is the Third Age of the world in which righteous-  
 ness is diminished by half. Dwâpara is here, as in the classical  
 legend, personified as a god of evil like Kali.

- 430 Us kâ nām bakāhat Nal kâ hai. Yeh hī bat main samjhāī :  
Tum Puskar ke baṛo peṭ meṅ; main Nal pe jāūn, Bhāī.”

Dwāpar giā peṭ meṅ us ke; na mâyā Prabhū kī pāī !  
Sīl, dharm aur gyān tajā nā, nā Kāljug par jor parā.  
Bārān baras Kāljug ko ho gae, bahut apnā jor karā.

- 435 Ik din Rājā baith palang pe, dhoe pair soche nāhīn.  
Dāū lagā us din Kāljug kâ, bās ādar kīnā jāe.  
Baṛat sār jab peṭ ke andar, turt Rāo ki bidh harī.  
Chaupur sār mangāyā Rāo no; jab khelan kī tayyārī karī.

*Rājā Nal.*

“ Ai bhāī Puskar, mere man meṅ uthe bichār.

- 440 Ye hī bat tum se kahūn, khelo chaupur sār.

- 430 His name of Nal is well known. This is my say :  
Do thou go into Puskar\* and I will go into Nal,  
Brother.”

Dwāpar entered (Puskar's) belly; unfathomable are  
God's works !

(Nal) never forgot his honor and duty and religion, and  
no chance befell Kāljug.

Twelve years passed over Kāljug, and greatly did he try.

- 435 One day the Rājā sat on his bed and forgot to wash his  
feet (first).†

That day was Kāljug's opportunity and he entered his  
belly.

As soon as he had entered into his belly the Rājā forgot  
his (religious) wisdom at once.

The Rājā sent at once for the *chaupur* board and began  
to make ready to gamble.

*Rājā Nal.*

“ O brother Puskar, I have an idea.

- 440 This do I say to thee, play at *chaupur* with me.

\* Pushkara, brother of Nala.

† Forgot a ceremony and thus gave Kali, as the god of evil, a chance  
of entering him.

Khelo chaupur sâr, piyârî ; yeh hî bāt man bhaî.  
 Jît hâr kî bâjî rakh do, chaupurân bichhâe.  
 Yeh solâh haiñ dâû hamâre ; tujh ko diâ dikhâî.  
 Chaupur khel der nahîn kîje, yeh hî bāt samjhâî.”

*Puskar.*

- 445 “Tum to hamare bharât ho, jânûn pitâ samân.  
 Âp bachan mujh ko kîâ, soî karûn parwân.  
 Soî karûn parwân, hâth pûshâ\* main thâyâ.  
 Lekar Gurû kâ nâm, zamîn par âp tharâyâ !  
 Satrâh aṭhârâh bich jît lie bâjî thârî !  
 450 Lag bâjî pe dâri jît ab howan hâr hamârî !”

*Râjâ Nal.*

“Dûjî bâjî pe lagâ mâl khizânâ âj.  
 Phir gero phânsâ hâth se, phir lagûngâ râj.

Play at *chaupur* with me, my beloved (brother) ; this is  
 in my heart.

Put down the stakes and spread the *chaupur*† board.

This is my throw, sixteen ; I show it thee.

Don't delay in this game of *chaupur* I tell thee.”

*Puskar.*

- 445 “Thou art my brother and I hold thee as father.  
 As thou hast spoken, so must I obey.  
 So must I obey and lift up the dice in my hand.  
 In the name of the Gurû‡ I throw them on the ground !  
 I win the game from thee with seventeen and eighteen !  
 450 Winning the stake by a throw is in my fate !”

*Râjâ Nal.*

“On the next game I stake my hoards and property.  
 Then I will throw the dice with my kingdom for stake.

\* For *phânsâ*.

† For the technicalities of *chaupur*, see Vol I., pp 213 ff.

‡ Allusion to the now almost universal belief in the supernatural powers of the Gurûs, or mythical spiritual guides chiefly represented by Gurû Gorakhnâth.

- Phir lagûngâ râj, khizânâ lagûn mâl kâ, Bhâî.  
 Sab lag dûngâ râj, piyârî, der karûn kuchh nâhîn.  
 455 Lag dûngâ tambû sab derû, yeh mere man bhâî.  
 Jît hâr yeh hî bâjî khelûn man chit lâe.  
 Dekh pa e satrâh athârâh, bâjî jît uṭhâî !  
 Honhâr ke yeh hî bas meñ, nâ kuchh pār basâî !”

*Puskar.*

- “ Jît hamârî ho gaî is pânâ meñ âj.  
 460 Aur nahîn bâqî rahî, yeh hîn sakal de râj.  
 Yeh hîn sakal de râj, piyârî, kyûn mujh ko samjhâve ?  
 Jis kâ phânsâ parê jît kâ, so bâjî le jâve.  
 Karanhâr Kurtâr wahî hai phânsâ jî jîtâve.  
 Jis par mihar kare ughrâî, so bâjî ko pâve.  
 465 Yeh sâus man bîch, piyârî, kyûn ghabarâve ?  
 Honhâr haṭe na, piyârî, jo kuchh ânkḥ lîkhâve.”

Then will I stake my kingdom, (now) I stake my hoards  
 and property, Brother.

I will stake all my kingdom, my beloved (brother), I  
 will make no delay.

- 455 I will stake my camp and tents, this is in my mind.  
 I am bent on losing or winning this game.  
 See the seventeen and eighteen, thou hast (again) won  
 the game !

‘This was in the power of fate, no power (of ours) avails !’

*Puskar.*

- “ I have won (again) to-day at this game.  
 460 Nothing is now left thee but thy kingdom.  
 Nothing but thy kingdom, my beloved (brother) ; why  
 say more to me ?  
 Whose dice win wins the game.  
 It is whom the Lord favors that wins the game.  
 On whom His kindness falls, will win the game.  
 465 Why art thus confused in thy mind, my beloved  
 (brother) ?  
 What fate hath written cannot be blotted out, my beloved  
 (brother).”

*Râjâ Nal.*

“ Râj pâṭ sârâ lagâ is bâjî ke bîch.  
Khûb tarah jânâ hameñ, yeh phânsâ hai nîch !”

*Râgni.*

470 “ Râjâ, main dîâ sârâ !  
Bachan mâno yeh hî mahârâ :  
Uṭhâiyo hâth se phânsâ ;  
Dâû pûrâ âyâ khâsâ.  
Yeh hî samjhâutâ tum ko,  
Sat hârûn nahîn mujh ko.  
475 Der kîje nahîn, bhâî,  
Jo bâjî jîtke âi !”

*Puskar.*

“ Râj, mîl, funjân, sabhî tuiñ ne dîc lagâc ;  
Jît hamârî ho gaî aur lago kuchh âj.  
Aur lago kuchh âj, Râojî, jîtâ râj tumhârâ.

*Râjâ Nal.*

“ All my rule and kingdom is on this game.  
Well do I know that this gambling is a low thing !”

*Song.*

470 “ Râjâ (Puskar), I have staked it all !  
Hear these my words :  
Take up the dice in thy hands ;  
Thou shalt have full opportunity for a throw.  
Thus do I tell thee,  
I will not go back on my word.  
475 Make no delay, brother,  
To win the game !”

*Puskar.*

“ Thou hast staked thy kingdom, wealth and armies  
and all :  
And I have won them, stake something more to-day.  
Stake something more to-day, Râjâ, for I have won thy  
kingdom.

- 480 Rāj pāt kī bājī, Rājā, ab ke ham se hārā.  
 Sub kī hai yeh bāt jūe men, tain ne nahīn bichārā ?  
 Ab kyā mahil bīch men, Rājā, āj rahā hai thārā ? ”

*Rājā Nal.*

- “ Tab tan ke bistar lage aur amīrī thāth !  
 Bājī se hatā nahīn, yeh hī hamēn hai ānth.  
 485 Yeh hī hamēn hai ānth, āj yeh hār singār lagā sārā.  
 Nā pīchhe rakhuā kuchh mujh ko, yeh hī nemī man par  
 dhārā.  
 Jo ab kī bājī tum jīto, hor hamēn ho jā hārī,  
 Aur bāt main kyā kahūn tum se ? Main adhīn rahā  
 thārī ! ”

*Pushkar.*

- “ Tere pe kuchh nā rahū, sab tain dīā harāo.  
 490 Khel hamārā ho chukā, kahī tujhe samjhāo.  
 Ik bāqī rahī jān tumhārī.  
 Kuchh na rahū aur ab tum pe, tum baro khilārī.

- 480 Kingdom and rule, Rājā, thou hast lost to-day to me.  
 It is always thus in gambling, hast thou not thought it ?  
 What has now remained to thee in the palace, Rājā ? ”

*Rājā Nal.*

- “ Then I stake the garments on my body and my lordly  
 jewels !  
 Let the game be not stayed, this is my desire.  
 485 This is my desire, to-day I stake my necklace and jewels.  
 I will keep nothing back, this is the desire of my heart.  
 If thou win the game to-day and I lose,  
 What more shall I say thee ? I am at thy mercy ! ”

*Pushkar.*

- “ Thou hast nothing left, thou hast lost thy all.  
 490 The game is over, I tell thee.  
 Nothing but thy life remains.  
 Nothing else remains to thee, and thou hast earned the  
 name of a great gambler.



- Yeh to bâṭ hâth Sâhib ke : jît raho, chûhe hârî.  
 Ab kî bâjî meñ, Râjâ, to lag Damwantî nârî.  
 495 Ai Râjâjî, sab baiṭhe ho hâr, ik bâqî rahî nârî :  
 Aur dâjî, Mahârâj, rahe yeh deh tumhârî.  
 Nahîu râj se kâin âp chaupur men hârâ.  
 Ab is nagarî bîch nahîn rahâ kuchh tumhârâ.”

*Râjâ Nal.*

- “ Sunkar tumharî bâṭ ko, tan meñ uth gûî âg, bhûî.  
 500 Khainch dudhârâ hâth meñ, deûn jhaṭ shîsh urâî.  
 Deûn jhaṭ shîsh urâî, are, main na chhoî ûngâ, bhâî !  
 Tere prân chhîn meñ kho dîngâ, aisî bâṭ sunâî.  
 Taiñ ne âj karî hai aisî samajh mûrakh man, bhâî.  
 Ik din kâl kaṭhâ sir âpar ; yâ mere man, bhâî.”

- Winning or losing is in the hands of God.\*  
 In the present game, Râjâ, stake thy wife Damwantî.  
 495 O Râjâ, thou hast lost all, only thy wife remains :  
 And, too, remains, Râjâ, this thy body.  
 Thou hast nothing to do with rule, having lost at  
*chaupur*.  
 No longer canst thou remain in this city.”

*Râjâ Nal.*

- “ Hearing thy words my body is aflame (with wrath),  
 brother.  
 500 I take the dagger in my hand to strike off thy head at  
 once.  
 I will strike off thy head at once, and O ! I will not leave  
 thee (alive), brother !  
 I will take thy life in a moment, thus do I say.  
 Thou hast acted to-day as a man of little sense, brother.  
 Death will hover over thy head some day ; this is in my  
 mind, brother.”

\* Observe the Musalmân word here.

*Rânî Damwantî.*

- 505 "Hâth joṛ bintî karân, Nal Râjâ, Mahârâj.  
 Jo tum mâroge aise tumharâ hot akâj.  
 Tumharâ hot akâj, aise mat mariyo, Râjâ.  
 Shakal bigre terâ kâjâ "

*Râgnî.*

- 510 "Jagat mâû pât ho bhârî.  
 'Aqal kahûn gûî, piyâ thârî?  
 Tumhen samjhâutî bârî.  
 Bât mâno yeh hî mahârî:  
 Jâû mat kheliye, Sâû !  
 Zarâ hujjâ nahûn âî,  
 515 Dharin apno se na hâro.  
 Aise mat jân se mâro !"

*Râjâ Nal.*

"Tu ne kalî, so main sunî, yeh papî chandâl !  
 Main us ko chhorû nahûn, â gû us kâ kâl.

*Rânî Damwantî.*

- 505 "With joined hands I pray, O Râjâ Nal, my Lord.  
 It will be evil for thee to strike him thus.  
 It will be evil for thee, strike him not thus, Râjâ.  
 All thy (good) works will be of no avail."

*Song.*

- 510 "It will be a sinful thing in the world.  
 Whither have thy wits gone?  
 Often did I conjure thee!  
 Hear my words:  
 Play no more, my Lord!  
 Thou hast felt no shame:  
 515 Destroy not thy good works.  
 Slay him not thus !"

*Râjâ Nal.*

"Thou hast said, I have heard, this is a wicked sinner!  
 I will not leave him (alive, the time of) his death hath  
 come.

- Â gîâ us kâ kâl, piyârî, lâkh bâr samjhâyâ.  
 520 Aise bachan kathor boltâ, nahîn larzî hai kâyâ !  
 Nahîn kuchh is meû merâ, sir par kâl ghumâyâ.  
 Nâ jiwat chhoṛûngû is ko, dil meû yeh hî tharâyâ."

*Rânî Damwantî.*

- "Yeh to tumharâ putr sam, tum us ke ho tât !  
 Man meû soch bichariye, tumheû nâ châhîye bât.  
 525 Tumheû nâ châhîye yeh bât, Râojî, âp gunî kul meû  
 dânâ.  
 Got ghât karnâ nahîn, Râjâ ; jagat yeh tânâ.  
 Jo tû us ko mâr gañwâo, bahutâ dukh jag meû pâo.  
 Yeh hî mâno, piyâ mere, lûth matî us ke lûo ?"

*Râjâ Nal.*

- "Us ne mukh khoṛî kahî, gaî jigar ko khâe.  
 530 Maiû us ko chhoṛûn nahîn, sun, Rânî, chit lâe.

- His death hath come, a thousand times have I besought  
 him.  
 520 Such evil words doth he say and his body trembleth not !  
 It is no (fault) of mine, he hath brought death on his  
 own head.  
 I will not leave him alive, this have I determined."

*Rânî Damwantî.*

- "This is as thy son, thou art as his father.  
 Ponder it in thy mind, this should not come from thee.  
 525 This should not come from thee, thou that art the wisest  
 of thy race.  
 Slay not a kinsman, Râjâ, that the world jeer at thee.  
 If thou slay him great will be thy grief in the world.  
 Harken to this, my love, lay not thy hand upon him !"

*Râjâ Nal.*

- "His evil words have eaten into my heart.  
 530 I will not leave him (alive), hear, Rânî, with thy heart.

Sun, Rânî, chit lâe hamârî kasab kîâ is ne bhârî.  
 Barâ dast yeh hai, âb mânî, sabhî bât khoî mahârî.  
 Aisâ bachan kahâ mukh setî, samajh nahîn âî us ko.  
 Mahâ kapat kî khân birlâ hai, tû bâlak kahtî jis ko."

*Rânî Damwantî.*

- 535 "Hâth jor bintî karûn, piyâ, man chit lâe :  
 Is kâ kyâ hai mârî, krodh kare mar jâo ?"

*Râgnî.*

- 340 "Dharm aur sat mat hâro !  
 Matî, Râjâ, is se mârô !  
 Tumhen main bahut samjhâyâ,  
 'Aqal terî nahîn âyâ !  
 Mâl aur râj ik nârî.  
 Khushî hoke tumhen hârî !  
 Kîâ kyûn krodh phir, Râjâ ?  
 Samajhke kîjiye kâjâ !"

Hear, Rânî, with thy heart, he hath done me a great wrong.

Very wicked is he, and hear, he hath disgraced me utterly.  
 Such words hath he said with his lips as thou canst not understand.

He is a very pit of the greatest deceit, whom thou callest a child !"

*Rânî Damwantî.*

- 535 "With joined hands I pray, my love, with all my heart.  
 What good is it to slay him, and die of thy anger ?"

*Song.*

- 540 "Destroy not thy religion and thy honor !  
 Slay him not Râjâ !  
 Often do I conjure thee,  
 And sense cometh not to thee !  
 Wealth and kingdom and eke a wife  
 Hast thou lost joyfully !  
 Why art angry after that, Râjâ ?  
 Be wise and do thy duty !"

*Puskar.*

- 545 " Râj bîch rahnâ nahîn, rahâ na tumharâ kâm.  
 Mere râj meñ ab tumhen khânâ nimak harâm ;  
 Khânâ nimak harâm : are, tum dwârpâl, ab jâo.  
 Sabhî râj meñ abhî dandhoiâ jaldî se patwâo.  
 Mere râj meñ mat nâ rakhîyo, jahân châhe wahân jâo.  
 550 Itwâ kâm karo tum jâke, mat nâ der lagâo !"

*Rânî Damwantî.*

- " Bâbal more ke jâo, sun, re tû rathwân.  
 Ghorê rath wahân le jâo, kahâ merâ yeh mân.  
 Kahâ merâ le mân, karo jaldî se tayyâri.  
 Ik kaniyûn, ik sût, soch mujh ko hai bhârî.  
 555 In ko tum le jâo mât merî ke tâñ.  
 Ham ko to banoñ bäs likhâ karmon ke mâhîn.  
 Kahîyo shakal aḥwâl mât merî pe jâke,  
 Main kahtî, kar joḥ âj tum ko shamjhâke."

*Puskar.*

- 545 "Thou canst not stay in this kingdom, thou hast no  
 more business here.  
 Thou canst no longer with right stay in *my* kingdom ;  
 It is no longer right to stay : go and be a doorkeeper.  
 Go and be a crier throughout the kingdom.  
 Stay not in my kingdom, go whither thou wilt.  
 550 Go and do this without any delay !"

*Rânî Damwantî.\**

- "Hear, thou charioteer, go to my father.  
 Hear my words, take the chariot and horses there.  
 Hear my words and be ready quickly.  
 I am in great anxiety for my daughter and my son.  
 555 Do thou take them to my mother.  
 As for me it is written in my fate that I wander in the  
 forests.  
 Go and tell all the story to my mother,  
 I beseech thee to-day with joined hands."

---

\* Damayanti now sends her children to her parents for safety.

*Rathwân.*

- “ Âp kahâ so hî karûn, main jâûn tath-kâl.  
 560 Ab yehan se tayyârî karûn, mat nâ ho be-hâl.  
 Mat nâ ho be-hâl, piyârî, yeh hî tujhe samjhâûn.  
 Bâlak rath ke bîch bihâ, main terî mâtâ pe jâûn,  
 Tere tan kâ main hâl terî mâtâ ko jâe sunâûn.  
 Man men dhîr dharo tum, Rânî, sârî khabarân lâûn.”
- 565 Rath ko big jotâke kîâ kûnch makân.  
 Pahunchâ nagar men Bhîm kâ, jabân Rânî surgyân.  
 Jahân Rânî surgyân, jâcke sârî bhitâ sunâi.  
 Sut kaniyân donon wahân chhore, Nal kî bāt batâi.  
 Suranpâl ik Râo baîâ thâ us pe pahunche jâe.
- 570 Rath ghore donon hîn chhore Râo chale ban mâtî.

*Charioteer.*

- “ As thou hast said so will I do and I will go at once  
 560 I will go hence now, so be not grieved.  
 Be not grieved, friend, I tell thee.  
 I will put the children into the chariot and go to thy  
 mother,  
 And will tell thy mother what hath befallen thee.  
 Have patience in thy heart, Rânî, and I will tell thee all  
 that happens.”
- 565 Quickly preparing the chariot he went homewards.  
 He reached the city of (Râjâ) Bhîm, where dwelt the  
 wise Rânî.\*  
 Where dwelt the wise Rânî: he went and told her all the  
 trouble.  
 Leaving the boy and maid there he told the story of Nal.  
 He went to the great Râjâ Suranpâl.
- 570 Leaving the chariot and horses the Râjâ went into the  
 forest.†

---

\* Damwantî's mother

† (?) A confused reference to Rituparna of Ayodhya, whose service Vârshneya the charioteer entered after seeing Damwantî's children home, according to the *Mahâbhârata* story.

*Rânî Damwantî.*

- " Suno, piyâ, kyâ sochte, râj diâ sab hâr ?  
 Chalo kisi ban khand meñ, ham ho gae lâchâr  
 Ham ho gae lâchâr, yeh hî 'araz sun lo mahârî.  
 Soch kaî se kyâ hotâ hai ? Âp karo ban kî tayyârî.  
 575 Itne din kâ râj likhâ thâ, so tum bhog lîâ, sâñ.  
 Abhî es râj bîch nahîn rahnâ, main kahtî tumhare tâñ."

*Râjâ Nal.*

- " Sach bāt tum ne kahî, lie yeh hî mân.  
 Ab yehñ rahnâ nahîn, karam rekḥ parwân."

*Ragnî.*

- 580 " Nahîn dukh meñ koî sâthî,  
 'Aqal merî rahî jâtî !

*Rânî Damwantî.\**

- " Hear, my love, why grieve at losing all thy kingdom ?  
 Let us go to some forest land, for we are helpless.  
 Hear my prayer, for we are become helpless.  
 What is the use of grieving ? Make ready for the forest  
 at once.  
 575 Thou hast enjoyed all the days of royalty written in  
 thy fate.  
 Thou canst not now remain in this kingdom, I tell  
 thee."

*Râjâ Nal.*

- " Thou sayest truly and I obey.  
 We cannot now remain here, the lines of fate are  
 powerful."

*Song.*

- 580 " I have no friend in my woe,  
 And my senses leave me !

---

\* Speaking to her husband again.

- Karam gat yeh hove, Rânî,  
 Nahîu yeh bâṭ main jânî !  
 Râj chhoṛâ âe ban meṁ :  
 Bhûkh byâpî mere tan meṁ.  
 585 Tîṁ dîn ho gae chaltoṁ.  
 An jal na karâ ham ko !”

*Rânî Damwantî.*

- “ Is pere pe kadam ke baithî ik kapût \*  
 Isî mâr bhachhan karo, aur upâo nahîu hot.  
 Ai Râjâjî, nâ kuchh banat upâe tarkhânî ân batâe.  
 590 Tan beâkul ho giâ, bhûkh ne prân guñwâe.  
 Ab hamare tan bîch chalan kî tâqat nâhîn.  
 Mâro yeh hî kapût, karen bhojan ham khâe.”

*Râjâ Nal.*

- “ Rânî, jabhî tumharâ bachan hameṁ kîa parwân.  
 Mârûn turt kapût ko nische le jân.

- This must be the work of fate, my Rânî.  
 I did not know at all that this could be !  
 Leaving my kingdom and wandering in the forest  
 I feel the pangs of hunger in my body.  
 585 Three days have passed in walking,  
 And we have had nor water nor food ! ”

*Rânî Damwantî.*

- “ I see a pigeon under this *kadam*† tree.  
 Let us kill and eat it, there is no other plan.  
 O, Râjâ, there is no other plan ;  
 590 My body has become restless, hunger is slaying me.  
 I have no power to walk within my body.  
 So kill this pigeon and let us eat it.”

*Râjâ Nal.*

- “ Rânî, I have approved of thy words.  
 I will strike the pigeon and take its life.

\* For *kabâṭar*

† *Qadam* according to the *Munshî*. It is the *kadamba*, or *nauclea cadamba*, a favorite tree with fragrant blossoms.



- 595 Yâ nische le jân, piyârî, aur sistar kuchh hai nâhîn :  
 Dhotî ger usî ke âpar main pakaî ûn us ko jâe.  
 Ger dîâ dhotî main, lekar ur gîâ woh, piyârî !  
 Ab soche ! Kuchh ban men nâhîn âtâ, jab tak ho hamarî  
 hârî !”

*Rânî Damwantî.*

- “ Bipat kâl biptâ hamen kyûn dinî, Raghu Râi ?  
 600 Yâ to hamare prân lo, yâ tum karo, Jî, suhâi.”

*Râgnî.*

- “ Bipat men nâ koî sangî !  
 Piya kâyâ hûî nangî !  
 Prabhû, sidh lîjo merî !  
 Bipat no in kî gherî !  
 605 Saran ham ne lîe thârî !  
 Chalî ab jân yehâû mahârî !

- 595 Know this for certain, my love, I have no other arms ;  
 So I will throw my loin-cloth over it and take its life.\*  
 I threw my loin-cloth over it and it flew away with it,  
 my love !  
 Now think ! I can get nothing in the forest, and am  
 undone until I do !”†

*Rânî Damwantî.*

- “ Why hast added trouble in a troublous time, O God ?‡  
 600 Either take our lives, or save us, Lord.”

*Song.*

- “ We have no companion in our misery !  
 My husband's body hath become naked !  
 Lord, help me !  
 Thou hast encompassed him with grief !  
 605 I seek thy aid !  
 My life will depart from me here !

\* There is a break here and Râjâ Nal has tried to catch the pigeon before he speaks again.

† Because he was now stark naked.

‡ Raghû Râi = Râm = God.

Thâre bin na koî, Sâmi !  
Karo rachhyâ Garuḍ-gâmî."

*Râjû Nal.*

- " Râni, nagar Bidarbh kâ yeh mârg le jân.  
610 Juhâû tere pitmât haiñ, kare âp pahchân.  
Kare âp pahchân, piyâri, yeh mârg sundar khâsâ.  
Garjat singh, hîâ merâ larze, yeh hî kahûñ tumhare  
pâsâ :  
Ban kâ rahuâ bahut kathân, hai is meñ dukh, sun le,  
Râni.  
Kaun karam meñ rekh lekh hai ? Nâ mâyâ Prabhû kî  
jâni !"

*Râni Damwantî.*

- 615 "Yeh ham ne jâne piyâ, kis ko mân aur hâp ?  
Hameñ chhorke ban bikhe raho akeli âp."

I have none but thee, Lord !  
O rider on Garuḍ,\* help us !"

*Râjû Nal.*

- " Râni, this is the way to the city of Bidarbh. †  
610 Where are thy parents, do thou recognise it.  
Recognise it, my love, this beautiful road.  
The lions roar and my heart trembles (for thee) and I  
tell thee this :  
Dwelling in the forests is hard and full of troubles,  
hear thou this, Râni.  
What lines are written in our fate ? The mysteries of  
the Lord are not to be known !"

*Râni Damwantî.*

- 615 "What do I know, my love, of father and mother ?  
Leave me and I will dwell alone in the forests."

\* The fabulous bird Garuḍa and vehicle of Vishnu of whom Râma was an *avatâra* or incarnation

† Vidarbha is, however, Burâr, a country and not a town.

*Râgnî.*

620 " Piyâjî, hamen tiyâg na jâiyo.  
 Sang hamare piyâ rahîyo.  
 Piyâjî, nâdân mat mahârî,  
 Mujhe kariyo matî niyârî.  
 Akelî main jîûn ban meñ,  
 Prân apnî tajûn chhin meñ."

*Râjâ Nal.*

" Rânî aisi nâ kaho mukh se bachan kâthor.  
 Main tujh ko kaise tajûn ? Pritî chand chakor."

*Râgnî.*

625 " Prit ab lag nahîn jânî,  
 Tajûn kaise tujhe, Rânî ?  
 Tu hî prânôn se hai piyârî,  
 Karûn kaise tujhe niyârî ?

*Song.*

620 " O husband, desert me not.  
 Live with me, my love.  
 O husband, I am a simple woman,  
 So desert me not.  
 If I dwell alone in the forest,  
 I shall give up my life in a moment."

*Râjâ Nal.*

" O Rânî, say not such harsh words with thy lips.  
 How could I leave thee ? Our love is as the moon's and  
 the partridge's."\*

*Song.*

625 " My love for thee is not yet satiated,  
 How could I desert thee, Rânî ?  
 Thou art the love of my life,  
 How could I desert thee ?

\* It is commonly said that the *chakor* or Indian red-legged partridge  
 is violently in love with the moon.

- 630           Tore bin kyâ merâ jînâ ?  
               Baîâ dukh yeh hamenî dînâ !”

*Rânî Damwantî.*

- “ Prân piyâ bin na bacheñ, paṛ gaî prem zanjîr.  
 Bât tumharî sunat hî chale nain se nîr.  
 Tere bin kaun sahe dukh sukh mahârâ ?  
 Prân tajûn chhin meñ, pîtam, jo tû ho jâ ham se niyârî.  
 635   Kand, mûl, phal, phûl torke mainî tumhare khâtir lae !  
       Bhojan kar, Mahârâj hamâre, yâ tum ko châlîyo, Sâin !”

*Râjâ Nal.*

- “ Rânî ghabarao matî, man meñ bûndho dhîr.  
 Sub sahâi hamarî karenî, sadâ bhajo Raghbîr.”

*Râgnî.*

- 640           “ Bhajo Raghbîr ko, piyârî.  
               Kabhî hove nahîn hârî.

- 630           How could I live without thee ?  
               Great is the trouble given me !”

*Rânî Damwantî.*

- “ I cannot live without my husband, the chain of love  
 hath bound me.  
 At thy very words the tears flow from my eyes.  
 Who shall bear my joys and sorrows but thee ?  
 I should die in a moment, love, if thou desertest me.  
 635   Branches and roots and flowers and fruits I bring for  
       thee !  
 Eat, my Lord, as doth beseem thee, Husband !”

*Râjâ Nal.*

- “ Rânî, be not distressed and be patient in thy heart.  
 Ever call on Raghbîr,\* for he will always help us.”

*Song.*

- 640           “ Call on Raghbîr, my love,  
               And thou shalt never be undone.

Râm jag ko hai Kartârâ,  
 Dhyôn un kâ hamen dhârâ.  
 Bipat men sukh kare woh hî,  
 Aur dâjâ nahîn koî?"

- 645 Râjâ us ban men phire âe mitr ke pâs.  
 Bahot âdar us ne kîâ, Râjâ bhae udâs.  
 Dekhkar udâs kîâ âdar bhârî.  
 Das pânich rât mahilon ke bîch guzârî.  
 Khûntî pe hâr dharâ Rânî jâe.  
 650 Woh nigal gai khûntî, nahîn mâyâ pâî !  
 Jab Rânî gai rus parî, mahilon jâe,  
 Râjâ ne ûn âp Rânî uthâî.

Râm is the Lord of the world  
 And I have worshipped him.  
 He will bring joy in the midst of trouble,  
 And there is none other !"\*

- 645 The Râjâ wandering in the forests came upon a friend.  
 He showed him great kindness and the Râjâ was sorrow-  
 ful.  
 Seeing his sorrow he showed great kindness.  
 Eight or ten nights passed in the (friend's) palace.  
 The Queen's necklace had been placed upon its peg.  
 650 The peg swallowed up the necklace and the mystery  
 was not solved.  
 The Queen went angrily into the friend's palace,  
 And the Râjâ (friend) came and mocked the Rânî (Dam-  
 wantî).

---

\* The bard, having so far followed the classical legend with fair success, finishes off his legend in his own way and very tamely.

*Rânî.*

"Tumharâ yeh yâr sang us kî nâfî,  
Lînâ in hâr, bât tum se bichârî!"

655 Nal ne jo bât sunî hâr kî âke.

*Râjâ Nal.*

"Bhâve ne karm-rekh kyâ likhî jâke?"

Sunke yeh bât, râh ban ke lînâ.  
Pingal ke des gaman phirkar kînâ.

*Râjâ Nal.*

"Bipat kâl biptâ hamen kyâ dîc Dînâ Nâth ?  
660 Isî dusoî bîch meî nâ koî hamare sâth."

*The Queen.*

"This your friend hath a wite with him,  
That hath stolen my necklace, be thou certain!"

655 When (Râjâ) Nal heard of the matter of the necklace,  
(he said):

*Râjâ Nal.*

"What hath Fate written in our lines?"

Hearing of this he went into the forest,  
And wandered into the country of Râjâ Pingal.\*

*Râjâ Nal.*

"O Lord of the World, what misery is this that thou  
hast added to our trouble?  
660 In the midst of our troubles there is none for us!"

\* This story is also told of Hariścandra and his wife when in similar trouble. For a note on Pingal see Introduction to the next legend.

*Râgñi.*

- " Bipat meñ nâ koî sâth !  
 Taje gajpâl so hâth,  
 Hûâ banon bâs main rahná !  
 Hamâre karm kâ lahnâ.  
 665 Hamârî khabar le, Sâmî,  
 Hamen bhojan kî hai hânî !  
 Nahîi tan pe basham mahâre !  
 Râj ho taj chalan niyârî !"

*Rânî Damwantî.*

- " Suno, piyâ, tum se kahûn, yeh hî bêt samjhâe,  
 670 Karam rekh mitte nahîn, kîje lâkh upâe ;  
 Kîje lâkh upâe ; karam yeh likhî hai hamârî.  
 Is dusotî bîch Râm hamare rakhwâlî.

*Song.*

- " In our trouble there is none for us !  
 I have deserted my elephant,\*  
 And am a dweller in the woods !  
 It is the decree of my fate.  
 665 Have remembrance of me, O Lord,  
 For I have need of food !  
 I have not even clothes to my body !  
 Leaving my kingdom I am become a lonely wan-  
 derer ! "

*Rânî Damwantî.*

- " Hear, my love, I speak to thee, this do I tell thee.  
 670 The lines of Fate are not to be blotted out, try thou a  
 thousand plans ;  
 Try thou a thousand plans : this was written in our fate.  
 God is our protector in these troubles.

---

\* On which Râjûs always ride.

- Karo gyân, sat, sang ; jagat jhûti hai mâyâ.  
 Sat mat chhoro ap tumhoi yeh le samjhâyâ.  
 675 Jo sat doge chhor, dharm ki ho ja hânî.  
 Dukh sukh ik hi rūp mânte haiñ muni gyânî."

*Rājā Nal.*

"Gyân dushī ānā kaṭhan, suno, patī nirp nār.  
 Kaun pāp pichhe kīe, jo yā biptā dīe dār?"

*Rāgnī.*

- "Bipat ham pe pa-ī bhārī.  
 680 Khabar lo ān, Girdhārī !  
 Suno, tum prān kī piyārī,  
 Bipat kī bāt hai niyārī.  
 Kahūñ tum se sabhī sārī.  
 Surt meñ bājī hamēñ hārī :

- Have wisdom and virtue and good company : this  
 world is a false illusion.  
 Give not up thy virtue, I tell thee.  
 675 Give up thy virtue and thy good deeds will suffer.  
 The wise sages have known that pain and pleasure have  
 but one form."

*Rājā Nal.*

"Knowledge is difficult and cometh hardly, hear, my  
 wise and virtuous wife.  
 What sin can I have committed before\* that I am given  
 this trouble?"

*Song.*

- "Great is the trouble upon me.  
 680 Have remembrance of me, O Girdhārī !†  
 Listen, thou beloved of my life,  
 The story of my sorrow is a strange one.  
 I tell it thee all.  
 In my folly I lost the gambling match :

\* i.e., in a former life.

† i.e., Kṛishṇa = God.



- 685      Phir sat Indar ne lînâ.  
             Barkhâ ne dukh baîâ dînâ.  
             Bât kahtâ nahîn jhûî ;  
             Nigal gai hâr ko khûñî ;  
             Bunî titar urî mahârî :  
 690      Rekh talte nahîn târî !”

*Râni Damwantî.*

- “ Jo honî so ho lîe, dâr karo afsos.  
 Likhâ Karam so hî bhognâ, kis ko dîje dosh ?  
 Kis ko dîje dosh ; piyâjî ? Uchhâ Karam hamarâ, sâñ.  
 Râj chhutâ banon bâs diwâyâ ; nâ mâyâ Prabhû kî pâl.  
 695      Karnî maiñ kuchh chûk parî hai, dukh dîu bâlepan meñ.  
             Ik tarah merâ blûg balî hai, Prabhû, donon sang raho  
             ban meñ !

- 685      And then Indar tested my virtue.\*  
             Greatly hath his rain afflicted me.  
             I say nothing false ;  
             The peg swallowed up the necklace ;  
             My roasted partridge† flew away ;  
 690      The lines (of Fate) move not for putting away !”

*Râni Damwantî.*

- “ What was to be has been, put away thy sorrows afar.  
 What Fate hath written must be endured, and who is  
     to be blamed ?  
 Who is to be blamed, my husband ? An evil fate is  
     ours, husband.  
 The Lord made us give up our rule and dwell in the  
     forests ; His mysteries are unfathomable.  
 695      I have forgotten some (religious) duty and He gave  
             me trouble in my youth.  
 In one way my fate is happy, O Lord, that we are both  
     together in the forest !

\* Apparently by making the weather wet.

† He must mean pigeon, see line 587 ff.

Jo tum se kabhî bichhṛan hotâ, bahutâ dukh phirtî, sâñ.  
Ab merâ patî bharat-bhang nahîn; din rât parwan  
tumhare tâñ.

- Chalo, piyâ, kisî nagar meñ, chhoṛo ban kâ bâs.  
700 Yehân ab chit lagtâ nâhîn, ham nit raheñ udâs.  
Ham nit raheñ udâs, bâs nagarî meñ kije.  
Aisâ kâran karo, dharm hamarâ nahîn chhîje.  
Mân yeh hî updes; kirpâ kar châlo, jî, âgârî.  
Tum hamare bhartâr, chalûn main sang tumhâre."

*Râjâ Nal.*

- 705 "Rânijî, sun lîjîye, yeh Pingal kâ des.  
Mâl râj Mahârâj hai yehân ke Awadh nîres.  
Yehân ke Awadh nîres, piyârî, mahâ bâl hai Râjâ.  
Âth pahar din rât nagar meñ baje chhattîs bājâ.

Had I been ever separated from thee, in great grief  
should I have wandered, my husband.

Now is my virtue secure, as I live day and night with  
thee.

Let us go, love, into some city and give up dwelling in  
the forests.

- 700 I am no longer happy here and always in sorrow.  
I am always in sorrow, so let us dwell in the city.  
Act so that our (religious) duty be not affected.  
This is the desire of my heart: be kind, love, and go on  
(to the city).  
Thou art my husband and I go with thee."

*Râjâ Nal.*

- 705 "O Rânî, hear me, this is the land of Pingal,\*  
The great lord of this land and wealthy is the lord of  
Awadh:  
The lord of this (land of) Awadh, my love, is a mighty  
Râjâ.  
Day and night continuously the thirty-six kinds of  
music are played.†

\* See above line 658.

† See above line 134.

- 'Âm khâs men lagi Kachahrî, jis kâ barâ samâjâ.  
710 Sab pûran partâl Râo ke, chhatar mukaṭ sir râjâ."

*Rânî Damwantî.*

- "Khûb bāt tum ne kahî, hirde gaî samâe.  
Jo biptâ Prabhû ne dîe, so ham bhoge âe.  
So bhoge ab âe, piyâjî, sunîyo 'araz yeh lî mahârî.  
Aur kâin ham se nahîn bantâ, yeh biptâ Prabhû ne dârl.  
715 Tum telî ghar jâo pāt par baith, karo simran bhârî.  
Main to âp Râo ke mahilon jâe banegî panhârî."

Râjâ telî pe rahâ, Rânî râjdwâr :  
Sabhî nagar us ko kahen Râjâ kî panhâr.

- He holds a Court in public and private (audience),  
which is very grand.  
710 Very glorious is this Râjâ, with diadem and umbrella\*  
over his head."

*Rânî Damwantî.*

- "Well hast thou said, it is gone into my heart.  
We have gone through all the trouble that the Lord  
hath given us.  
We have gone through it all, my love, hear this prayer  
of mine.  
No other plan have I in this trouble that the Lord hath  
put upon us.  
715 Go thou into an oilman's, turn his mill (for him)† and  
do heavy work.  
I will go into the Râjâ's palace and become a water-  
bearer."

The Râjâ went to the oilman, the Rânî to the palace :  
And all the city knew her for the Râjâ's water-carrier.

\* The oriental sign of royalty.

† *Lit.*, sit on the driving-rod (behind the oxen to drive them).

- Râjâ kî panhâr kahoñ, sab bât negarî meñ nar nârî.  
 720 Râo pât hânke telî ko, soch rahî man meñ bhârî.  
 Tin dinân Râjâ ko ho gae, an khâyâ na jal piâ.  
 Na telî ne pûchhâ us ko, "kaun kâm tâ ne yeh kâ?"  
 Chauthâ din hûa dalî ik khal kî thâke mukh pâl;  
 Mâre lât telî râjâ ke, nikal bâhir mukh se âi.

*Râjâ Pingal.*

- 725 "Yeh bhojan kis no kâ, ni Râni surgyân?  
 Such batâ hum se abhî, gyân-rashk, guñ khân:  
 Gyân-rashk, guñ khân, hamen yeh kaho sach mukh bânî.  
 Mero mahil ke bîch adhik hai tû sundar, Pât Râñî.

They knew her for the Râjâ's water-carrier; all the men  
 and women in the city knew it.

- 720 The Râjâ drove the oilman's mill, and had heavy grief  
 in his heart.

Three days passed over the Râjâ and he nor ate corn nor  
 drank water.

Never asked (of him) the oilman, "what work hast thou  
 done?"

The fourth day the Râjâ put a grain of oil-cake\* to his  
 mouth;

When the oilman kicked him and knocked it out of his  
 mouth.

*Râjâ Pingal.†*

- 725 "Who cooked this dinner, O wise Queen?  
 Tell me the truth now, O pit of wisdom and virtue:  
 O pit of wisdom and virtue, tell me the truth with thy lips.  
 Thou art the greatest beauty of my palace, thou First-  
 Queen.

\* Very coarse food, fit only for cattle.

† Change of scene: Damayanti has now become the water-bearer of  
 the palace and the Râjâ of it is addressing his Queen.

- Tere hâth kê yeh nahîn bhojan, sun le 'ishq dîwânî.  
 730 Main pûchhûn hûn bât, sach sab ham se kaho bakhânî."

*Rânî.*

- "Mujh ko fursat nâ hûî, hûâ mahil men kâr.  
 Yeh bhojan us ne kîâ, jo tumharî hai panhâr.  
 Jo tumharî hai panhâr, Râoji, suno haqîqat sârî.  
 Us piyârî ne mahil bîch, bhojan kî karî tayyârî.  
 735 Mere tan men hûî mândagî, main ho gai lâchârî.  
 Yeh bhojan us kîâ nârî ne, main yeh bât bîchârî."

*Râjâ Pingal.*

- "Râjâ Nal ke mahil men hai Damwantî nâr.  
 Us ne hamare wâste bhojan kîâ tayyâr.  
 Bhojân kîâ tayyâr, sawâd aisâ ham ne wahân pâyâ.  
 740 Aisâ hî bhojan is piyârî ne, aisâ âj banâyâ."

- This dinner is not of thy cooking, hear me, thou mad  
 with love (of me).  
 730 I ask it of thee and tell me all the truth."

*The Queen.*

- "I had no time as I had work in the palace.  
 And it was thy water-carrier that cooked this dinner.  
 It was thy water-carrier, Râjâ, hear the whole truth.  
 It was that loveling that cooked the dinner in the palace :  
 735 As my body was wearied and I became helpless,  
 The (water-carrier) woman cooked this dinner, I tell  
 thee."

*Râjâ Pingal.*

- "There is the Lady Damwantî in the palace of Râjâ Nal.  
 (Once) she prepared a dinner for me.  
 She prepared a dinner for me and its taste was like this.  
 740 Such a dinner hath this loveling made to-day."

Yâ hai koî Râjâ kî nârî, tumheñ bhed na pâyâ :  
Bîpat kâl meñ hûî, piyârî, tujh ko yeh hî sunâyâ.”

- “ Ai sundar, tû kaun hai ? Kaho hamen sach bat.  
Yeh ham pûchhat haiñ tumheñ ; kaun tumharî zât ?  
745 Kaun tumharî zât ? hamen tu hâl sunâ de, piyârî !  
Dekh tum ko râj-sutiyâ, tû nâ haigî panhâri.  
Apne man kî bat kholke, kaho haqiqat sârî.  
Yeh ham se tû sach batâ de ; kaun zât hai thârî ?”

*Rânî Damwantî.*

- “ Bîpat kâl kî bat hai, kyâ kahûñ tumhare sang ?  
750 Narwargah ke Râo kî mau hongî adharang.  
Ai Râjâjî, mau hongî adharang, bat yeh suno, Jî, hamârî.  
Dîâ hai dusotâ Râm bipat ham pe yeh dârf,

This is some Râjâ's wife, thou didst not understand :  
She hath fallen into some trouble, my love, this do I  
proclaim to thee.”

- “ My beauty,\* who art thou ? Tell me the truth.  
This do I ask thee ; what is thy caste ?  
745 What is thy caste ? Tell me thy story, my dear !  
Thy appearance is of a king's daughter, thou art no  
water-carrier.  
Tell me the secret of thy heart, and tell me the whole  
truth.  
Tell me the truth ; what is thy caste ?”

*Rânî Damwantî.*

- “ My story is of trouble and death, how shall I tell it  
thee ?  
750 I am the wife of the Râjâ of Narwarga h.†  
O Râjâ, I am his wife, hear my tale.  
God hath thrown into this exile and trouble

\* Addressing Damwantî.

† Narwâr, now a town in the Gwâlior state and much decayed, represents the ancient Nishadha.

- Nal Râjâ Mahârâj, jinheñ kî main hûñ nârî.  
 Peṭ bharan ke kâj rahî tumharî panihârî !  
 755 Damwantî merâ uâm, patî sang ban meñ âl.  
 Sab biptâ kî bâṭ tumheñ main ân sunâi."

*Râjâ Pingal.*

- "Kahân tumhârâ Râo hai ? dîje sach batâe.  
 Rânîjî, Mahârâj ko ham lâven ab jâe.  
 Ham lâven ab jâe, piyârî, us kâ bhed batâo.  
 760 Hamenî soch ho guî bhârî, zarâ der mat lâo.  
 Pichhlî bâṭ hamenî sab, Rânî, bâr bâr samjhâo :  
 Hâl aḥwâl hamenî sab, Rânî, sâr hâl sunâo."

*Rânî Damwantî.*

- "Hamenî ban meñ se âuke, yeh hî kîâ bichâr.  
 Râjâ telî ke rahe, mainî tumharî panhâr.  
 765 Mainî tumharî panhâr rahe mahilon men âe.  
 Bipat kâl kî bâṭ, tumheñ mainî ân sunâi."

- The Lord Râjâ Nal, whose wife I am.  
 To fill my belly am I become thy water-carrier !  
 755 My name is Damwantî and I came into the forests with  
 my husband.  
 And now have I told thee all the tale of my sorrow."

*Râjâ Pingal.*

- "Where is thy Râjâ ? Tell me the truth.  
 O Rânî, take me at once to the Mahârâjâ.  
 Take me at once, my dear, tell me where he is hidden.  
 760 I am very anxious and so delay not at all.  
 The remainder of thy story, Rânî, tell me by degrees :  
 And thus tell me, Rânî, all thy tale."

*Rânî Damwantî.*

- "Coming out of the forest this is what we determined.  
 The Râjâ went to the oilman's and I became thy water-  
 carrier.  
 765 I became thy water-carrier and came into the palace.  
 I have told thee the story of my trouble."

Jo Prabhû ne dukh dîâ, soî ham bhongen sârâ,  
Yeh Kartâ kâ âukh nahîn tartâ hai tâîâ.”

*Râjâ Pingal.*

- 770 “Hâth jor bintî karûn, Nal Râjâ Mahârâj,  
Chalo nagar ke bîch meñ, kîjê shakal samâj :  
Kîjê shakal samâj âp ke, main hûn agyâ-kârî.  
Hâth jor kah karûn bintî chaliyo sang hamâre.  
Baithe rûj karo gadî pe, ham hâzir hain thârî.  
Ân rahe telî ke ghar men, yeh kyû bāt bichârî?”

*Râjâ Nal.*

- 775 “Ai Rânî, tum se kahûn bichhran sanjog.  
Jo Brahmâ ne likh dîâ, soî bhogne bhog!”

*Râgnî.*

“Likhî taltî nahîn târî!  
Suno, Rânî, ’araz hamârî.

The trouble the Lord gave me, I have borne it all.  
The fate of the Lord delays not for putting off.”

*Râjâ Pingal.\**

- 770 “With joined hands I say, my Lord Râjâ Nal,  
Come into the city, make all thy preparation :  
Make all thy preparation, I am thy servant.  
With joined hands I beseech thee come with me.  
Sit on the throne, I am thy servant †  
In coming into the oilman’s house what was thy intention?”

*Râjâ Nal.*

- 775 “O RÂNî (Damwantî), I tell thee that the separation and  
communion,  
Which God wrote down for us, we have borne !”

*Song.*

“What is written delays not for putting away!  
Rânî, hear my words.

\* Having gone now to Râjâ Nal

† Observe the use of *hâzir*. see Vol. I., p. 370.



- 780 Dusotâ par gîâ bhârî,  
 So hî ham ne sahî sârî.  
 Bipat Râjâ koî detâ,  
 So hî main shîsh par dhartâ.  
 Kareñ faryâd kisî setî ?  
 Soch din rât yeh rahtî ;  
 785 Likhâ jo Karam kâ bharnâ :  
 Hameñ phir râj kyâ karnâ ?”

*Râjâ Pingal.*

“ Jo janamâ is jagat meñ dukh sukh us ke sâth.  
 Chaudah baras ban meñ phire Bhâvo bas Raghu Nâth.”

*Râgnî.*

- 790 “ Phire ban bîch Raghu Râî.  
 Dîâ dukh Kevakî Mâî:  
 Bipat Raghû pe parî bhârî.  
 Karo bauoñ bâs kî tayyârî.

- 780 The hard exile that fell upon us,  
 We have borne it all.  
 Even had some Râjâ given me this trouble,  
 That (too) would I have borne.  
 With whom shall we quarrel ?  
 Day and night this is my thought :  
 785 The decree of Fate must be borne :  
 And what again have I to do with empire ?”

*Râjâ Pingal.*

“ Who is born into the world hath joy and pleasure  
 with him.

For fourteen years did Fate cause Raghû Nâth\* to wan-  
 der in the forests.”

*Song.*

- 790 “ Did Raghû Râî wander in the forests.  
 Mother Kevakî gave him that trouble :  
 And heavy grief fell upon Raghû,  
 And he went to dwell in the forests.

\* i.e., RÂma ; allusion to the well-known tale in the *Râmâyana*.

795      Bipat Pahlâd ko hûf,  
             Jis se jānen haiñ sab koñ.  
             Bipat sir pe parĩ, Rājā,  
             Karo yeh dūr sab sānsā.”

*Rājā Nal.*

“ Ai Rānĩ, tum pe kahūñ yeh biptā kĩ bēin.  
 Bhāve bas ban meñ āe, nek parĩ nahĩñ chain.”

*Rānĩ.*

800      “ Chain parĩ nahĩñ, Rānĩ.  
             Chale biptā meñ zindagānĩ.  
             Koñ Narwar taje bhārĩ.  
             Gharĩ dukh kĩ sahĩ sārĩ.  
             Bāt woh hāth nā āĩ.  
             Bipat meñ kaun hai sāthĩ ?  
 805      Amar jag meñ nahĩñ koñ.  
             Dīā dukh main sahā soñ.”

795      Trouble felt upon Pahlâd,  
             As every one knows.\*  
             Trouble (too) hath fallen on thy head, Rājā ;  
             So put away all thy sorrows afar.”

*Rājā Nal.*

“ O Rānĩ, I say to thee words of sorrow.  
 It was Fate drove us to the forest, this joy seemeth not  
 well to me ! ”

*Song.*

800      “ Rānĩ, I am not at ease.  
             My life departeth in sorrow.  
             I have given up great Narwar Fort.  
             Every moment have I suffered grief.  
             I cannot recall my word.†  
             Who is a companion in sorrow ?  
 805      No one is immortal in the world.  
             The trouble given me have I borne.”

\* The story of Prahlâda is explained in Vol. II., p. 5.

† In the gambling match to his brother Pushkara.

*Râjâ Pingal.*

- "Is men kis kâ dosh hai ? nahaqq karo biyog.  
 Dukh sukh tan ke sâth haiñ ; kîe Karam kî bhog.  
 Kîe Karam kî bhog, Râojî, yeh biptâ sab par hoî.  
 810 Râm Chandar kî Sîtâ nârî tiyâg dîe ban men soî.  
 Bûkh piyâs ke tarâs se jin jâe rahe Bâlmîk rikh ke pâsâ.  
 Baithê râj karo, Mahârâj, pûran Râm karen âsâ."

*Râjâ Nal.*

"Man kî man mân rakhîye, nâ kuchh chalâ upâo ;  
 Bhâve ne ban men ân dîâ tarâo."

*Râgnî.*

- 815 "Kahân merî nâr Damwantî ?  
 Binâ us bāt nahîn bantî ;  
 Bipat men sang rahî mahârî.  
 Bachan us ne nahîn hârî :

*Râjâ Pingal.*

- "What blame is there in this ? Thou sorrowest without  
 cause.  
 Pain and grief are with all ; it is the decree of Fate.  
 It is the decree of Fate, Râjâ, all have this sorrow.  
 810 Sîtâ, Râm Chandar's wife, was deserted in the forests.\*  
 In the misery of hunger and thirst she lived with Bâlmîk  
 the saint.†  
 Enjoy thy kingdom, Mahârâjâ, and God fulfil thy hope."

*Râjî Nal.*

"Let us keep our desires to ourselves, no plans avail ;  
 Fate hath given us trouble in the forests."

*Song.*

- 815 "Where is my wife Damwantî ?  
 Without her I can do nothing,  
 That accompanied me in my troubles.  
 She disregarded not my words,

\* Allusion to the tale of Sîtâ's exile in the *Râmâyana*.

† Vâlmîki, the author of the *Râmâyana*, who received the banished  
 Sîtâ at his house at Chitrakûta.

- 820 Patî birt nâr hai merî.  
 Ruhi merî charan ki cherî.  
 Bichhar gai prân kî piyâri.  
 Mere se ho gai niyâri :  
 Jagat men dharg merâ jînâ :  
 Nahîn yehân an jal pinû !”

*Râjâ Pingal.*

- 825 “ Damwantî hai mahil men, chalo us ke pās.  
 Râj karo sukh chain men, mat na hot udās.  
 Mat nâ ho udās, Râo, main do kar jo kahûn sâf.  
 Dâr karo ab soch dilon kî ; sang chalo, Râjâ, mahâre,  
 Karun-hâr Kartâ wahî hai, yeh hî bât main samjhâûn.  
 830 Ab nâ der karo, Mahârâjâ, sang chalo, main lo jâûn.”

Râjâ âe mahil men, sab kâ hûâ milâp.  
 Dekh apnî nâr ko Râjâ karat bilâp.  
 Râjâ karat bilâp, Râo Pingal mukh bol kabî bânf.

- 820 That is my virtuous wife.  
 She was ever my slave.  
 And the beloved of my life is separated from me.  
 She is parted from me :  
 It is useless for me to live in the world :  
 I can neither eat nor drink (more) here !”

*Râjâ Pingal.*

- 825 “ Damwantî is in the palace, go thou to her.  
 Rule at ease and pleasure, and be not sorrowful.  
 Be not sorrowful, Râjâ, I tell thee all (the story) with  
 both hands joined.  
 Put away the sorrow of thy heart afar, Râjâ, and come  
 with me.  
 The Lord is the Doer, this do I tell thee.  
 830 Make no delay, Mahârâjâ, let me take thee with me.”

The Râjâ went into the palace and met them all.  
 And the Râjâ shed tears to see his wife.  
 The Râjâ shed tears and Râjâ Pingal spake with his mouth.

*Rājā Pingal.*

- “ Garh-matī haiñ nār dūt kī ; yeh lejo, nische jāñī,—  
 835 Jo merī ho jāgī kaniyāñ, tumhare sūt hogā, Rājā,  
 Us sang biyāñ karūñ, kaniyāñ kâ sakal karen hamarī  
 kâjā.”

- Kirpā hūt Jāgatamb kī, dharūñ tumhārā dhyāñ.  
 Joī āñ milā dīe haṭke Śrī Bhagwāñ :  
 Jagat meñ kīje merī sahāī.  
 840 Damwantī aur Rājā Nal haiñ haṭke dīe milāe.  
 Jaisī chand chakor kiran kī prīt banī chhab chāhī,  
 Sur munī jan sun kād kane, terī mâyā kīñī na pāī.  
 Sāng sampūran karke, Mâtā, pīchhe bhanē banāī.  
 Kahte Bansi Lāl, kul, Mât, tū Chār Jugoñ meñ dohāī.

*Rājā Pingal.*

- “ Both our wives are pregnant : know this for certain :  
 835 If mine be a girl and thine a prince, Rājā,  
 I will marry her to him, and the girl shall fulfil our  
 desires.”

- Earth-mother, thou hast been gracious and I worship  
 thee.  
 The Holy God hath rejoined the pair :  
 Be Thou (also) my saviour in the world !  
 840 Damwantī and Rājā are again joined together.  
 As the partridge desires the glory of the moon's rays,  
 So heroes and saints delight in Thee, but have not  
 fathomed Thy mysteries !  
 I finish this my lay, Mother, and then I worship thee.  
 Saith Bansi Lāl,\* Mother, thou art worshipped through-  
 out the Four Ages.

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\* The author of the poem, see Vol. I., pp. 122, 209, 366 ; Vol. II., p. 2.

## No. XXXI.

### THE LEGEND OF RÂJÂ DHOL, AS SUNG BY TWO SOA VENGERS FROM BIBIYÂL VILLAGE, NEAR AMBÂLÂ

[This legend has not, as far as I know, any foundation in the classics like the preceding one, though Dhol is always described as the son of Nala. Nala's son classically was Indrasena, and Dhol is a very unlikely form to occur in a Sanskrit work.]

[It describes the love of Dhol and Mârwan, the daughter of Râjâ Pingal of Pingalgarh, situated in Sangaldip. These names do not help us much. Pingala is a classical name connected with the Nâgas or Serpent Race, and if Sangaldip is for Śâkala-dvîpa (or Śâka-dvîpa), the kingdom of Pingala is placed in the Northern Panjâb, an appropriate situation for the kingdom of a Nâga monarch. Dhol comes from Narwargarh, or Nalkot, the modern Narwâr, as seen in the preceding legend, in the Gwâlior State, and a place always connected with the legend of Nala. The holders of Narwâr were for ages Kachhwâhâ Râjpûts, a fact brought out in this story by making Dhol's wife to be Sammî Kachhwâhî.]

[The language of this poem is much more filled with Persian words—all by the way in a corrupted form—than is usual in such productions.]

#### TEXT.

*Râg Râjâ. Dhol beṭâ Râjâ Nal kâ.*

Simar Bhawânî Sârdâ; ghaṭ meṇ pûre gyaṇ !

Tin sau sâth suhelîân le lain apne sâth,

Sarwar talân uṇ âwandî Rânî Mârwan.

Châdar mauzâ kholke dhar diâ sarwar tâl :

#### TRANSLATION.

*The Song of Râjâ Dhol, Son of Râjâ Nal.*

"I worship Bhawânî and Sârdâ,\* may they fulfil me  
knowledge in my heart !"

Taking 360 maidens with her

Princess Mârwan came to the lake.

She took off her veil and clothes and placed them beside  
the tank ;

---

\* In vague imitation of the real baris. Sâradâ is Saraswatî, the Goddess of Learning, and Bhawânî is Devi

- 5 Mâr mâr chhâlân jaisî bar gai sarwar tâl meñ :  
 Tardî Rânî yeh phirî sarwar ke tâl meñ.  
 Bol suhelân ; kyâ kaheñ ? “ Rânîjî Mârwan,  
 Araz suno meri bintî, araz sun man lâe.  
 Chhotî chhotî biyâhî tere bâbal ke nagar meñ ;
- 10 Barî muklâwâ jâeñ.  
 Kyâ terâ bâbal nirdhanâ ? kyâ dhan kî ūchh ?”  
 Aisâ tânâ mârâ chubhî kalîjâ phâns.  
 Ho dilgîr mahilon âwatî, chal mâtâ ke pās.  
 Is ne kahâ, “ chhotî chhotî biyâhî, barî muklâwâ jâeñ.
- 15 Kyâ merâ bap nirdhanâ ? kyâ dhan kî ūchh ?”  
 Mâtâ kahe, “ nâ terâ bap nirdhanâ, nâ dhan kî ūchh.”  
 Rânî kahe, “ kahân biyâhî ? kahân mângî ? mere bar ko  
 deo batlûe !”

- 5 And springing up she entered it,  
 And the Princess began to swim about in it.  
 Said the maidens ; what said they ? “ O Princess  
 Mârwan,  
 Hear our petition and harken to our prayer.  
 When we were little we were married in thy father's city :
- 10 When we grow up we shall go to our husbands.  
 Is thy father poor ? Is there any lack of wealth ?”  
 Their reproaches sank into her heart.  
 Sorrowfully she entered the palace and went to her  
 mother.  
 Said she, “ When they were little, they were married,  
 and when they grow up they will go to their  
 husbands.
- 15 Is my father poor ? Is there any lack of wealth ?”  
 Said her mother, “ Neither is thy father poor, neither is  
 there lack of wealth.”  
 Said the Princess, “ Where was I married ? where was  
 I betrothed ? show me my husband !”

---

\* That he hath not arranged thy marriage.

- Mâtâ kahe, "sât dinân kî tû thî, nau din kâ Dhol :  
Thâlî katorâ biyâh karâ, Narwargarh ke mân."
- 20 Rânî kahe, "kin galîon Dhol base ? Kyûnkar hogâ mel ?"  
Dhore Târwan kharî Mârwan se kare jawâb :  
"Bat barî mukh chhotâ, kahtî âve lû."  
Ratrâ palang bichhâke phûlon sej bekhar ;  
Tân dupattâ so rahon Rânjî Mârwan, jî.
- 25 Râjâ Dhol ko yâd karon Râjâ kî betî Mârwan.  
Supne meñ Dhol milo Râjâ kî betî Mârwan.  
Chalî mahil ko âwandî Rânî Mârwan.  
Sânj parî, din dhul gai, Rânjî Mârwan  
Soî mahil ke mân, jî.
- 30 Adhî râť naukandh gai, Thâkurjî Prabhûjî !

- Said her mother, "Seven days old wast thou, nine days  
old was Dhol :  
Ye were married in a platter and a cup at Narwargarh."
- 20 Said the Princess, "In what street doth Dhol dwell ?  
Where shall I meet him ?"  
Târwan\* standing beside spake to Mârwan :  
"Great words from a little mouth† bring shame to the  
speaker."  
Making a red bed and covering it with flowers,  
And spreading shawls on it Princess Mârwan lay asleep.
- 25 And Mârwan the king's daughter remembered Râjâ  
Dhol.  
In her dreams Mârwan the king's daughter met with  
Dhol.  
Princess Mârwan went into the palace.‡  
The evening fell and the day closed in, and the Princess  
Mârwan§  
Slept within the palace.
- 30 It was dead of night at midnight, O my God, my Lord !

\* Sister to Mârwan.

† This is a proverb.

‡ This and the next five lines are rather confused.

§ It, sir, at the end of the lines is not repeated in the rendering.



- "Supne meñ Dholā mile, sājan sājan merā.  
 Mujhe milā supne ke mātū, jī."  
 Pahar rāt rah gaī Pingal kī beṭī nūñ :  
 Kunjān ne pāyā kharāt, jī :  
 35 Rānī kī ānkḥ khul gaī, jī.  
 Uṭhke baiṭhī ho gaī Mārwan,  
 Dil se kare jawāb, jī :  
 "Rain kā supnā mujhe bhā gayā, Thākurjī merā !"  
 Kunjān ne pāyā kharāt, jī.  
 40 Barī fajar pahrā nūr kā, Thākur Thākur merā !  
 "Araz suno merā, bintī merī, mātā piyārī :  
 Merī sun dil kī bāt, jī.  
 Rain kā supnā bhā gayā, merī mātā piyāñ.  
 In kunjān ne pāyā kharāt, jī.  
 45 In kunjān ko marwāe de, merī mātā piyārī :  
 Sarwar tālān ko de purwāe, jī."

(Said Mārwan), "In a dream I met Dhol, my love, my love.  
 I met him in a dream !"

A watch of the night remained to Pingal's daughter,  
 When the cranes\* made a noise,

- 35 And the Princess opened her eyes.

Mārwan sat up

And said in her heart :

"The dream of the night hath taken hold of me, O my  
 God !"

The cranes made a noise.

- 40 The light of the early morn came upon her, O my God,  
 my God ! (Said she) :

"Hear my prayer and my petition, mother dear.

Hear the desire of my heart.

The dream of the night took hold of me, my mother dear,  
 And the cranes made a noise.

- 45 Slay these cranes, my mother dear,  
 And fill up the lake."

---

\* Properly wild geese : but here I think the well bred bird *Kulang* is meant, which is a species of crane, the *Ardea Sibirica*.

- Boli Târwan, " kyâ kahe merî bahin Mârwan ?  
 Yeh kunjân haiñ dusor kî, merî Mârwan,  
 Yeh jāneñ Narwargah ko roz, jî."
- 50 In tâlân se sobhâ ghanî ; meri suntî kyûñ nabîñ bāt ?  
 Likhke chitthî bhej do kunjân ke pankh par,  
 Jâke degeñ Dhol ko de, jî.  
 Barî fajar paharâ nûr kâ Rânî Mârwan  
 Suhelân lî bulâe, jî.
- 55 Tîn sau sâth suhelân aur Rânî Mârwan  
 Sarwar tâlân ko jāen, jî :  
 " Araz suno morî bintî, mere kunjân piyâre ! "  
 Sat Jug sachâ paharâ birt dâ, jî.  
 Kunjân karen jawâb, jî :
- 60 " Man ke bhed batâ de, rukkâ de likhâ, jî. "  
 Bolî Mârwan, kyâ kahen ? " mere kunjân piyâre, jî, "  
 Meri chitthî tum lejâo Râjâ Dhol pe, jî."

- Said Târwan, " What saith my sister Mârwan ?  
 These cranes are strangers, my Mârwan !  
 And they go daily to Narwargah.
- 50 The lake beautifieth the place : why dost thou not hear  
 my words ?  
 Write a letter and send it on the wings of the cranes,  
 And they will go and give it to Dhol."  
 In the early morn at the hour of dawn the Princess  
 Mârwan  
 Called her maids.
- 55 Princess Mârwan with 360 maidens  
 Went to the lake. (Said she) :  
 " Hear my prayer, my beloved cranes ! "  
 It was the Golden Age of virtue,\*  
 And the cranes spake :
- 60 " Tell (him) the secrets of thy heart and write a letter."  
 Said Mârwan, what said she ? " My beloved cranes,  
 Take my letter to Râjâ Dhol."

\* When animals could talk.

- Bole kunjân, "merî araz suno, Râni Mârwan ;  
Tum suno hamâri bât.
- 65 Likh likh chitṭhîân sâri kî bândh do,  
Hamâre pankhân ke bândh, jî."  
Likh likh chitṭhîân dîe pankhân ke bândh, jî.  
Dharke ḍârî lagâute kunjân pâr.  
Narwargarḥ ko âute kunjân dusore.
- 70 Sarwar tâlân baḡ gae kunjân piyâre :  
Budhî kunjân pîchhe rah gal, jî ;  
Baithî sarwar ke pâl par, jî.  
Pîchhe budhî kunj sab kunjân se !  
"Woh Râjâ Dhol ko chitṭhî dikhâ dîe, jî."
- 75 Itnî sunke bâhir âwateñ kunjân piyâre :  
Hâth joḡ karen bintî budhî kunj se :  
"Tere nau par lagte pair, jî ;  
Hamâri chitṭhî to gal gal, bahin hamâri, jî !  
Hamâri jân bachâ de ; sun, kunj, merî bât, jî !

Said the cranes, "Hear our prayer, Princess Mârwan,  
And hearken to our words.

- 65 Write thy letters and tie them,  
Tie them to our wings."  
She wrote the letters and tied them to their wings,  
And the cranes flapped their wings and flew away :  
The strange cranes flew to Narwargarḥ.
- 70 The kindly cranes entered the lake ;  
But an old crane remained behind,  
And sat on the banks of the lake.  
Said the old crane to all the cranes :  
"Show the letters to Râjâ Dhol."
- 75 Hearing this the kindly cranes came out,  
And with joined hands (!) besought the old crane :  
"We lay our heads nine times at the feet.  
Our letters have been wetted, sister !  
Save our lives ; O crane, hear our words !

- 80 Rājā ko tū apnī chitṭhī de dikhāe, jī.”  
 Uṛī kunj chalke āve mahil ke mān, jī.  
 Ā mundeṛī baiṭhī, baiṭhī mundeṛī jāe jī.  
 Rājā Dhol wa Rānī chaupur khelte jī.  
 Dekh kunj ko Dhol mahil meṇ baṛ gā, jī.
- 85 Tīr kumān jaise lāutā Rājā Dhol, jī,  
 Kunj ne chitṭhī de ger, jī.  
 Sammī Kachhwāhī ne uṭhā līe, jī.  
 Sarsar chitṭhī bānchī, jī:  
 Rānī Mārwan kī likhī hain aṣlok, jī.
- 90 Itnī meṇ Rājā Dhol āyā, jī.  
 Rānī ne us ko dekhke chitṭhī phūnk de, jī.  
 Jaltī chitṭhī dekhkar Rānī se kare jawāb, jī:  
 “Yeh to kyā chitṭhī tū ne phūnk de, Sammījī Kachhwā-  
 hī?  
 Yeh to de thī kunj ne ger, jī.”
- 80 Show thy letter to the Rājā.”  
 The crane flew up and entered the palace,  
 And sat on the parapet, sat on the parapet.  
 Rājā Dhol was playing *chaupur* with his Queen,\*  
 And seeing the crane Dhol entered the palace.
- 85 As Rājā Dhol was fetching his bow and arrows  
 The crane dropped the letter.  
 Sammī, the Kachhwāhā,† took it up,  
 And quickly read the letter, (and knew that)  
 Princess Mārwan had written the verses.
- 90 Meanwhile Rājā Dhol came up,  
 And the Princess seeing him burnt up the letter.  
 Seeing the letter burning he said to the Queen:  
 “What letter is this that thou art burning, O Sammī,  
 thou Kachhwāhā?  
 The crane let it drop.”

\* This is evidently the sole occupation of a Rājā in the villagers' estimation. See below in this legend. See Vol. I., p. 242 ff.

† Dhol's wife. The allusion is to the Kachhwāhās, a well-known tribe of Rājputās, who, for many centuries, held Narwargarh or Narwār.

- 95 Bolî Râni : kyâ kahe ? " Râjâ Dholâ, jî,  
 Us gaon men koi lâgt nâhîn, jî.  
 Likhke chitthî de dîe, jî, Râni Mârwan ne  
 Bhejî kunjân ke hâth, jî !  
 Kâgân hâth sanerî, chirân hâth salâm !"  
 100 Itnî sunke Dhol hûâ man men dilgîr, jî.
- Râni Mârwan dekhe hî bât, jî.  
 Ghar kâ Brâhman bulâ liâ Râni Mârwan, jî.  
 Â Brâhman ne dîe kalyân, jî :  
 " Terî kalyân, terî kul kî kalyân, jî !"  
 105 " Merî chitthî tû le jâe, Dâdâjî Brâhman :  
 Tum le jâiyo Dhol ke pâs, jî.  
 Narwargarh ko tum jâiyo sâjan pe, jî.  
 Dhol sâjan ko do milâe, jî."  
 Pânc asharff us ko de dîe buddhe Brâhman.  
 110 Chalâ ghar ko âutâ buddhâjî, Brâhman, jî :

- 95 Said the Queen, what said she ? " O Râjâ Dhol,  
 There is no messenger in her village,  
 (And so) Princess Mârwan wrote a letter and gave it  
 To a crane !  
 (It is) a message by a crow, a salutation by a bird !"\*  
 100 Hearing this Dhol became sad at heart.

- The Princess Mârwan waited.  
 The Princess Mârwan sent for the household Brâhman.  
 The Brâhman came and made salutation :  
 " Prosperity to thee, prosperity to thy race !"  
 105 " Take thou my letter, Father Brâhman :  
 Take it to Dhol.  
 Go thou to Narwargarh to my love,  
 And make a meeting with Dhol my love."  
 Five gold pieces gave she to the old Brâhman.  
 110 The old Brâhman went home

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\* A well-known proverb ; it means that such are never delivered.

- Pānch asharfī de dīe apnī Brāhmanī ko, jī :  
 "Tum is se karo guzārā, jī."  
 Majilon majilon chal parā buddhājī Brāhman :  
 Woh to Narwargarh ko jāe, jī.  
 115 Chālā mahil ko āwandā Rājā Dhol pe, jī :  
 Khaskhas ke bangalon men āntā Dhol ke pās, jī.  
 Āke kalyān dīe Rājā Dhol ko.  
 "Kis desān se terā āunā, Dādājī Brāhman ?"  
 "Pingal des se ānā Narwargarh ke māt, jī."  
 120 Dastāvez to de dīe Rājā Dhol ko.  
 Sarsar us ko bānchtā Rājā Dhol,  
 Apne man men khushī ho jāe, jī.  
 Brāhman lekar chale apne mahil men, jī.  
 Thamak thamak āwandā mahil men, jī ;  
 125 Rānī se kartā jawāb, jī :  
 "Pingalgarh se ānā Dādājī Misar kā :  
 Is kā ratī ā palang bichhā do, jī."

- And gave the five gold pieces to his wife, (and said) :  
 "Do thou live upon these."  
 Stage by stage went the old Brāhman,  
 Going to Narwargarh  
 115 He went to the palace of Rājā Dhol,  
 He went to Dhol in the thatched house,  
 And saluted Rājā Dhol.  
 "From what land art thou come, Father Brāhman ?"  
 "I am come from Pingal to Narwargarh."  
 120 He gave the letter to Rājā Dhol.  
 Rājā Dhol quickly read it,  
 And was pleased in his heart.  
 Taking the Brāhman with him he went into the palace.  
 Jauntily went he into the palace  
 125 And spake to the Queen.  
 "Father Brāhman hath come from Pingalgarh,  
 Make a red bed for him."

- Itni kahke Rājā chal parā, jī.  
 Kache sūt kā palang bichhā dīā bhañwarī kī mān :  
 130 Chittī chādar tāt de palang par, jī.  
 Phir usī Brāhman ko bulā līā Rānī ne, jī:  
 “ Merī araz suno, Mahārāj, jī.”  
 Jab Brāhman ā gīā mahil ke mān, jī,  
 Bolī Rānī, “ tujh ko ākhde, buḍḍhe se Brāhman,  
 135 Āo, tum jāo palang par baith, jī.”  
 Jab woh palang par baithā buḍḍhā sā Brāhman,  
 Woh to gir parā bhañwarī ke mān, jī.  
 Wahān se palang uthā līā Rānī Samujī Kachhwāhī, jī.  
 Āke Dhol Rājā, Rānī se kare jawāb :  
 140 “ Mujhe deo Brāhman ko batāe, jī.”  
 Bolī Rānī ; kyā kahe ? “ Rājājī Dholā jī,  
 Woh bhāg gīā Brāhman mahil se, jī.”  
 Rājā Dhol ko sunke us kā lagā farāk, jī.

- Saying this the Rājā went away,  
 She made him a bed of unwoven thread over the well,  
 130 And spread a white sheet over it.  
 Then the Queen called the Brāhman (and said) :  
 “ Hear my petition, Mahārāj,\* (and come).”  
 When the Brāhman came into the palace,  
 Said the Queen, “ I say to thee, old Brāhman,  
 135 Come and sit on thy bed.”  
 When the old Brāhman sat on the bed  
 He fell into the well.  
 Queen Sammī, the Kachhwāhā, took away the bed.  
 Came Rājā Dhol and said to the Queen :  
 140 “ Let me see the Brāhman.”  
 Said the Queen ; what said she ? “ O Rājā Dhol,  
 The Brāhman hath fled the palace.”  
 Hearing this Rājā Dhol became sorrowful.

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\* Common form of address to Brāhmans.

- Wahân Râni Mârwan Brâhman kî dekh bâṭ, jî.  
 145 "Khabar sâr mujhe nâ dîe, jî, buddhe Brâhman.  
 Tîn sau sâṭh kos se Nal Râjâ kâ Dholâ.  
 Kaun jāne Brâhman mar gā ?" Mîrâsî lîâ bulâe, jî.  
 Jai jawâhir bâṭ kare woh Mîrâsî kâ laṛkâ.  
 "Garj dîwânî main phirûn, mere bâbal kâ Mîrâsî :  
 150 Mere garjân pûro, jî.  
 Tîn sau sâṭh kos base Nal Râjâ kâ Dhol.  
 Mero Dhol sâjan ko milâ de, jî."  
 "Terâ bhijâ jāūgâ, Pingal kî beṭî Mârwan :  
 Mere laṛkon kâ kaun ahwâl, jî ?"  
 155 "Le jâ pānch asharfî, tere wârî jāwân, Mîrâsî :  
 De jâ mîrâsan ke hâth, jî.  
 Sanjam se laṛkon ko, sanjam se kare guzârân."  
 Leke pānch asharfî jāio Mîrâsî kâ laṛkâ :  
 Rangale dutârî meṅ pântâ, jî,  
 Princess Mârwan awaited the Brâhman.  
 145 "The old Brâhman hath brought me no news.  
 It is 360 kos from Dhol the son of Nal :  
 Who knows but that the Brâhman be dead ?" She sent  
 for her Minstrel.  
 The Minstrel made his salutation.  
 "I am in great straights, O Minstrel of my father ;  
 150 Do thou help me.  
 At 360 kos hence dwelleth Dhol the son of Nal.  
 Make me to meet with Dhol my love."  
 "I will go whither thou sendest O Mârwan, daughter of  
 Pingal :  
 But what will happen to my children ?"  
 155 "Take five gold pieces, as I am thy sacrifice, Minstrel,  
 And give them to thy wife,  
 That she may carefully, carefully feed her children."  
 The Minstrel took the five gold pieces  
 And put them into his painted fiddle,



- 160 Sâñwaliâ Mirâsî, jî.  
 Woh ãukre mãngne gîâ bhûl :  
 ãukre kâ kâñsâ mãrtâ Sâñwaliâ Mirâsî.  
 Châlâ apne ghar ko âve, jî.  
 Pãñchoñ sãtoñ laṛkoñ ko le rahe mirâsan, jî.
- 165 ãukroñ kî dekhî bãṭ, jî.  
 Dûr se âwate ko dekhke Mirâsî ko,  
 Us ne teorî lî chaṛhâe ;  
 Mathe meñ pãpî bãṭ, jî :  
 “ Kis dûtî ne bharmâ lîâ ãukre dîe jo chhor ?  
 170 Âj ke ãukre kahân gañwâ de, sun sâjan merâ ?  
 In laṛkon kâ kaun ahwâl ? ”  
 “ ãukre meñ se tujhe kyâ khânâ, sun mirâsan merâ ?  
 Tû to nân pulâo urâo, jî ! ”  
 “ Ukhtî kamâñ mujhe dikhâ do, sun sâjan merâ. ”
- 175 Rangalâ dutârî jhãrdâ, woh Mirâsî kâ laṛkâ :

- 160 Did Sâñwaliâ, the Minstrel.  
 He gave up begging  
 And tossed away his begging-bowl, did Sâñwaliâ the  
 Minstrel.  
 He went to his own house.  
 His wife was playing with her half-dozen sons,  
 165 And waiting for the scraps.  
 She saw the Minstrel coming from afar,  
 She frowned heavily,  
 And her countenance was wrathful (and she said) :  
 “ What witch hath charmed thee that hast given up  
 begging ?  
 170 Where hast lost to-day’s scraps, my husband ?  
 What will become of these boys ? ”  
 “ What have scraps to do with thee, my wife ? ”  
 “ Do thou cook bread and stews ! ”  
 “ Show me thy earnings, O my husband. ”  
 175 The Minstrel shook out his painted fiddle :

- Ghar men ho gai dekhke mât, jî !  
 Apne man men sochtâ Mîrâsî kâ larîkâ, jî, mîrâsan se bole :  
 "Rânî Mârwan bhejî hai Dhol ke pâs.  
 Tere kyâ man bhâutâ ? Tu to mîrâsan haigî merî :  
 180 Mujhe man ke bhed batâ, jî."  
 Jab mîrâsan samjhâtî apne khâvînd ko :  
 "Sun merî bāt, jî.  
 Gharî men jâtâ, pal men jâyo, jî.  
 Rânî kî sandesâ pûro, jî."  
 185 Man men apne sochtî, man men kare bichâr ;  
 "Gharî men kaḥtâ pal men kaḥ :  
 Pichhe man bhâutî khâwan."  
 Jab sunke Mîrâsî mîrâsan se kare jawâb :  
 "Sher, baghîre, chîte kâ râstâ ;  
 190 Woh to jâenge mujh ko khâe, jî.  
 Apne hâthon kî do rotîân, jî,

- And the household were pleased at what they saw.  
 Thinking in his mind the Minstrel spake to his wife and  
 said :  
 "Princess Mârwan hath sent me to Dhol.  
 What thinkest thou ? Thou art my wife.  
 180 Tell me the secret (thought) of thy heart (as to  
 this)."  
 Then said his wife to her lord :  
 "Hear my words.  
 If thou hadst to go in an hour, go in a moment,  
 And fulfil the Princess' message."  
 185 She thought in her heart and pondered in her soul :  
 "If I had to send him in an hour I would send him in  
 a moment,  
 That I might enjoy myself to my heart's content."  
 When he heard his wife said the Minstrel :  
 "The way is of tigers and wolves and leopards ;  
 190 They may eat me on the way.  
 Give me two loaves with thy hands,

- Mujhe ziâfat de jimâe, jî.”  
 “Bhûn pakâ dâñ tujhe khichî, sun sâjan sâjan merâ;  
 Tujhe jholke deññ jimâe.”
- 195 “Khichî khichî kyâ kahe? Khichî bapî bakhân!  
 Kab pakâoge? kab bhawanâ? kab jîmke Narwargah  
 ko jâññ?  
 Apne hâthon kî do rotîññ, sun, mîrâsau merî,  
 Hâzir kâ melâ jîmâye jî.  
 Ser dhâñ âññ chholâññ kâ lâye, jî:
- 200 Sawâ sawâ ser ke do rotî, jî.  
 Chutkâ kalar nûn kâ, pânch chûr ghathe lâye, jî.  
 Chûlo se nîcho sarkâ doye, jî.”  
 Tûkre tûrke mukh meñ pâ liâ Mîrâsî ke bete ne:  
 Ghatâ liâ thâ dabâe, jî.
- 205 Tûkrâ to mukh meñ phûl giâ Mîrâsî ke bete ke:  
 Ghathe meñ se chhut gal ânkh meñ chhiñt, jî!

- And let me eat them in safety.”  
 “I will cook thee a dish of rice and pulse, O my love,  
 my love:  
 I will give thee food in plenty.”
- 195 “Rice and milk, rice and milk, what sayest thou? Rice  
 and milk is lofty fare!  
 When will it be cooked? when will it be put in the  
 oven? when shall I eat it and go to Narwargah?  
 A couple of loaves from thy own hands, hear, my wife,  
 That are ready, give me to eat.  
 Bring two and a half *sers* of pulse,
- 200 And make me loaves of one and a quarter each.  
 Sprinkle a little salt on them and bring one or two  
 onions:  
 And give me a loaf from off the hearth.”  
 The Minstrel broke off a piece and put it in his mouth,  
 Mixing the onions with it.
- 205 The bread swelled in the Minstrel's mouth,  
 And the onion spired into his eyes!

- Ghathe kâ khânâ to pahîle ronâ, jî, Thâkur, Thâkur merâ !  
 Palkân se chaltâ nîr, jî.  
 Jab mîrâsan boltî Mîrâsî ke bete ko :  
 210 "Bhojan pâve yâ ro rahâ, sun sâjan merâ, jî ?"  
 "Bhojan hî Bhagwân hai, sun mîrâsau merî :  
 Mujh ko laṛkon kâ â gîâ daregh, jî.  
 Kûṇḍâ sontâ lâ de, sun mîrâsan merî :  
 Sâkhe mirchân lâe de, jî."  
 215 Devî Surasti manâ lie Mîrâsî ke bete ne ;  
 Awalân kar lî yâd, jî.  
 Dharke ragîâ lagâ dîâ, jî,  
 Bhang lie banâe, jî.  
 Aur dafû patla pûlâ pîve thâ, jî ;  
 220 Gârhâ sâkhâ liâ banâe, jî.  
 Pânch châr piyâlâ pîtâ Mîrâsî kâ laṛkâ.  
 "Hukkû tâjû karke lâ de, mîrâsan merî :

- To eat onions is to weep,\* O my God, my God !  
 The water ran from his eyes.  
 Then said his wife to the Minstrel :  
 210 "Art eating or weeping, O my husband ?"  
 "Food is indeed God,† hear, my wife ;  
 I was (sorrowful for) the separation from my sons.  
 Bring me pestle and mortar, hear, my wife :  
 And bring me some dry pepper."  
 215 The Minstrel called on Devî and Saraswatî,‡  
 Thinking first of them.  
 He began to pound.  
 And prepared some *bhang*.§  
 Before he used to take it thin,  
 220 Now he made it thick and strong.  
 The Minstrel drank off four or five cups. (Said he) :  
 "Make ready my pipe, my wife,

\* This is a proverb.

† This is a proverb.

‡ See first line.

§ The intoxicant *bhang* is made by grinding hemp leaves to a fine powder and mixing with water.

- Mujhe kone meñ khindrā bichhā de, jī.”  
 Hukke kā pīnā amal chapḡ gā Mīrāsī ke betē ko.  
 225 Kone meñ gā kathā ho jī.  
 Pānchoñ sūtoñ larke ko le chalī mīrāsan us kī :  
 Chalī bazār kī sair ko, jī.  
 Ghūmtī ghūmtī āī halwāī ke dūkān ko.  
 Sharfī dhar dī halwāī kī bāt, jī :  
 230 “ Changī changī shīrnāñ mujhe dilāīye, jī.”  
 Changī changī shīrnāñ le līe halwāī ke larke se.  
 Thorā thoṛā larkeñ ke hāth meñ rakh dī, jī :  
 Aur sab chāt lī āp, jī.  
 Dusri pherī chalke āutī bhaṭīāre ke dūkān pe :  
 235 “ Bhojan dāt mujh ko de do, merī nagarī kī Bhaṭīārī.”  
 “ Jo tere man bhāve le le, merī Mīrāsan.”  
 Asharfī rakh dī us kī tandūr par, jī :  
 “ Nāñ pulāo mujhe de de koṭa, merī Bhaṭīārī :  
 Zardā pulāo change change de de, jī.”

- And let me sleep in a corner on a mat.”  
 As he smoked the pipe the Minstrel was overcome,  
 225 And became insensible in the corner.  
 His wife took her half-dozen sons ;  
 And went for a walk in the market.  
 Wandering about she came to a confectioner's shop.  
 She put down a gold piece in the confectioner's shop,  
 230 (Saying) : “ Give me the best of sweetmeats.”  
 The confectioner gave her the best of sweetmeats ;  
 A few she gave into her children's hands,  
 And all the rest she ate up herself.  
 Next she came to an eating-house, (saying) :  
 235 “ Give me of the best food, my Cook's wife of the town.”  
 “ Take to thy heart's desire, my Minstrel's wife.”  
 She put down a gold piece at the eating-house, (saying) :  
 “ Give me bread and stew and roast, my Cook's wife :  
 Give me an excellent stew.”

- 240 Thorâ tho:â larakon ke hâth mein rakh dâ, jî :  
 Bâkî sab chât liâ ap, jî.  
 Ghûmtî ghûmtî chalî gharân ko jâe, jî.  
 Rangalâ charkhâ to âke dhâ liâ, jî.  
 Ghûngat liâ nikâl, jî.
- 245 Lambâ ghûngat dâlke dohrâ de sunâc :  
 " Terâ suhâg so main randî rahûn, jî.  
 Katne katke khâûn, jî :  
 Apnâ larakon ko tû sâm le, jî."  
 Hâth nâ dhoe, kulî nâ kare, jî :
- 250 Mîrâsî man mein kare bichâr, jî :  
 " Panchon sâton laron ko rahî sâm, jî ;  
 Ghar ko rahî thî sâm, jî."  
 Rangalâ dutârâ khûnde se utâr liâ Mîrâsî ke larke ne .  
 Chalâ shahr ko jâe, jî.
- 255 " Rânî Mârwan ne mujhe bhej dâ Narwargarh ko,  
 Us se kyâ dūngâ jâwâb, jî?"
- 240 A little she gave into her children's hands,  
 And all the remainder she ate up herself.  
 Wandering along she returned home.  
 She got out her painted spinning wheel,  
 And she got out a veil.
- 245 Putting on a long veil spake she (to her husband)  
 " I had rather be a widow than married to thee.  
 Spinning will I support myself:  
 And do thou support thy own sons."  
 He washed not his hands, he rinsed not his mouth ;
- 250 The Minstrel thought in his heart :  
 " She always supported the half-dozen sons :  
 She always supported the household."  
 The Minstrel took his painted fiddle from off the peg,  
 And went to the city, (saying to himself) .
- 255 " Princess Mârwan sent me to Nawargarh,  
 What shall I answer her now ?"

- Apne sochtâ Mîrâsî ke laṛke kâ,  
 Âp kahte kahe bāt, jî :  
 “ Nîche kar lûn sârangî kî târ, jî :  
 260 Nîche gâungâ âwâz, jî.”  
 Bârâh muṭhî kî târ chaṛhâ lîe, jî ;  
 Wahân pe pahunchî âwâz, jî.  
 Jab man men sochtâ Mîrâsî kâ laṛkâ ;  
 Man men soch bichâr :  
 265 “ Do mahînâ to bâniyon men guzâr dîn, Thâkur Prabhû  
 mere !  
 Do mahînâ guzâr dîn Sayyidân ke.  
 Main do mahînâ guzâr dîn Shekhon men, jî.  
 Chhah mahînâ batît karûn, sun, Thâkurjî mere  
 Jo Rânî Mârwan pâchhângî, Pingal kî betî,  
 270 Us se jaisâ kaisâ dîngâ jawâb, jî.”  
 Urd bazâr men âve Saṁwaliâ Mîrâsî kâ ;  
 Woh to mâre prem kî târ, jî.

- Thought the Minstrel to himself,  
 Consulting with himself:  
 “ I will tune my fiddle low,  
 260 And I will sing with a low voice.”  
 He strung a string of twelve ells,  
 And tuned his voice thereto.  
 Then thought the Minstrel to himself,  
 Thinking in his heart :  
 265 “ Two months will I spend with the merchants, O my  
 God, my Lord !  
 Two months will I spend with the Sayyids,  
 And two months will I spend with the Shekhs.  
 Six months will I sing, hear me, O my God,  
 And when Princess Mârwan, Pingal's daughter, asks me  
 questions  
 270 I will give her a suitable answer.”  
 So Saṁwaliâ the Minstrel went into the crowded market,  
 And he sang a song of love.

- Charhî mahil âpar ke dekhti Rânî Mârwan ;  
 Kharî sukhâwan kesh, jî.  
 275 Kân bulel bar gai Mîrâsî beṭe kî :  
 Paṛ gai kân bulel, jî.  
 Apnî bândî ko bulâkar bândî se karî jawâb :  
 “ Nau târ kâ koṛarâ tû le dast ke bîch, jî ;  
 Do châr korarâ mârke Mîrâsî ke beṭe ko.  
 280 Tum lâo mahil ke bîch, jî.”  
 Nau târ kâ koṛarâ bândî ne le lîe hâth meñ :  
 Woh to jâe Mîrâsî ke pās, jî :  
 “ Mahilon Rânî bulântî tujh ko, Mîrâsî ke larke !  
 Tujhe Rânî ne kar lîâ yâd, jî ! ”  
 285 Chupkâ chupkâ âge ho lîâ chalâ mahil ko jâe, jî ;  
 Kartâ Rânî se jawâhir, jî.  
 “ Bâveñ hâth tere kyâ parâ, Mîrâsî ke larke ?  
 Hâth dahine kyâ parâ, jî ?

- Mounting her palace (roof) Princess Mârwan was  
 looking (about her),  
 Standing drying her hair.  
 275 The song of the Minstrel caught her ear ;  
 His song caught her ear.  
 She called her maid and said to her :  
 “ Take a whip of nine thongs in thy hand,  
 And give the Minstrel three or four blows with it,  
 280 And bring him into the palace.”  
 The maid took a whip of nine thongs in her hand,  
 And went to the Minstrel, (and said) :  
 “ The Princess calls thee within the palace, Minstrel !  
 The Princess hath remembered thee ! ”  
 285 Silently and quietly he entered the palace  
 And saluted the Princess. (Said she) :  
 “ What lies at thy left hand, Minstrel ?  
 What lies at thy right hand ?



- Bâven bâth, Lâl Khân lakrî parâ, jî !  
 290 Dahine bâth sârâ, jî !  
 Lâl Khân lâkrî men pair de de, jî,  
 Tere piṇḍe par phirungî sâr."  
 " Lâl Khân lakrî main pair nâ dūn, Rânî Mârwan.  
 Mero piṇḍe par na sâr."  
 295 " Main to jānân thâ ādhî tiāhî pahunch giâ, jî.  
 Tū ne merî jîūrî ko lāyâ daregh, jî !"  
 Bole Mîrāsî, " Dastāvez mujhe likhâ de, jî.  
 Main to Ḍhol dūngâ dikhâe, jî."  
 Korâ sâ kâghaz mangâ lîâ, jî :  
 300 Baith chauhāre ke chhān meṇ, jî,  
 Likh dî dastāvez, jî.

*Dastāvez.*

" Chāhtâ joban yūn chāhâ, jūn Sānūn kî lor :

- At thy left hand lie the stocks !\*  
 290 At thy right hand a whip !  
 I will put thy feet into the stocks,  
 And flourish the whip over thy body."  
 " I will not let my feet into the stocks, Princess Mârwan,  
 Nor the whip upon my body."  
 295 " I thought that thou hadst reached a half or a third of  
 the way.  
 'Thou hast brought sorrow into my life !"  
 Said the Minstrel, " Write me a letter,  
 That I may show it to Ḍhol."  
 She sent for fair paper,  
 300 And sitting in the shade of the balcony,  
 She wrote a letter.

*Letter.*

" My youth was flourishing as flourish the clouds in  
 July.†

\* The stocks in India are always called " Lâl Khân's rods." I do not know why.

† The wettest month of the rains in India.

- Charhtâ joban main to gherâ, jûn gherâ mâli bâgh.  
 Dhultâ joban merâ yûn, jûn bâlû kâ rît.  
 305 Angan sūkhe bâjrâ, sun, Râjâ Dholâ :  
 Bhû meñ sūkhe jawâr, jî.  
 Rânî sūkhe pîû ke Dholâ sajan kî nâr !  
 Amb pakke, ras chû gaî, chûsanwâlê dûr !  
 Sûkhî gehûn kureh gaî, silâ baṭoro ân !  
 310 Chhân purânî ho gaî, khurkan lâgo bâns.  
 Hâth na dhoî, kulî na karî, tere ghar meñ zât kuzât :  
 P’ot gharâ, sir dâlar, sângar toran jâen !  
 Nau tûnk kî padmanî Itânîjî Mârwan :  
 Tolî phûlân de bhâr !  
 315 Patlî patlî kâmnî main Mârwan,  
 Khâûn dhûl chârûn, jî ! ”

Blooming youth encompassed me as a garden encompasseth the gardener.

Now my youth is declining as a wall of sand.

- 305 The millet is drying up in the yard ; hear, Râjâ Dhol,  
 The millet is drying up in the earth,  
 The Princess is pining for her love, the wife of Dhol  
 her husband !  
 The mango is ripe, its juice drips and the gatherer is  
 far !  
 The wheat has ripened, come and take the gleanings !  
 310 The thatch is growing old, the bamboos creak.  
 She washeth not her hands, she rinseth not her mouth,  
 that low woman in thy house :  
 Belly like a pitcher, head like a basket, she gathereth  
 strange fruit !  
 (But) a peerless beauty is Princess Mârwan,  
 Weighed beside flowers !  
 315 A slim and slender maid am I, thy Mârwan,  
 Eating but two and a half (grains of) rice ! ”

- Mârwan ne pâtfi likhî, " Sâjan sâjan merâ !"  
 Woh to de de Mîrâsî ke hâth, jî.  
 Âgârî âgârî kar liâ Sânwaliâ Mîrâsî kâ ;  
 320 Chalî shahr se jâe, jî.  
 Chal bâghoñ meñ âutâ Sânwaliâ Mîrâsî kâ.  
 Woh to chalâ chalâ jâe, jî ;  
 Âge to mil gaî Rewâ Mâlî kî.  
 Sâun ko bichârdâ Sânwaliâ Mîrâsî kâ.  
 325 Sir par khârî rakh dî Mâlî kî larkî :  
 Khârî meñ pâ rahî tarkârî.  
 Âsâ us ko lag rahî, jî.  
 Bhârî abkonî mil gaî Rewâ Mâlî kî.  
 " Jekar Rewâ mil gaî mujh ko Mâlî kî,  
 330 Main lâûn Dhol ko sâth, jî !"  
 Âgârî âgârî jaisâ âutâ Sânwaliâ Mîrâsî kâ ;

Mârwan wrote the letter, (saying), " O my love, my love !"

- She gave it into the Minstrel's hands,  
 And sent Sânwaliâ, the Minstrel, forward on his road ;  
 320 Going (back herself) from the city.  
 Sânwaliâ, the Minstrel, went into the garden.  
 Going on the road  
 He met Rewâ, the Gardener's daughter.\*  
 And Sânwaliâ, the Minstrel, bethought him of the omen.  
 325 The Gardener's daughter had her basket on her head,  
 And the basket was full of garden fruits.  
 'Then had he hope.  
 Rewâ, the Gardener's daughter, was (also) pregnant.  
 (Said he) ; " Since I have met with Rewâ, the Gardener's  
 daughter,  
 330 I will bring Dhol with me !"  
 As Sânwaliâ, the Minstrel, was going onwards,

\* The bard is here anticipating in the confusing way common to his class. Rewâ was the chief of Mârwan's maids. See below line 1043.

Âgarî to ghorewâlâ mil gîâ ghorê kâ sawâr :  
Woh to ðolâ le rahâ sâth, jî.

- 335 "Thâkur, mujh ko ghorewâlâ mil gîâ, jî :  
Main to lâûn Dhol ko sâth, jî."

Majilon majilon chal parâ Sânwaliâ Mîrâsî kâ ;  
Narwargarh ko jâe, jî.

- Sawâ sau kos pakke par â gîâ âve chaukî ke pâs, jî.  
Bole chaukîdâr ; kyâ kahe ? " Sun, râste kâ musâfir,  
340 Kahân se âyâ ? kahân ko chalâ ? Sun, râsto kâ musâfir."  
" Pingalgarh se â gîâ, sun, chauki ke sipâhî :  
Main Narwargarh ko jâûn, jî.  
Sânwaliâ merâ nâm hai, sun chauki ke sipâhî."  
Bolo sipâhî, " tujhe kyâ kahûn ? Sûn, Sânwaliâ Mîrâsî :  
345 Hamârî nagarî meû nâ baṛo, sun, Sânwaliâ Dâḍhî ke,

He met in the way a horseman on a horse,  
Taking a bride's palanquin with him.

- (Said he) : " O God, since I have met a horseman (thus),  
335 I will bring Dhol with me !"

Stage by stage Sânwaliâ, the Minstrel, went on,  
And went to Narwargarh.

Going 125 kos on the metalled road\* he came to a  
guard.

Said the guard ; what said he ? " Hear, traveller on  
the road,

- 340 Whence comest thou ? Whither goest ? Hear, traveller  
on the road."

" I am come from Pingalgarh, hear, keeper of the guard,  
And I go to Narwargarh.

Sânwaliâ is my name, hear, keeper of the guard."

Said the guard, " What shall I tell thee ? Hear, thou  
Minstrel Sânwaliâ :

- 345 Enter not into our city ; hear, thou Minstrel Sânwaliâ,

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\* Observe this very modern expression.

- Nagar meñ nā baṛiye māl, jī.”  
 Devī Sārdā manā līe Sāñwaliā Mīrāsī ne :  
 Is ne ablā kar lī sār, jī.  
 Dharke ragṛā lagā dīā Sāñwaliā Mīrāsī ne ;  
 350. Sākā dīā banāe, jī.  
 “ Mardān ke, piyālā pī lo, jī :  
 Thorī thorī chuskarī le lo, jī.”  
 Woh sipāhī labar goṭe rāste ke basnewāle :  
 Bhar bhar piyālā pilā dīe Sāñwaliā Dādhī ne.  
 355 Charas kā sulfā pilā dīā Sāñwaliā Dādhī ne.  
 Sulfā kū pinā amal ho gīā sipāhī ko :  
 Nashe meñ ho gae chor, jī.  
 Chhātī pe pair rakhke lakh gīā Sāñwaliā Dādhī ne,  
 Narwargarh ke mān, jī.  
 360 Narwargarh meñ baṛ gīā Sāñwaliā Dādhī kā.  
 Sāñj paṛī, dīn dhul gīā, dhan kā lagā bhīr, jī.

- Go not into the city at all !”  
 Sāñwaliā, the Minstrel, called on Devī and Sārdā :  
 This did he first.  
 Then ground he (the *bhang*), did Sāñwaliā, the Minstrel.  
 350 And he made it thick (and said) :  
 “ My braves, drink a cup :  
 Take each a little sip.”  
 The guard were stout swaggerers on the high road,  
 And Sāñwaliā, the Minstrel, gave them a full cup each.  
 355 Sāñwaliā, the Minstrel, gave them each a cup of *bhang*.  
 Drinking of the cup overcame the guard,  
 And they were shamefully drunk.  
 Putting his feet on their breasts Sāñwaliā, the Minstrel,  
 went on  
 Into Narwargarh.  
 360 Sāñwaliā, the Minstrel, entered Narwargarh.  
 It was evening as the day declined and the cattle began  
 to collect,

- Chalke Siryâ Kumbhârî ke bâr meñ â gîâ, jî.  
 "Âj kî rain bisrâm de, nagar kî rî Kumbhârî :  
 Bhulke ko ðere kûnch, jî."
- 365 "Par jâ gadhân kî dahlez meñ, terî wârî jâwân, musâfir."  
 Âsârñ Jeth ke samân hûl. "Merî nagar kî Kumbhârî,  
 Tale se bharâ mâre, mere Thâkurjî;  
 Upar se khâegî kharsâ, jî.  
 Changî jagâ batâ de, nagar kî Kumbhârî."
- 370 "Charh jâ is purâsâl par, wârî jâwân, musâfir."  
 Charh gîâ purâsâl par Sânwaliâ Dâdhî kâ :  
 Sahîh sânj rahâ so, jî.  
 Adhî râť garhtâl bajî Râjâ Dhol kî ;  
 Chalâ bâhr jangal ke shikâr, jî.
- 375 Rangalâ dutârâ sañwârtâ Sânwaliâ Dâdhî kâ.  
 Bolc Mîrâsî ; kyâ kahe ?

- And going on he came to the door of Siryâ, the Potter's wife, (and said) : ♣  
 "Give me a night's rest, O Potter's wife of the city,  
 In the morning I make a march."
- 365 "Lie down in the asses' stall, I am thy sacrifice, O wayfarer."  
 It was the season of May and June\* (and he said) : "My Potter's wife of the city,  
 The smell arises from beneath, by my God !  
 And the heat destroys me from above.  
 Show me some better place, O Potter's wife of the city."
- 370 "Come up these stairs, I am thy sacrifice, O wayfarer."  
 Sânwaliâ, the Minstrel, went up the stairs,  
 And slept (there) the early evening.  
 At midnight were sounded the gongs of Râjâ Dhol,  
 As he went without for sport in the forests.
- 375 Sânwaliâ, the Minstrel, took out his painted fiddle.  
 Sang the Minstrel : what sang he ?

\* The hottest time of the year.

*Râgnî.*

- “Sun Govind, Govind merâ !  
 Is Mârwan ne pâti likhî, sun, Nal Râjâ ke Dhol,  
 Baith chauhâre kî chhâûn, jî.  
 380 Ânsû gerî mor sî, dhar mashtak par hâth :  
 ‘Âwan âwan kar rahâ lâ dîe bârah mās !’  
 Chhân purâni ho gal, khurkan lâge bân̄s !  
 Kyâ tere kâghaz gal gae ? kyâ siyâhî kî ūchh ?  
 Rânî ko bharosâ tere nâm kâ, tere nâm kî ot !  
 385 Mârwan mârân jog, kâtan jog karîr :  
 Bayân chûrî jog hain, pahine jog sarîr !  
 Angan sūkhe bājra : bhôû sūkhe jawâr !  
 Rânî sūkhe pîû ke, Dhol sâjan kî nâr !  
 Hâth nâ dhoe, kulî na karî, jî,

*Song.*

- “Hear me, O my God, my God !  
 Mârwan hath written a letter, hear me, Dhol, son of Râjâ  
 Nal,  
 Sitting in the shade of the balcony.  
 380 The peacock-formed shed tears and put her hand to her  
 head (saying) :  
 ‘He both been twelve months in coming, coming !’  
 The thatch hath waxed old, and bamboos are cracking !  
 Hath thy paper rotted ? Hast thou lack of ink ?  
 The Princess hath faith in thee, hath confidence in thy  
 name.  
 385 Mârwan is losing her beauty, suffering as the acacia.\*  
 Her bracelets become her arms, her body becomes the  
 keeper !  
 The millet is drying up in the yard, the millet is drying  
 up in the earth !  
 The Princess pineth for her love, the wife of Dhol her  
 husband !  
 She washeth not her hands, she rinseth not her mouth,

\* This particular tree grows in the deserts only, as a rule. See line  
 632 below.

390 Ghar men zât kuzât !

Moṭī pīnī, zāng bal, sālgar toran jāin !”

Itnī bāt jab sun le Rānī Sammījī Kachhwāhī,

Dil men soch bichāre, jī :

“ Jis Mīrāsī kī sifāt sunōn thī,

395 Prabhū, Prabhū merā, jī !

Woh to ā gīā nagar ke mān, jī !”

Zanānā bhes utārtī Sammījī Kachhwāhī,

Kar līā mardānā bhes, jī.

Nau tār kā korara līā hāth ke bīch :

400 Chal Siryā Kumhārī ke āvo, jī.

“ Rāt ke chor batā de, jis ne rātoṅ ko pâyā kharāt :

Kūnch kī sūlī de dūngī, jī !

Rātoṅ pâyā kharāt Rājā Dhol ke ānkh na lage, jī !”

“ Sānj ke wakt mujh ko yeh to namānā dekhe thā, jī.

390 That low woman in thy house !

Stout of belly, fat of thigh, the gatherer of wild fruit !”

When Queen Sammī the Kachhwāhī heard these words,  
She thought in her heart :

“ The Minstrel whose praises I had heard,

395 O my God, my God !

Hath come into the city !”

Sammi, the Kachhwāhī, put off her women's clothes,

And put on men's clothes.

She took a whip of nine thongs in her hand.

400 And went to Siryā, the Potter's wife, (and said) :

“ That thief of the night, who made a noise in the night,  
I will have him hanged (at once) !

Owing to the noise in the night Rājā Dhol never closed  
his eyes !”

(Said the Potter's wife) ; “ In the evening he seemed to  
me to be quiet enough.



- 405 Charh jā us purāśal par nagar dalichā\* linā dekh  
 Kān būchke par rahā Mīrāsī kā, jī."  
 Woh to sipāhī ūpar charh gīā, jī:  
 Ṭhokar mārke ūṭhā dīā sote musāfir ko.  
 "Rāton tū ne shor machāyā, musāfir chitrā, jī:  
 410 Rājā Dhol ke ānkh nā lage, jī.  
 Kūnch kī sūlī tayyār kare, musāfir chitrā, jī:  
 Tū to ho le mere sāth, jī."  
 "Aisī taisī meṅ gaī Mārwan, jī,  
 Ūpar se gayā Rājā Dhol, jī!  
 415 Merī jān bachā le, sipāhī sājan, jī:  
 Mujh ko denā chhor, jī."  
 Jab sipāhī boltā, "tū sun, musāfir, bāt, jī,  
 Mujhe gūnṭh-girā dīkhā de, musāfir jī:  
 Mujhe paisā dhelā denā, de, jī."  
 420 Do asharfī nikāltā Mīrāsī, jī;  
 Woh de dīe sipāhī ko, jī.

- 405 Go up the ladder and take a look over the city lanes,  
 And see where the Minstrel is squatting."  
 The (sham) soldier went up  
 And kicked up the sleeping traveller, (and said):  
 "Thou didst make a noise in the night, my fine traveller,  
 410 And Rājā Dhol never closed his eyes.  
 He is getting ready a halter (for thee), my fine traveller:  
 Follow thou me."  
 (Said the Minstrel): "Perdition fall on Princess Mārwan,  
 And after her on Rājā Dhol!  
 415 Save thou my life, friendly soldier,  
 And let me go."  
 Then said the (sham) soldier, "Traveller, hear my words,  
 Show me thy pocket:  
 And thou must give me some cash."  
 420 The Minstrel took out two gold pieces  
 And gave them to the (sham) soldier.

- Do asharfî le leñ musâfir se, jî,  
 Dîâ darwâzâ se nikâl, jî.  
 Bole sipâhî, " musâfir, jî,  
 425 Tû sun bhâî bintî, jî,  
 Yehân se tû bhâg jâ, jî :  
 Pichhâ phirke mat dekhnâ, mere sâjan, jî."

- Âgârf âgârf chal parâ Mîrâsî :  
 Devî lî thî manâe, jî.  
 430 " Mere chitrâ, mere sâjan ho, jî :  
 Rangalâ dutârâ utârtâ, mere chitrâ, jî."  
 Woh to Rangalâ dutârâ bajâe, jî :  
 " Âyâ thâ âsâ karke is nagar meñ, jî ;  
 Ab chalâ nirâsâ ho, jî !"  
 435 Râjâ Dhol chalâ âvo thâ, jî.  
 Us kî âwâz Dhol ne sun lî, jî.  
 " Jaunsî bât tû to gâtâ âve thâ, jî,

- Taking two gold pieces from the traveller  
 He put him out of the gate.  
 Said the (sham) soldier, " Traveller,  
 425 Hear thou my words.  
 Run thou away from here,  
 Without even looking back, my friend."
- The Minstrel went onwards,  
 And invoked Devî.  
 430 (Said she) :\* " My wise one, my beloved one,  
 Take out the painted fiddle, my wise one."  
 He played on his painted fiddle, (and sang) :  
 " With hope came I into this city,  
 Without hope do I leave it !"  
 435 Râjâ Dhol was passing  
 And he heard his song. (Said he) :  
 " What thou wast singing on thy way

\* i.e., the Goddess.

- Wahî mujhe gâke sunâ de, jî.  
 Tujhe parâî kyâ parî, mere chitrâ, jî ?”  
 440 “Ghorêwâlâ, tujhe apne kâam se kâam, jî.”  
 “Terâ dohrâ mere man basâ, mujhe dohrâ deîye sunâe,  
 jî.”  
 “Âyâ thâ âsâ karke is nagar mân, jî :  
 Chalâ main nirâsâ ho, jî.”  
 Bahân pakarke piche bîhlâ lîâ, ab chalâ mahil ko jâe, jî.  
 445 Dekh Mirâsî ko Rânî man meñ sochî, jî.  
 Ghorâ bândh Râjâ gurşâl meñ chalâ mahil ko jâe :  
 Chalâ mahil ko âve : chalâ mahil ko jâe, jî.  
 Bole Râjâ Dhol, “Merî Rânî, jî,  
 Is ko palang denâ bichhâe, jî.  
 450 Change bhojan jimâ deîyo, merî Rânî ho.  
 Is ko khûb karwâo ashnân, jî.”  
 Sunke Rânî ne palang toshak lî bichhâe, jî :

- Do thou sing to me.  
 Why sing for another, my wise one ?”  
 440 “Horseman, mind thine own affairs.”  
 “Thy song hath sunk into my heart, do thou sing to  
 me.”  
 “With hope came I into this city,  
 Without hope do I leave it !”  
 (The horseman) seized him by the arm, sat him behind  
 him and took him to the palace.  
 445 Seeing the Minstrel the Queen thought in her heart.  
 The Râjâ fastened the horse in the stable and went into  
 the palace :  
 Went into the palace : went into the palace.  
 Said Râjâ Dhol : “My Queen,  
 Make a bed for him ;  
 450 And give him good fare, my Queen,  
 And bathe him well.”  
 Hearing this the Queen prepared a bed,

- Chandan chaukî bichhâ dië, jî :  
 Dahî phulel mangâyâ ho, jî.  
 455 Ang mal mal nahântâ woh Mirâsî ;  
 Le Allah kâ nâm, jî.  
 Râni Mârwan kî poshâk thî, jî,  
 Woh to pahinî Mirâsî ne, jî.  
 Dhât ser âtâ chhole kâ Râni ne gundûr liâ :  
 460 Sawâ sawâ ser kî do roṭî pakwâî, jî.  
 Chutkâ dhar kalar nûn kâ, do ghaṭhe pyâz ke, jî :  
 Chanke ke nîche khaskâ diâ, jî.  
 Râni ne Mirâsî se karo jawâb, jî :  
 " Bhojan lâûn to jîm le, jî."  
 465 Torke ṭukrâ mukh meñ pâyâ, jî.  
 Mukh meñ giâ phûl, jî : ghaṭhe kî par gaî chhînt, jî.  
 Ghaṭhâ khânâ ronâ : palkoñ se bahe nîr, jî.  
 Sammî Kachhwâhî bolî, " Bhojan pâve kyûn rove hai, jî ?

- And placed a sandal-wood stool,  
 And sent for curds and cosmetics.  
 455 The Minstrel anointed his body and bathed.  
 And called on God !\*  
 The robes that were Princess Mârwan's  
 The Minstrel put on.  
 The Queen kneaded two and a half *sers* of flour  
 460 And made loaves of one and a quarter *sers* each.  
 She sprinkled salt over them and put in two onions,  
 And took them out of the hearth.  
 Said the Queen to the Minstrel :  
 " I bring the food, eat it."  
 465 He broke a piece and put it into his mouth.  
 It swelled in his mouth and the onion spirted.  
 To eat onions is to weep : the tears flowed from his eyes.  
 Said Sammî the Kachhwâhâ, " Having got thy food  
 why weepest ?

\* He is described as a Hindû up to this, and now we have *Allah* for God !

- Man ke bhed batâ de, jî !”
- 470 Mîrâsî kâ betâ bole, “ Râñî, jî,  
 Bhojan hî Bhagwân hai, merî Râñî, jî.  
 Bhojan ko nahîn rotâ, sun, jî chitrâ merî.  
 Main to rotâ Mârwan ke bhâg ko, jî.  
 Sangaldîp kî padmanî merî Râñî, toî phûlân kî bhâr, jî.
- 475 Patlî patlî kâmnî khâve dhâtî chânwal, jî.  
 Bârâh Khân kâ Râjâ Dhol hai, pake bârâh khân.  
 Main bârâh khân kî sifat sunon thâ, dekhi ik hî khân.  
 Râñî Mârwan se nâ jîmâ jâe, Thâkur, Thâkur merâ :  
 Yeh to bhojan âve jîmâ na jâe, jî !”
- 480 Pânch châr tukre tortâ Mîrâsî kâ,  
 Khesh men lie pâe, jî.  
 Khaskhas ke bangalâ men âutâ woh to chitrâ, jî :

- Tell me the secrets of thy heart ?”
- 470 Said the Minstrel, “ O Queen,  
 Food is indeed God,\* my Queen.  
 I weep not over my food ; hear, my wise lady,  
 I weep for Mârwan’s fate.  
 My Princess, the beauty of Sangaldîp is weighed  
 against flowers.
- 475 A slim and slender maiden she, eating two and a half  
 (grains of) rice.  
 Râjâ Dhol, (the Lord) of twelve Lords, is eating twelve  
 (kinds of) food.  
 I heard the praises of these twelve kinds of food, and I  
 see but one.  
 Princess Mârwan will never eat this, my God, my God :  
 She will never eat *this* food !”
- 480 The Minstrel broke off four or five pieces,  
 And put them into his dress.  
 The wise one went into the thatched house,

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\* See above line 210.

- Râjâ se jâkar kare jawâhir, jî :  
 Gode se godâ milâ diâ, jî.  
 485 Khesb men hâth pâ liâ Mîrâsî :  
 Woh tukre kâdhke Râjâ ke sâmhne rakh diê, jî :  
 "Sûtak kî padmanî Rânî Mârwan, jî :  
 Woh to tole phûlân kî bhâr, jî.  
 Patlî patlî Rânî Mârwan merî châtâr ho :  
 490 Woh khâvo dhâî chânwâl, jî.  
 Bârâh Khân kâ Râjâ Dhol thâ, jî ;  
 Pakke bârâh khân, jî.  
 Main to sîfat sunon thâ, jî :  
 Main to dekh ik hî khân, jî !  
 495 Yeh bhojan Rânî Mârwan se, jî :  
 Us se jimâ na jâe, jî !"  
 Dastâvez de diê Mîrâsî ke lapke ne.  
 Dastâvez dekhke sarîsar bânchtâ, jî.  
 Ho dilgîr mahilon ko chal parâ, jî.
- 

- And saluted the Râjâ,  
 And sat down beside him.  
 485 The Minstrel put his hand into his dress  
 And taking out the pieces laid them before the Râjâ,  
 (and said) :  
 "Princess Mârwan is a peerless beauty,  
 Weighed against flowers.  
 A slim and slender (maid) is my wise Princess Mârwan,  
 490 Eating but two and a half (grains of) rice.  
 Râjâ Dhol (is Lord) of twelve Lords,  
 And eats twelve kinds of food.  
 I heard their praises,  
 But I see only one !  
 495 This food the Princess Mârwan  
 Will never eat !"  
 The Minstrel gave him the letter.  
 He read the letter rapidly  
 And being sorrowful he went into the palace.

- 500 Ave mahil ke mân, jî :  
 Âke palang par let, jî : rahâ palang par let, jî.  
 Sammî Kachhwâhî boltî, " Sun Râjâ Dholâ, jî,  
 Boltâ kyûn nahîn hai, jî ?  
 Kyûn tû dî hai pîth, jî ?
- 505 Kyûn nashtar khode bhînt, jî ?  
 Kaunsî Rânî tere chit basî ? Kaunsî dî utâr, jî ?"  
 " Nâ main detî pîrhî, merî Rânî ho :  
 Nâ main nashtar khod, jî.  
 Rânî Mârwan chit basî, Sammî dî basâr, jî."
- 510 Boli Sammî : kyâ kahe ? " Mere Râjâ chitrâ ho,  
 Kuen men kankar dahî, rang men dahî majit, jî !  
 Sej charhâ bâlam dahî, mere chitrâ ho ;  
 De de sove pîth, jî."  
 Bole Dhol Râjâ, " Sun, Rânî meri,
- 500 He went into the palace,  
 And laid him on his bed ; laid him on his bed.  
 Said Sammî, the Kachhwâhâ, " Hear, Râjâ Dhol,  
 Why speakest not ?  
 Why turnest thy back on me ?
- 505 Why makest scratches with thy nails ?\*  
 What lady hath entered thy heart ? Whom dost thou  
 discharge ?"  
 " I am not turning my back on thee, my Queen,  
 And I am not scratching with my nails.  
 Princess Mârwan hath entered my heart and Sammî do  
 I discharge."
- 510 Said Sammî : what said she ? " My wise Râjâ,  
 Stones are thrown into the well and madder into the  
 paint. .  
 Thou dost enjoy thy bed, O my wise (husband),  
 Turn thy back and sleep."  
 Said Râjâ Dhol, " Hear, my Queen,

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\* To lie on an old bed and scratch the ground with the nails is a common Panjâbî way of showing great sorrow.

- 515 Hath nâ dhoe, kuli nâ kari, meri Sammijî Kachhwâhi !  
 Mere ghar meñ hai zât kuzât !  
 Moñ pinî tere zâng par, Sammî, hai, Kachhwâhi :  
 Tere tak mandherî ho jâe, jî !  
 Nau tâng kî padmanî woh to Râni haigi Mârwan : .
- 520 Tole phûlân ke bhâr, jî.  
 Patlî patlî kâmnî khâve dhâi châñwal, jî.  
 [Lambî badhî kyâ hove ? Lambî badhî khajûr, jî :  
 Charhe jo meve châkh le, gir jâe chiknâ-chûr :  
 Pâñchhî chhâñû nâ baithî, phal lagte hain dûr.]
- 525 Peñ garhâ, sir dâlî, merî sâjan ho !  
 Sâgar toran jâeñ, jî !”
- Barî fajar pahrâ nûr kâ, jî :  
 Chal hâthion pe âve, jî.

- 515 Thou dost not wash thy hands, nor rinse thy mouth, my  
 Sammî, thou Kachhwâhî !  
 My wife is a low woman !  
 Fat is thy belly above thy thighs, O Sammî, thou  
 Kachhwâhî.  
 And thy stature is short !  
 Princess Mârwan is a peerless beauty,
- 520 Weighed against flowers.  
 A slim and slender maid, eating two and a half grains of  
 rice.  
 [What is a tall thing ? A tall thing is the date palm :  
 Who climbs will eat the fruit, who falls will become as  
 dust.  
 Birds sit not in its shade, and its fruit is up on high.]\*
- 525 Thy belly is a pitcher, thy head a basket, my dear !  
 Thou gatherest strange fruit !”

It was early morn at the hour of dawn,  
 When (Râjâ Dhol) went to his elephants.

\* This is evidently some well-known saying. It has no connection with the text and is in a different metre.



- Sat Jug sachâ parâ birt dâ, mere Thâkur, jî !  
 530 Tan man karen jawâb, jî.  
 "Tîn sau sâth kos se Pingal ke betî Mârwan :  
 Mujhe Rânî milan kâ jog, jî."  
 • Hâthî the Balkh Bukhâre ke khare râtab khâven.  
 Dholâ dhanî amâe, "Mujhe Rânî milan kâ jog."  
 585 "Kas-kas bândho ambârîân, Râjâ Dholâ, jî.  
 Mâthâ bandî sândhûr ke, Râjâ ke Dhol.  
 Garh koṭ denge tor, jî."  
 Bole Dhol, "Tum kyâ kaho, hâthîon ke mahânto ?  
 Langar beṛe in ke kâṭ do, jî :  
 540 Bahir khokre bajâo bâns, jî :  
 Tavele se un ko kâṭh do, jî.  
 In merâ kahnuâ na mânâ, jî."

- It was in the days of the Golden Age, my God,  
 530 When body and soul could speak.  
 (Said he to them), "Mârwan Pingal's daughter is 360  
 kos hence,  
 Take me to the Princess."  
 The elephants were of Balkh and Bukhâra\* and were  
 eating their food.  
 Said the comely Dhol, "I long to meet the Princess."  
 535 (Said their driver) : "Put on the saddles, O Râjâ Dhol,  
 And the vermilion spot on their foreheads, Râjâ Dhol.  
 And we will break down thy forts."†  
 Said Dhol, "What are ye saying ? O drivers of the ele-  
 phants,  
 Take off their chains and fetters  
 540 And sounding hollow bamboos behind them,  
 Turn them out of the stable.  
 They have not obeyed my words."

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\* A vague figure of speech, meaning valuable. Elephants, of course, do not come from these places.

† i.e., they refused to go.

- Dûsrî pherî phirke antâ Nal Râjâ kâ betâ :  
 Woh âve karhân ke pâs, jî.
- 545 "Araz suno merî bintî, bhâî karhâ piyâro,  
 Tum kharî rât khâen, jî.  
 Pingalgarh men Rânî Mârwan Râjâ Pingal kî betî.  
 Mujhe Rânî milan kâ jog, jî.  
 Tîn sau sâth kos base Rânî Mârwan :
- 550 Mujhe Rânî do milâe, jî."  
 Bole karhâ, "Tujhe kyâ kahen Nal Râjâ ke Dholâ ?  
 Kas-kas band lo pûtalân, jî.  
 Salâtâ do ladâe, jî.  
 Gin gin de do muhârîân chalenge sâre tîn kos, jî."
- 555 "Morî yakkâ tum kâdh lo, ûnton ke sarwânôn :  
 In ke bajâ do kokhre bâns :  
 Thân se bâhir in ko kâdh do, jî."  
 Ho dilgîr chalke âwandâ Râjâ Nal kâ betâ :

- Next the son of Râjâ Nal  
 Came to the camels.
- 545 "Hear my prayer, my beloved camels,  
 Ye spend an easy time.  
 In Pingalgarh is Princess Mârwan, daughter of Râjâ  
 Pingal;  
 I long to meet the Princess.  
 Princess Mârwan dwells 360 kos hence ;
- 550 Take me to the Princess."  
 Said the camels, "What shall we say to thee, Dhol,  
 thou son of Nal ?  
 Fasten on our saddles,  
 And put on the saddle-cloths :  
 Give us two cakes each and we will go 3½ kos."
- 555 "O camel-riders, take off their headstalls,  
 And beat hollow bambops at them  
 And turn them out of the paddock."  
 Sorrowfully the son of Râjâ Nal went on,

- Raste men' karhâ karhâ thâ Mârwan ke ghar kâ.  
 560 Râjâ se kare jawâb, jî :  
 " Ghûngrû kyûn lîe haiñ hâth, jî ?  
 Kyûn lî hâthon lâj jî ?"  
 " Kis gal bândhûn ghûngrû, meri Bhabûlî karhâ ?  
 Kis gal bândhûn lâj, jî ?"  
 565 " Mere gal bândho ghûngrû, jî :  
 Mere gal bândho lâj, jî."  
 " Tin tângon kâ pûngrâ kyûnkar pahunchûn jâe ?"  
 " Tin tângân mat jânîye charon deñ milâe !"  
 Bole Dhol, " Sun, Bhabûlî karhâ, jî,  
 570 Nishânî pattâ mujhe lâke de dikhâe, jî."  
 " Pahlâ pahrâ rain kâ main Pingalgarh kî karûn sair :  
 Dûjâ pahrâ rain kâ char lûn nâgar-bel, jî :

- And on the road was a camel belonging to Princess  
 —Mârwan,  
 560 That spake to Râjâ (Dhol) :  
 " Why hast bells in thy hand ?  
 Why hast thou a string ?"  
 " On whose neck shall I bind the bells, my camel  
 Bhabûlî ?  
 On whose neck shall I bind the string ?"  
 565 " Bind the bells on my neck,  
 And bind the string on me."  
 " But how can I reach her on one that is lame on three  
 legs ?"  
 " Hold them not to be three legs, they are as good as  
 four !"  
 Said Dhol, " Hear, thou camel Bhabûlî,  
 570 Go and bring me the proofs of her."  
 (Said the camel), " In the first watch of the night  
 I wander over Pingalgarh ;  
 In the second watch of the night I will graze on the  
 betel bed :

- Tījā pahrā rain kâ pī lūn sarwar nīr, jī :  
 Chauthā pahrā rain kâ kar lūn Narwargarh ki sair.”
- 575 Bole Dhol, “ Bhabūli karhā, jī,  
 Mujhe nishāni pattā de lāe, jī.”  
 Sunke Rājā ki bāt ko karhā kare jawāb :  
 “ Bāndh kajāwe tīṇḍī lād do, jī : ”  
 Bāndh kajāwe tīṇḍī lād de, andhā diā biṭhāe.
- 580 Pahilā pahrā rain kâ Pingalgarh kar lī sair :  
 Dūjā pahrā rain kâ bāghon char lī nāgar-bel.  
 Bole karhā, “ Sun, bhāi andhe hāfiz,  
 Tū sūt le nāgar-bel, jī :  
 Sūt kajāwe pūr le, bhāi andhe hāfiz.”
- 585 Tījā pahrā rain kâ pī liā sarwar nīr, jī.

- In the third watch of the night I will drink of the lake:  
 In the fourth watch of the night I will wander over  
 Narwargarh.”
- 575 Said Dhol, “ Bhabūli, thou camel,  
 Bring me the proofs of her.”  
 Hearing the words of the Rājā, said the camel :  
 “ Fasten on the boxes, load up the pots.”\*  
 He fastened on the boxes and loaded up the pots and  
 sat a blind man (on the camel's back).
- 580 In the first watch of the night (the camel) wandered over  
 Pingalgarh :  
 In the second watch of the night he grazed on the betel  
 bed.  
 Said the camel, “ Hear, friend blind-man,  
 Take slips of the betel plant :  
 Fill the boxes with slips of the betel plant, friend blind-  
 man.”
- 585 In the third watch of the night he drank of the lake.

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\* i.e., for the betel plants and the water he would bring to prove he  
 had been to Pingalgarh

Dharke ghotâ lagâ diâ, us ko kudrat dîe dikhâe, jî.  
 Jab hâfiz se samjhâutâ woh Bhabûli karhâ :  
 "Tujhe kudrat di dikhâe ! Dikhâyâ Pingal kâ des!"  
 Bole hâfiz, kyâ kahe ? "Tû ne mujhe râton kîâ kharâb !  
 590 • Ulte-pulte ghotâ mârke tîṇḍân le pûr, jî !"   
 Hâfiz waise andhâ ho giâ, châtâr jî !  
 Chauthâ pahrâ rain kâ, Thâkur Thâkur merâ,  
 Â giâ Narwargarh ke mân, jî.

Barî fajar pahrâ nûr kâ Râjâ âyâ karhâ ke pâs :  
 595 Man apne moñ sochtâ Râjâ Nal kâ Dholâ.  
 Jahân karhe ko chhor giâ thâ, dekhâ us hî ṭhaur.  
 Chulke karhâ pâs âwandâ Râjâ kâ betâ ;

He dipped into the water and showed his (miraculous)  
 power,  
 Then said Bhabûli the camel to the blind man.  
 "I show thee my power and show thee the land of  
 Pingal !"\*  
 Said the blind man ; what said he ? "Thou hast spoilt  
 my night !  
 590 Dipping into the water thou hast filled the pots !"  
 The blind man at once went as blind as before, my  
 friend.†  
 In the fourth watch of the night, my God, my God,  
 He came to Narwargarh.

In the early morn at the hour of dawn came Râjâ  
 (Dhol) to the camel,  
 595 Thinking in his heart was Dhol the son of Nal,  
 He went to see the place where the camel had been  
 fastened.  
 The Râjâ (Dhol) went up to the camel ;

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\* Reference to the common superstition that a dip in sacred water  
 will cure blindness.

† For his ingratitude.

- Âve karhâ ke pās, jī.  
 “ Nishānī pattā dikhāe de, mere Bhabūlī karhâ :  
 600 Mujhe pattā nishānī de dikhāe !”  
 Bole Bhabūlī karhâ, “ Sun, Rājā, merī bāt,  
 Hāfiz andhe ko le pūchh, jī.”  
 Bole hāfiz, “ is ne kiā mujhe rāton ko kharāb,  
 Is Bhabūlī karhâ ne, jī.”  
 605 Baith nishānī Rājā ko dikhāntā Bhabūlī karhâ.  
 Nāgar-bel dekh lī Rājā Dholā ne, aur dekh līā nīr  
 Bole Rājā Dhol, karhâ se kare jawāb :  
 “ Narwargarh se Pingalgarh kī tayyārī kar lo, jī.”  
 Bole karhâ, kyā kahe, jī ? “ Sun, Rājā Nal ke bete,  
 610 Merī sun le tū bāt, jī ;  
 Hārā thakā main ā gīā, jī, suu Rājā Dholā.  
 Merā hār dehyo utār, jī.  
 Apnā ilāj main āp batā dūn, jī.

- Went up to the camel (and said) :  
 “ Show me the proofs, Bhabūlī, my camel,  
 600 Show me the proofs !”  
 Said Bhabūlī the camel, “ Rājā, hear my words  
 Ask the blind man.”  
 Said the blind man, “ he spoilt my night,  
 Did this camel Bhabūlī.”  
 605 Bhabūlī the camel sat down and showed the Rājā the  
 proofs  
 Rājā Dhol saw the betel plants and he saw the water.  
 Spake Rājā Dhol to the camel :  
 “ Get ready (to go) to Pingalgarh from Narwargarh.”  
 Said the camel, what said he ? “ Hear, son of Rājā  
 Nal,  
 610 Hear my words,  
 Sore and tired have I come, hear me, Rājā Dhol.  
 Take off my halter.  
 I tell the way to cure me myself.

- Haldī dūdhī mujhe pilā dīye, khāṇḍ de de ghol.  
 615 Sarwar tāl meṇ nhalā deḷyo mujhe, Nal Rājā kā beṭe :  
 Mujhe nhalā deḷyo pandrāh din, jī.  
 Sachī motṭōṇ kī jhūl bane, jī, mere chitrā, jī.  
 • Morī yakkā banwāīye, jī, mere sājan, jī.”  
 Karhā kī banāt banā dīe, jī :  
 620 Kar dīe solāh singār, jī.  
 Hīre pane sakht pūnchhar ke lage, jī :  
 [Lālōṇ jaṛī kumān, jī.]  
 Dūdh pilā de, khilāveṇ chāsni, jī.  
 Karhā rātab khāe, jī.  
 625 Rānī Sammī par khabar hūī, mere chitrā :  
 “ Karhā kī hūī tayyārī, jī.  
 Rājā jāvegā Pingal des, jī.”  
 Battīs abran sārī woh to Sammījī Kachhwāhī :  
 Lagā dīe solāh singār, jī.

- Give me turmeric and milk mixed with sugar :  
 615 And bathe me in the lake, thou son of Rājā Nal.  
 Bathe me for fifteen days.  
 Make me a cloth of real pearls, my wise one,  
 And a strong head-stall, my friend.”  
 He made the camel's clothing  
 620 And he covered him with the 16 ornaments.\*  
 He set diamonds and gems on his crupper.  
 [And the bow was set with jewels].†  
 He gave him milk and the finest bread,  
 And the camel ate his food.  
 625 Queen Sammī had news, my wise one,  
 That the camel was being got ready,  
 For the Rājā to go to Pingal land.  
 Sammī, the Kachhwāhā, decked herself in the 32 kinds  
 of jewels,‡  
 And the 16 ornaments.

\* See Vol. I., p. 443.

† A well-known line brought in for show merely.

‡ See line 620.

- 630 Māṅ bharī thī sindhūr kī, bāl bāl motī pawe, jī.  
 Sālū pahine Dakhañī, chālī karhā ke pās, jī.  
 "Chhātūn men bāndhūn karer kī; chārūn nāgar-bel ko."  
 "Nāgar-bel terī āj charūn, jī :  
 Merā wahī roz kā jaṇḍ karer :
- 635 Pāñī pītūn gāndlā, jī :  
 Chhīkarh dā karh khātūn, jī."  
 "Hath joṛ bintī karūn, mere Bhabūlī karhā :  
 Tere naubar lāgūn pair, jī.  
 Jis wakt Dhol ko chāhe, mere karhā, jī :
- 640 Us wakt de de jawāb, jī."  
 "Bachan Dhol ko maiñ dīe, sun, Sammī rī Kachhwāhī :  
 Maiñ to us ko le jāūn sāth jī."  
 "Hāth joṛ kare bintī, tū to Kanth Kanth kar le :
- 630 She put on the vermilion spot,\* and put pearls into her hair.  
 She put on Dakhañī kerchief, and went to the camel.  
 (and said) :  
 "I will tie thee under the shade of the acacia†; I will graze thee in the betel bed."  
 "I graze thy betel bed daily,  
 Daily (I stand under) the acacia.
- 635 Filthy is the water I got,  
 And refuse is my food."  
 "I join my hands, Bhabūlī, my camel,  
 And lay my head at thy feet.  
 When Dhol desireth thee, my camel,
- 640 Do thou refuse him."  
 "I gave my word to Dhol, O Sammī, thou Kachhwāhā,  
 And I will take him with me."  
 "With joined hands I pray thee, I make thee my Lord,  
 my Lord :

\* The sign of a married woman

† This tree is much valued for its shade in wild tracts. The karer or jaṇḍ is the *acacia leucophloea*.



- Tū to de deḷye jawāb, jī !”
- 645 “Jo jawāb main de dūn Nal Rājā ke beṭe ko,  
Woh to degā mujh ko dāgh, jī.”  
Bole Sammī, phir kahe, karhā se kare jawāb :  
“Dāghon kī nahani sulāṭān ghārūngī mīṭhe tel.”  
Chalke wahilon ko ā gaī Sammiji Kachhwāhi.
- 650 Adhī rāt naukandh gaī Rājā Dhol kī khul gaī ānkh.  
Mohrī yakkā le liā Nal Rājā ke beṭe ne :  
Woh to āve karhā ke pās, jī.  
Umar āyā Rājā ko dekhke Bhabūli karhā :  
Tuk langrā ban jāe, jī.
- 655 Bol karhā ko Nal Rājā kā Dholā,  
Karhā se kare jawāb, jī :  
“Achhe achhe ko chhor giā main, Bhabūli karhā.”  
“Ghabharāke jab main uṭhā, jī,  
Tāng utar gaī kolī se, jī!”
- Do thou refuse him.”
- 645 “If I refuse the son of Rājā Nal,  
He will put scars on me.”  
Then said Sammī, speaking again to the camel ;  
“With sweet oil will I bathe and blot out his trifling  
scars.”
- Sammī, the Kachhwāhā, went to her palace.
- 650 At midnight at the dead of night Rājā Dhol opened his  
eyes,  
His strong head-stall took the son of Rājā Nal,  
And came to the camel.  
Seeing the Rājā, Bhabūli the camel cried out,  
And became a little lame.
- 655 Said Dhol, the son of Rājā Nal,  
Speaking to the camel ;  
“I left thee quite well, thou camel Bhabūli.  
When I got up suddenly  
Thy thigh went out of joint!”

- 660 Jab Mîrâsi kahe Sânwaliâ, jî :  
 " Râjâ mere, suntâ kyûn hai bât, jî ?  
 Do châr phâlîân lo mangâe, jî :  
 Gîñthâ\* barâ sâ lo sulgâe, jî."  
 Dharke gîñthe to lagâe dîe, jî :  
 665 Us men phâlîân de takâe, jî.  
 Jis wakt karhâ ne dekh lî pâ dîâ bahut karât.  
 Sammî ne jaisâ sun pâyâ, Thâkur Thâkur merâ,  
 Châlî karhâ pe jâe, jî :  
 Chalke karhâ pe ântî Sammîji Kachhwâhî ;  
 670 Râjâ Dhol se karî hai jawâb, jî :  
 " Rukkâ raulâ kyûn pawâ dîâ, jî ?  
 Mujhe man ke bhed batâe, jî."  
 " Achhe-bhachhe ko chhor gîâ thâ main Bhabûlî karhâ,  
 Chûle se tût gai tâng, jî !  
 675 Us ko main dîngâ dâgh, jî :

- 660 Then said Sânwaliâ, the Minstrel :  
 " My Râjâ, why listen to him ?  
 Send for two or three irons  
 And heat them in a large fire."  
 He made a fire  
 665 And put the irons into it.  
 When the camel saw this he made a great noise.  
 As soon as Sammî heard it, my God, my God,  
 She went to the camel ;  
 And Sammî, the Kachhwâhâ, reached the camel,  
 670 And spake to Râjâ Dhol :  
 " Why hast thou raised all this disturbance ?  
 Tell me the secret of thy heart."  
 " I left Bhabûlî the camel sound and well,  
 And he has broken his leg at the thigh !  
 675 I am going to fire him :

- Main karhâ ko dūngâ dāgh, jī."  
 Sammī kahe, "Sun, Râjâ merâ Dholâ,  
 Merī araz suno man lâe, jī.  
 Tin sau sâth karhâ mere bāp ke, jī :  
 680 Gadhe ko deyo kumhâr kâ dāgh, jī :  
 "Karhâ tek legâ tâng jī."  
 Sunke Râjâ ne gadhâ mangâ lā, jī :  
 Mitrâsī pakarke ger diâ, jī :  
 Dāgh gadhe kī tâng, jī :  
 685 Karhâ tek de tâng, jī.  
 Chalke Râjâ mahilon ko âutâ, jī.  
 Jab jâke Rânī samjhâutī, jī.  
 Rânī ne pahrâ diâ lagâe, jī.  
 Din kâ pahrâ lagâ diâ, jī :  
 690 Rât ko kamar se bāndh le, jī.  
 Din men Dhol samjhâutâ Sâiwaliâ Dâdhī ko :  
 "Rât ko paṭkâ bāndhke rahī so, jī :

- I will fire the camel."  
 Said Sammī, "Hear, my Râjâ Dhol,  
 Hear my words with thy heart.  
 The 360 camels are my father's (present) :  
 680 Fire a potter's ass,  
 And let the camel put his thigh on it."  
 Hearing this the Râjâ sent for a (potter's) ass ;  
 And the Minstrel seized it and threw it,  
 And they fired the ass's thigh  
 685 And put the camel's thigh on it.\*  
 The Râjâ went into the palace,  
 And the Queen conjured him.  
 She set a watch on him.  
 A watch she set in the day,  
 690 And she tied him to her waist at night.  
 Next day said Dhol to Sâiwaliâ, the Minstrel :  
 "She ties me at night to her kerchief when she sleeps :

\* And so cured it!

- Ādhī rāt mujhe jagā denā Sānwaliā Dādhī ke,  
Tayyārī lenge kār, jī.”
- 695 Sahīh shām parke so rahā Mīrāsī kâ:  
Bhulke ho jāe sawer, jī.  
Barī fajar chalke āutā Rājā Dholā pe.  
“ Sahīh shām parke so rahā, jī, main Mīrāsī kâ.”  
Agle roz jaisā so rahā Nal Rājā kâ Dholā,
- 700 Sahīh shām chalke āutā Sānwaliā Dādhī kâ.  
Jaisī Rānī parī sotī Nal ke betē kī,  
Woh to patkā rahī thī bāndh, jī.  
Pesh-kabz jaisā kādhtā Sānwaliā Dādhī kâ,  
Patkā diā thā kāt, jī.
- 705 Rangale dutāre kī khūntī kādhtā, jī:  
Rānī ke mūnh se angustānā nikālke khūntī dīo, jī, pāe.  
Rājā Dhol ko jagāe ke Sānwaliā Dādhī kâ,

(But) wake me at midnight, thou Minstrel Sānwaliā,  
And make ready to go.”

- 695 In the early evening the Minstrel laid him down to  
sleep,  
And when it was early morning,  
In the early morn he went to Rājā Dhol.  
(And said), “ I tho Minstrel, slept the early evening.”\*  
Next day as Dhol the son of Rājā Nal was sleeping,
- 700 In the early evening went to him Sānwaliā, the Minstrel.  
As the Queen of the son of Nal was sleeping,  
Her kerchief was bound to him.  
Sānwaliā the Minstrel drew his dagger  
And cut the kerchief.
- 705 He took out the key† of his painted fiddle,  
And taking the (Rājā's) signet-ring from the Queen's  
mouth he put in the key.  
Then Sānwaliā the Minstrel awakened Rājā Dhol,

\* But he means apparently to say that he overlept himself.

† Screw for tightening the strings.

- Woh to chale karhe ke pās, jī.  
 Mohrī pakḱī banā diā karhā Bhabūlī kā :  
 710 Karhā se banāt banā diē, jī.  
 Karhā par Dhol baiṭhā Nal Rājā kā beṭā.  
 Narwargarh se chal rahā Rājā Dholā,  
 Pingalgarh ko jāe, jī.  
 Pahilā pahrā rain kā, Ṭhākur Ṭhākur merā,  
 715 Chal berīān pe āve, jī.  
 Kachi kachī ko jharṭā Rājā kā beṭā :  
 Pakkon ko love khāe, jī.  
 Dharke karhā ḍapṭā diā Rājā Dhole ne.
- Adhī rāt naukaṇḍh gai Rājā Dholā ko ;  
 720 Woh to Pingalgarh ko jāe, jī.  
 Sarwar tālān meṇ āwandā Nal Rājā kā beṭā.  
 Sarwar tālān meṇ jāe, jī :  
 Āke pānī pilā diā karhā ko Sarwar tālān meṇ :  
 Pānī diā thā pilāc, jī.

- And he went to the camel.  
 He made a strong headstall for Bhabūlī the camel,  
 710 And he made him a cloth.  
 Dhol the son of Nal sat upon the camel,  
 And Rājā Dhol started from Narwargarh,  
 And went to Pingalgarh.  
 In the first watch of the night, O my God, my God,  
 715 He came to the (Queen's) plum trees.  
 The unripe ones he threw aside,  
 And he ate the ripe ones.  
 And then Rājā Dhol spurred on his camel.
- At midnight at the dead of night Rājā Dhol  
 720 Reached Pingalgarh.  
 He went to the lake, did the son of Rājā Nal,  
 He went to the lake,  
 And watered his camel at the lake,  
 He watered his camel.

- 725 Pahar bhar rain rah gae, sun, Thākur Thākur merā,  
 Woh to Pingalgarh men ae, ji.  
 Bari fajar pahrā nūr kā, Prabhū Prabhū merā;  
 Woh to Pingalgarh ko ae, ji.  
 Chalke bāghon meñ jā bare Nal Rājā kā Dholā.
- 780 Nanwā Dhobī kapre dho rahā Rānī Mārwan ke,  
 Bole Nanwā, to kyā kahe? "Karhā ke aswārā,  
 Karhā ko rokke chalāo, ji.  
 Rānī Mārwan poshāk sūkhe, karhā ke aswārā."  
 Sunke Rājā usi kartā jawāb, ji:
- 735 Sone kā takā de diā Nanwā Dhobī ko:  
 "Mujhe dikhā de poshāk, ji."  
 Pallā uthāke dikhā diā Nanwā Dhobī kā:  
 Woh to pallā diā dikhāe, ji.  
 Bolā Rājā, "Sun, Nanwe Dhobī ke,
- 725 There was a watch of the night left, O my God, my God,  
 When he went into Pingalgarh.  
 In the early morn at the hour of dawn, O my God, my  
 God,  
 He went into Pingalgarh.  
 Dhol, the son of Rājā Nal, went into the garden.
- 780 Nanwā the Washerman was washing the clothes of the  
 Princess Mārwan.  
 Said Nanwā; what said he? "O camel-rider,  
 Stay thy camel and go,  
 That I may dry the Princess Mārwan's clothes, O camel-  
 rider."  
 Hearing this spake the Rājā,  
 Giving a piece of gold to Nanwā the Washerman:—  
 "Show me her clothes."  
 Nanwā the Washerman lifted up his sheet and showed  
 the clothes.  
 He showed the clothes.  
 Said the Rājā, "Hear, Nanwā Washerman,

- 740 Mujhe Râni de de dikhâe, jî."  
 Bole Nanwâ, to kyâ kahe ? " Karhâ ke aswârâ,  
 Mujhe kyâ kuchh degâ inâm, jî ?"  
 " Râni Mârwan ko milâ de, Dhobi ke,  
 Mûnh mângâ le le inâm, jî."  
 745 " Apnâ karhâ tû de deîye, karhâ ke aswârâ,  
 Tujhe Râni ko dîngâ milâe, jî."

- Sat Jug sachâ pahrâ birt dâ, Thâkur Thâkur merâ,  
 Tan man kare jawâb, jî.  
 Bari fajar jaisi ho gai, Thâkur Thâkur merâ ;  
 750 Wahân Sammi Kachhwâhi ki khul gai ânkhen jî.  
 " Ik to bairi purwâ bâl thi, Prabhu mere :  
 Dûje bairi ho gai nind, jî :  
 Tije bairi Dom kâ Sânwaliâ, jî ;  
 Mere khûntî de gîâ mûnh ke bâr, jî."

- 740 Show me the Princess."  
 Said Nanwâ ; what said he ? " O camel-driver,  
 Give me some reward."  
 " Show me the Princess Mârwan, Washerman,  
 And take what reward thou wilt."  
 745 " Give me thy camel, O camel-rider,  
 And I will bring thee to the Princess."

- It was the true time of the Golden Age, O my God, my  
 God,  
 When body and soul could speak.  
 It was early morn, my God, my God,  
 750 When Sammi the Kachhwâhâ opened her eyes.  
 (Said she) " My first enemy was the eastern breeze,  
 my God,  
 And my second enemy was sleep :  
 My third enemy was Sânwaliâ the Minstrel,  
 That put the key into my mouth."

- 755 Chalke woh âutî Sammîjî Kachhwâhî ;  
 Woh to âve beriân ke pās, jî.  
 “Yehân ko Râjâ Dhol giâ, merî berio piyârî ?  
 Mujhe dîjo batâe, jî.”  
 “Pakke pakke khâ giâ Nal Râjâ kâ betâ :
- 760 Woh to kachon ke lâ giâ dher, jî !”  
 Sarwar tâlân men âutî Sammîjî Kachhwâhî :  
 “Yehân ko Râjâ Dhol giâ, bhâî sarwar tâlo ?”  
 Bole sarwar tâl, kyâ kahe ? “Sammîjî Kachhwâhî,  
 Woh to pahunch âe Pingal des.”
- 765 “Karhâ ko mâr jâ bijli, karhâ ke aswârâ !  
 Khâ jâe kâlâ nâg, jî !  
 Dil nahîn lagtâ merâ, kharî bâghon men dölûn.  
 Dhol giâ pardes, âj kis se bolûn ?”  
 Rotî rotî chali âutî Sammîjî Kachhwâhî :
- 770 Woh to âi mahil ke mân jî.,
- 
- 755 Sammî the Kachhwâhâ went  
 And reached her plum trees, (and said) :  
 “Came Râjâ Dhol hither, my beloved plums ?  
 Do ye tell me.”  
 “The ripe ones ate the son of Nal
- 760 And threw down the unripe ones into a heap !”  
 Sammî the Kachhwâhâ went to the lake (and said) :  
 “Came Râjâ Dhol hither, friendly lake ?”  
 Said the lake : what said it ? “O Sammî, thou Kachh-  
 wâhâ,  
 He hath gone to Pingal land.”
- 765 “Lightning strike the camel and the camel-rider !  
 May the black snake bite them !  
 Unhappy is my heart, I weep in the midst of the gardens.  
 Dhol hath gone abroad, to whom shall I tell it to-day ?”  
 Weeping went Sammî the Kachhwâhâ,
- 770 Going into her palace.



- Wahân pakarke karhe ko le chalâ Nanwâ Dhobî kâ,  
 Apne ghar ko âutâ, jî :  
 Lâke charkhe se bândh diâ Nanwâ Dhobî ne !  
 Dhoban kare jawâb, jî :
- 775 " Aisâ bhoṇḍâ jânwar âyâ, sâjan sâjan merâ,  
 Jis ko dekhke main ḍar jâññ, jî."  
 Itnî bâṭ sunke ghusse ho gîâ Bhabûlî karhâ ko :  
 Woh to charkhâ leke chal parâ, jî.  
 Chalke bâghon men âutâ Râjâ Dhole pe ;
- 780 Râjâ se kare jawâb, jî :  
 Puchhe, " Dhol, tujhe kyâ kahâ Bhabûlî karhâ ?  
 Mujhe man ko bhed batâiye, jî.  
 Barî barî bâten woh kahî Nanwe Dhobî kî.  
 Charkhâ leke chalâ âyâ main tere pâs, jî."
- 785 Zinposh utârke Bhabûlî karhâ kâ,  
 Râjâ niche leve bichhâo, jî.

- Taking the camel behind him Nanwâ the Washerman  
 Went to his own house,  
 And fastened it to his spinning-wheel ! did Nanwâ the  
 Washerman.  
 Said his wife :
- 775 " Such a dreadful creature hath come, my love, my  
 love,  
 The sight of which doth frighten me."  
 Hearing this Bhabûlî the camel became wroth,  
 And taking the spinning-wheel he went off.  
 He went into the garden to Râjâ Dhol
- 780 And said to the Râjâ :  
 What saith Bhabûlî the camel ? " Dhol,  
 Tell me the secrets of thy heart.  
 Dreadful words said that Washerman Nanwâ,  
 And taking his spinning-wheel I am come to thee."
- 785 Taking off the saddle-cloth from Bhabûlî the camel,  
 The Râjâ spread it beneath him.

- Chalke pânî ko âutî Rewâ Mâlî kî,  
 Chalî kûen pe jâe, jî.  
 "Kyâ tere dâman ghâlîâ ? kyâ gal gâle zanjîr ?  
 790 Dâkh lakherî chhoṛke khâve jaṇḍ karer ?"  
 "Dâkh lakherî terî nâ charûn, sun, Rewâ Mâlî kî ;  
 Merâ roz kâ khâ jâ jaṇḍ karer."  
 "Kahân se âyâ ? kahân jâegâ, karhe ke aswârâ ?  
 Mujhe dîjiye sâch batâe jî."  
 795 "Narwargarh merâ âunâ, sun, Rewâ Mâlî kî ;  
 Merâ Pingalgarh ko âunâ, jî.  
 Râjâ Dhol merâ nâm hai, sun, Rewâ Mâlî kî."  
 "Yehân se karhâ nikâl lun, karhâ ke aswârâ !  
 Merâ bâgh kiâ thâ pâemâl, jî !  
 800 Birwâ bûṭâ sârâ khâ liâ, jî !

- Came Rewâ the gardener's daughter\* for water,  
 Coming to the well. (Said she to the camel) :  
 "Is thy skirt caught ? Are there chains about thy  
 neck ?  
 790 That leaving the ripe grapes, thou eatest the acacia ?"  
 "I eat not thy ripe grapes, hear Rewâ, thou gardener's  
 daughter,  
 Daily I eat of the acacia."  
 (Said she), "Whence comest thou ? Whither goest, thou  
 camel-rider ?  
 Tell me the truth."  
 795 "I come from Narwargarh, hear, Rewâ, thou gardener's  
 daughter,  
 And I go to Pingalgarh.  
 My name is Râjâ Dhol, hear, Rewâ, thou gardener's  
 daughter."  
 "I will send thy camel hence, thou camel-rider !  
 He hath ruined my garden !  
 800 He hath eaten all the shrubs and trees !

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\* The chief of Mârwan's maids : see above line 323.

- Bâgh kiâ barbâd, jî !”  
 Bole Dhol, to kyâ kahe ? “Rewâ Mâlî ki,  
 Merî sun lo tû bāt, jî :  
 Terî Mâlî kî zāt hai, sun Rewâ Mâlî kî :  
 805 Mandî bol na bol, jî ;  
 Maiñ Râjâ Dhol hūñ ; sun, Rewâ Mâlî ki,  
 Terî mâr utâr dūñ khāl, jî.”  
 Sunke Rewâ kare jawâb, jî :  
 “Hāth jo · karūñ bintî, karhā ke aswārā ;  
 810 Terî naubar lāgūñ pair, jî.  
 Ham Râjâ ke rakhwālîe ; sun, Râjâ Dholā,  
 Hamārē kahne kâ burā na mān, jî.”  
 Pūchhe Dhol, “Sun, Rewâ Mâlî kî,  
 Tū mujhe apne bhed aur mahil batāiye, jî.”  
 815 Apne mahil batātūñ woh Rewâ Mâlî kî :

- He hath destroyed my garden !”  
 Said Dhol ; what said he ? “Rewâ, thou gardener’s  
 daughter,  
 Hear my words :  
 Thou art a gardener,\* thou gardener’s daughter, Rewâ,  
 805 Speak not harsh words.  
 I am Râjâ Dhol ; hear, Rewâ, thou gardener’s daughter,  
 I will beat thee till thy skin is torn.”  
 Hearing this said Rewâ :  
 “With joined hands I beseech thee, camel-rider ;  
 810 I lay my head at thy feet.  
 I am the Râjâ’s guard (over the garden) ; hear, Râjâ  
 Dhol,  
 And take not my words ill.”  
 Said Dhol, “Hear, Rewâ, thou gardener’s daughter ;  
 Tell me the secrets of thy palacc.”  
 815 Rewâ the gardener’s daughter showed all the secrets,

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\* i.e., low-caste compared to a Râjpût like Dhol.

Dio makân kî nishânî batîle, jî.  
 "Sîdhî galî pe âfyo, karhâ ko aswârâ,  
 Wahân haigâ nîm kâ per, jî."

- Sânjh parî, din dhul gîâ, jî ;  
 820 Dhan kâ lagâ bhîr, jî.  
 Chalke nagar ko âutâ Nal Râjâ kâ betâ.  
 Wahân galî men kûntên dhân, jî,  
 Dhân kûntî tag neve, "Mûsal kî nihârôn.  
 Mujhe Rowâ kî galî do batîc, jî."  
 825 "Dhân kûntî hainârâ tag neve, sun, karhâ ko aswârâ,  
 Ham hain mûsal kî nihâr, jî.  
 Nîb kâ per us kâ mahil hui, karhâ ko aswârâ :  
 Tû jâko lerâ dekh, jî.  
 Rahc to rîdhou khichî, jâc to ras bhar khîr."

And the way to recognise the house : (saying),  
 "Go straight down the lane, camel-rider,  
 There is a *nîm* tree there."

- It was evening and the day declined,  
 820 And the crowd of cattle began.  
 The son of Râjâ Nal went into the city.  
 In the lane he found (women) husking rice.  
 They were husking the rice and bending their heads.  
 "O slaves, huskers of the pestle,"  
 (Said he to them), "show me Rewâ's lane."  
 825 "Husking the rice we bend our heads, O camel-rider :  
 We are slaves of the pestle.  
 Her house is by the *nîm* tree, O camel-rider.  
 Go and see.  
 (But) stay and we will give thee rice and pulse, go and  
 she will give thee rice and milk to thy desire."

- 830 " Bhîrî gall, kho · ghar, nahîn milan kâ jog."  
 " Nuiñâ meñ ras bândh lo, jhak mârenge log."  
 Charh karhâ ko âutâ Râjâ Nal kâ betâ.  
 Karhâ ko bithâundâ Râjâ Nal kâ Dholâ ;  
 Karhâ se niche âve, jî.
- 835 Nîb ke pere se bândhtâ Bhabûlî karhâ ko :  
 Woh to deve nîb se bândh, jî.  
 Safâ dalân andar koth î, jî :  
 Rewâ ne palang diâ thâ bichhâe, jî.  
 " Jam jam, Dhol, tum â jâo, Nal Râjâ ke botâ
- 840 Tum jâo palang par baith, jî."  
 Rewâ kâ Mûli wahân âw andâ,  
 Woh kar rahî garam pânî, jî.  
 Chandan chaukî bichhâ diê us Rewâ Malî ne.  
 Dahî phulel lîâ mangûe, jî.
- 830 " Narrow is your street, dirty your houses, I have no  
 wish to know you "  
 " Then go and feast thy eyes (on her) and let the  
 people jeer !"  
 Riding his camel the son of Râjâ Nal went on.  
 Making his camel sit, Dhol the son of Râjâ Nal  
 Came from off it.
- 835 He fastened Bhabûlî the camel to the *nîm* tree,  
 Fastened it to the *nîm* tree.  
 Clean was her house and yard  
 And Rewâ placed him a couch:  
 " Come, Dhol, son of Râjâ Nal, for thou art welcome,  
 welcome. "
- 840 Come and sit upon this couch."  
 The gardener, Rewâ's husband, came up,  
 And she\* made him some warm water  
 Rewâ, the gardener's daughter, placed him a sandal-  
 wood stool,  
 And sent for curds and cosmetics,

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\* Promptly putting Dhol into a hiding place

- 845 Bāndhke dhār ūpar gertī thī Rewā Mālī ki.  
 "Kit ka-wā ? Kit bakerū, jī ?  
 Kit sarwar ? Kit nīr, jī ?  
 Tū nain kahān rahī lagāe jī ?"  
 "It karwā ; it bakerū ;  
 850 It sarwar ; it nīr, jī.  
 Baisar uljī hār meñ nainon rahī soljāc, jī."  
 Nhāyā dhoyā chal āutā woh Mālī kā larkā, jī :  
 Līe rasol jīm, jī :  
 Chal bāghon meñ āutā Mālī kā la-kā :  
 855 Chalke Dhol pe āntī Rewā Mālī ki ;  
 Sārī rāt chaupur kheltī larkī Mālī ki.

Ho gaī bhulke sawer, jī.  
 Bolī Rewā ; "Sun, Rājā, merī bāt, jī,

- 845 And she poured a stream of water over him, did Rewā  
 the gardener's daughter.  
 (Said he\*), "Where is thy ewer ? and where thy pitcher ?  
 Where is the lake ? Where is thy water ?  
 Whither are thine eyes straying ?"  
 "Here is my ewer : here my pitcher :  
 850 Here is the lake : here the water.  
 My nose-ring was entangled in my necklace and my  
 eyes turned to it."  
 So the gardener bathed and washed and came,  
 And had his food.  
 Then the gardener went into his garden,  
 855 And Rewā the gardener's daughter went to Dhol  
 And played at *chaupur* with him all night.

It was early morning,  
 And said Rewā ; "Rājā, hear my words,

---

\* Catching her eyes straying towards Dhol.

- Rânî Mârwan ko lâungi, tum chalo Nau-lakkhe Bâgh.”  
 860 Sunke karhâ par chaṛḥ giâ Nal Râjâ kâ beṭâ :  
 Woh chelâ bâgh ko jâe, jî.  
 Chal mahilon ko âutî Rewâ Mâlî kî :  
 Chal mahil ko jâe, jî :  
 Mârwan se kare jawâb, jî :  
 865 “ Narwargah se â giâ Râjâ Nal kâ Dholâ :  
 Woh to âyâ Nau-lakkhe Bâgh, jî.  
 Apuî bândî ko bhej de sahelî ke pâs, jî.”  
 Us ne li sahelî bulâe,  
 Tin sau sâth sahelîân Mârwan kî  
 870 Chale mahilon ko âven, jî.  
 Bolî Mârwan, “ Suno mere sang kî, jî, sahelî,  
 Merî suntî kyân nahîn bût, jî ?  
 Tum karo ik rūp, ik singâr :  
 Tum karo bâgh meñ sairî sâth, jî.”

I will bring the Princess Mârwan, go thou to the Nine-  
*lakh* Garden.\*”

- 860 Hearing this the son of Râjâ Nal mounted his camel  
 And went into the garden.  
 Rewâ the gardener's daughter went into the palace.  
 She went into the palace,  
 And spake to Mârwan !  
 865 “ Dhol, the son of Nal, hath come from Narwargah,  
 And into the Nine-*lakh* Garden.  
 Send thy handmaid for thy maidens.”  
 She called her maidens.  
 The 360 maidens of Mârwan  
 870 Came into the palace.  
 Said Mârwan, “ Hear, my maidens ;  
 Why hear ye not my words ?  
 Put ye on the same form and the same jewels,  
 And go ye and wander in the gardons.”

\* See Vol I, p. 488.

- 875 Chal bâghon men âufi Rânî Mârwan :  
 Woh chali bâgh men jâe, jî.  
 Bolî Rewâ, "Sun, karhâ ke aswârâ,  
 Tû suntâ kyûn nahîn bat, jî ?  
 Kin desân se terâ âunâ, karhâ ke aswârâ ?
- 880 Mujhe man ke bhed batâiye, jî."  
 "Narwargah so main â gîâ, sun, hâr-hamelî-wâlî :  
 Nal Râjâ kâ main Dhol hîn, âyâ Mârwan ke pâs, jî.  
 Kis Râjâ ke bâgh haiñ, hâr-hamelî-wâlî ?"  
 Bolî, "Pingal Râjâ kâ shahr hai, Rânî Mârwan kâ bâgh,  
 jî.
- 885 Yehân karhâ nikâl lo, karhâ ke aswârâ :  
 Hamârâ bâgh kû barbâd, jî.  
 Tero barge Dhol bahot se âe, jî ;  
 Sun, karhâ ke aswârâ, jî !"  
 "Mere bargâ Dhol koî nahîn âyâ, sun, Mâlî kî larkî :
- 875 Princess Mârwan went into the garden ;  
 Went into the garden.  
 Said Rewâ, "Hear, O camel-rider,  
 Why hearest thou not my words ?  
 Whence comest thou, O camel-rider ?
- 880 Tell me the secrets of thy heart."  
 "I am come from Narwargah, hear, thou wearer of  
 necklaces :  
 I am Dhol the son of Nal come for the Princess Mâr-  
 wan.  
 What king's garden is this, thou wearer of necklaces ?"  
 Said she, "This is Râjâ Pingal's city and Princess  
 Mârwan's garden.
- 885 Take thy camel hence, thou camel-rider :  
 He hath destroyed my garden.  
 Lots of Dhols like thee have come,  
 Hear, thou camel-rider !"  
 "No Dhol like me hath come, hear, thou gardener's  
 daughter ;



- 890 Main Nalkotân kâ Râjâ hâu, jî."  
 Bole Dhol, to kyâ kahe ? "Sang kî rî sabeli,  
 Terî mâr uṛâ dūn khāl, jî !  
 Âṭh kûnen, nau bāolî, solâh sau panihâr !  
 Betâ pûchho Râo kâ, kin chhelân kî nâr ?"
- 895 " Âṭh kûnen, nau bāolî, sun, karhâ ke aswârâ,  
 Ham hai solâh sau panihâr, jî.  
 Un chhelân kî gorîyân, karhâ ke aswârâ,  
 Tere bargo un ke charvedâr, jî !"  
 " Kâho kâ terâ gharâ, jî ?
- 900 Kâhe kâ terâ dol, jî ?  
 Kâhe kâ lejû iṇḍvî, pânî ke bharnewâlî ?  
 Kyâ, Râni, terâ mol, jî ?"  
 " Sone kâ merâ gha.â, sun, karhâ ke aswârâ :  
 Râpe kâ merâ dol, jî.
- 890 I am the Râjâ of Nalkot\*\*  
 Said Dhol ; what said he ? " O company of maidens,  
 I will beat you till your skins crack !  
 Eight wells, nine cisterns and 1,600 water-bearers !†  
 The son of Râjâ (Nal) asks, whose wives are ye ?"
- 895 " Eight wells, nine cisterns there are, hear camel-rider,  
 And we are 1,600 water-bearers,  
 We are the loves of those, camel-rider,  
 Who have servants like thee."  
 " Of what are your pitchers ?
- 900 Of what your buckets ?  
 Of what your ropes and pads,‡ ye bearers of water ?  
 What is thy value, Lady ?"  
 " Golden is my pitcher, hear, camel-rider :  
 Silver is my bucket.

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\* i.e., Narwargarh.

† The badinage that follows is quite *de rigueur* between the bride-groom and the bride's companions.

‡ See Vol I., p. 542.

- 905 Ratan jatan kī ṇḍvī, sun, karhā ke aswārā :  
 Resham kī ḍor, jī :  
 Lākḥ ṭake mahārā mol, jī !”  
 “ Miṭhī kā tumbhārā garhā, sun, pānī bharnewālī :  
 Saṛī chamṛī kā tumbhārā ḍol, jī :  
 910 Ghās phūs kī ṇḍvī, pānī kī bharnewālī.  
 Thārā kānī kauṛī mol, jī !”  
 Sunke bāt Rewā Mālī kī kare jawāb :  
 “ Bāwēn pair terā pāenchā bhījṭā, karhā ke aswārā :  
 Apnā pāejā\* lenā sambhāl, jī.”  
 915 Apnā pāejā Rājā ne līā uṭhāc :  
 Sab ko gīā padam to dekh, jī.  
 Bolī Rewā kyā ? “ Suno, Rājā, merī bāt :  
 Sahelṭon merī se Mārwan le pahchān, jī.”  
 Bole Ḍhol, “ Tum suno, pānī kī bharnewālī ;  
 920 Tam sun lo merī bāt, jī.

- 905 Jewelled my pad, hear, camel-rider :  
 Sūlken is my rope :  
 A hundred thousand pioces my value !”  
 “ Earthen is thy pitcher, hear, water-carrier :  
 Rotten leather thy bucket.  
 910 Grass thy pad, water-carrier :  
 A *kaurī* thy value !”  
 Hearing this said Rewā the gardoner's daughter :  
 “ Thy left leg is wet, camel-rider,  
 Look to thy drawers.”  
 915 The Rājā pulled up his drawers  
 And they all saw the lotus (mark†).  
 What said Rewā ? “ Hear, my words, Rājā.  
 Choose out Mārwan from among her companions.”  
 Said Ḍhol ! “ Hear, thou water-bearer,  
 920 Hear my words.

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\* For *pāe-jāma*.

† Evidently one of the “ signs” of this hero.

- Karhâ charhke main baithûn, sun, pâni bharnewâlî,  
 Mere sâmhne ko sab lakh jâo, jî.  
 Main lûngâ, Mârwan ko lûngâ, pahchân, jî."  
 Charhke karhâ, pār karhâ ho giâ Nal Râjâ kâ betâ.  
 925 Tîn sau sâth saheliân Mârwan kî,  
 Woh lakhen karhâ ke pār, jî.  
 Jab âi Rânî Mârwan, âi karhâ ke pās,  
 Karhâ ne ger dîe jhâg, jî.  
 Bole Râjâ Dhol, "Tîn sau sâth saheli, jî,  
 930 Tum suno merî bāt, jî.  
 Aglî se pichhlî Mârwan nâr, jî!"  
 Boleñ saheliân, "Sun, Râjâjî, bāt:  
 Kîtnē kâ terâ karhâ hai, jî?  
 Kitnî kî terî jân, jî?"  
 935 Bole Dhol, "Tum kyâ kaho, solâh sau panihârî?  
 Main araz karûn, suno man lâe, jî.  
 Nau lâkh kâ yeh karhâ, suno, tum sârî saheli,

- I will mount my camel, hear water-bearer,  
 And do you all pass before me,  
 And I will choose, I will choose out Mârwan."  
 So the son of Râjâ Nal mounted his camel and stood,  
 925 While the 360 maids of Mârwan  
 Went past the camel.  
 When Princess Mârwan came, came to the camel,  
 It bowed down.  
 Said Râjâ Dhol, "Ye 360 maidens,  
 930 Hear ye my words,  
 The maid before the last is Mârwan!"  
 Said the maids, "Hear our words, Sir Râjâ,  
 What is thy camel worth?  
 What thy life?"  
 935 Said Dhol, "What are you saying, ye 1,600 water  
 bearers?  
 I answer you, listen carefully:  
 Nine *lâkhs* for my camel, hear, all ye maids,

- Atharâh lăkh kî jân, jî !"  
 Bolî saheliân, " Sun, karhâ ke aswârâ,  
 940 Hamârî suntâ kyân nahîn bât, jî ?"  
 " Do kauṛî kâ terâ karhâ, sun, karhâ ke aswârâ,  
 Terî tîn kauṛî kî jân, jî !"  
 " Terî Mâli kî zât hai, sun, Rewâ Mâli kî,  
 Tû to kaṛe kare jawâb, jî !"  
 945 Bole Rewâ, " Râjâ, tû kyâ kahe ' Mâli' Mâli kî ?  
 Mere se kaise kaṛe jawâb, jî ?  
 Karhâ ko leke jâyo Pingal kî Kachahrî, jî:  
 Mârke tîr kaṭorî ko utâr lo, jî:  
 Kachahrî ko âyo, jît, jî.  
 950 Us Kachahrî ko jîtke Kâlî Bâghon meñ jâe ;  
 Wahân jâyo nâg ko mâr, jî.  
 Khaskhas ke bangalâ meñ jâyo baiṭh, jî."

- Eighteen *lăkhs* for my *life* !"  
 Said the maids, " Hear camel-rider,  
 940 Why hearest thou not our words ?  
 Two *kaurîs* for thy camel, hear camel-rider,  
 Three *kaurîs* for thy life !"  
 " Thou art but a gardener, hear, Rewâ, thou Gardener's  
 daughter,  
 And thou givest sharp answers !"  
 945 Said Rewâ, " Râjâ, why sayest ' Gardener' to the Gar-  
 dener's daughter ?  
 How is my answer sharp ?  
 Go take thy camel to Pingal's Court  
 And shoot down the three cups with thy arrow,\*  
 And go and win before the Court.  
 950 Winning before the Court go into the Black Garden,  
 And slay the serpent there,  
 And go and stay in the thatched house."

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\* A favorite ordeal on these occasions.

- Chaphke karhâ ko chal parâ Nal Râjâ kâ kanwar, jî :  
 Chalâ Kachahrî ko jâe, jî.
- 955 Tarkash kanî nikâlke, jî pare takâe, jî :  
 Joṛke kanî katorî ke dîtâ mâr, jî.  
 Girke katorî niche âve Kachahrî ke mân, jî.  
 Nâ koî doâ salâm kare Nal Râjâ kâ betâ :  
 Ka hâ Kachahrî ke bâr, jî.
- 960 Bole Pingal, " Sun, karhâ ke aswârâ, jî,  
 Cherhke karhâ ko jâiye Kâlî Bâghon men.  
 Tere barge Dhol bahot âve, karhâ ke aswârâ.  
 Dhaske karhâ cherhtâ Nal Râjâ kâ Dholâ,  
 Woh to Kâlî Bâghon men jâe, jî.
- 965 Kâlî Bâghon men âutâ Nal Râjâ kâ betâ,  
 Âve darwâzâ ke mân, jî.  
 Wahân ñerâ lagâ diâ Nal Râjâ ke bete ne.  
 Âdhî rât naukanḍh gaî, Thâkur Thâkur merâ,  
 Nikâlâ wahân se sâmp, jî.

Mounting his camel the son of Râjâ Nal  
 Went in the Court.

- 955 Taking an arrow out of his quiver, he took aim,  
 Letting fly the arrow he hit the cups.  
 Down fell the cups into the midst of the Court.  
 The son of Râjâ Nal would salute no one,  
 Standing at the door of the Court.
- 960 Said Pingal, " Hear, thou camel-rider,  
 Spur on thy camel into the Black Garden.  
 Many Dhols like thee have come, thou camel-rider.  
 Dhol, the son of Râjâ Nal, spurred on his camel,  
 And went into the Black Garden.
- 965 The son of Râjâ Nal went into the Black Garden,  
 And entered the gate.  
 The son of Râjâ Nal took up his abode there.  
 At midnight at the dead of night, O my God, my God,  
 Out came the serpent.

- 970 Rājā Dhol ke ānkh khul gae, jī.  
 Khandā sūtke pānch chār tukre banā dīe, jī :  
 Dhol ke nichhe dabātā Nal Rājā kā Dholā.  
 Barī fajar pahrā nūr kā, sun, Gobind, Gobind merā,  
 Dhol chalā khaskhas ke bangalā ko jāe, jī.
- 975 Khaskhas bangalā ko āutā Nal Rājā kā Dholā :  
 Woh to chalā bāghon mein jāe.  
 Parke rahā, jī, soe, jī.  
 Shām parī, din dhul giā, Prabhū, Prabhū merā ;  
 Chal kōnen pe āutā Nal Rājā kā Dholā.
- 980 Nhāve dhoe tilak lagāve, Karte ko shīsh niwāve, jī,  
 Baithā palothī mār, jī.  
 Pahar bhar rain bīt gai Nal Rājā ke bete ko :  
 Pinjra kī kul khol dī sherbān ne, jī.  
 Sher khaskhas ke bangalā ko āve, jī.
- 985 Paidā Kartā manā lā Nal Rājā ke bete ne.
- 
- 970 Rājā Dhol opened his eyes,  
 Taking out his sword he cut it into four or five pieces.  
 And Dhol, the son of Rājā Nal, hid it under his shield.  
 In the early morn at the hour of dawn, hear, my God,  
 my God,  
 Dhol went into the thatched house.
- 975 Coming out of the thatched house Dhol, the son of Rājā Nal,  
 Went into the Garden.  
 He lay down and slept.  
 It was evening and the day declined, O my God,  
 my God,  
 And Dhol, the son of Rājā Nal, went to the well,
- 980 Washed and bathed, put on his (sectarial) marks and  
 bowed his head to the Creator,  
 And sat him at his ease.  
 A watch of the night passed over the son of Rājā Nal,  
 When the keepers opened the locks of the (tiger's) cage.  
 The tiger went to the thatched house.
- 985 He worshipped his Creator, did the son of Rājā Nal ;

- Pahlâ bâth lagautâ Nal Râjâ kâ Dholâ,  
 Sher ke tukre kar dîe do, jî.  
 Paṛke woh so rahâ, jî, Nal Râjâ ka betâ, jî.  
 Pahar bhar rain rah gaî, Prabhû mere Thâkur ;  
 990 Chale shernî jâe, jî.  
 Baithî mahilon men dekhtî Rânî Mârwan.  
 Bolî sahelî, " Rânijî Mârwan, jî,  
 Râjâ Dhol ko yeh mâr de shernî khud âke .  
 Woh to sote ko deve mâr, jî.  
 995 Is shernî ko de wâr, jî, Rânî Mârwan."  
 Ger kamand niche utar gaî Rânî Mârwan :  
 Woh to âve bâghon ke mân, jî.  
 Sûtke khaṇḍâ le lîâ Rânî Mârwan :  
 Us ne bâth men le lî dhâl.  
 1000 Paidâ Kartâ manâ lîâ Rânijî Mârwan ;  
 Sûtke khaṇḍâ jaisî mârî Rânî Mârwan,  
 Shernî kar dîe tukre do, jî.

- And Dhol, the son of Râjâ Nal, at his first blow  
 Cut the tiger in two.  
 Then the son of Râjâ Nal laid him down to sleep  
 A watch of the night passed, O my God, my God,  
 990 When the tigress came.  
 Sitting in her palace Princess Mârwan saw her.  
 Said a maid, " O Princess Mârwan,  
 This tigress will herself slay Râjâ Dhol ;  
 As he is sleeping she will slay him.  
 995 Do thou slay this tigress, Princess Mârwan "  
 Throwing down a (scaling) ladder Princess Mârwan  
                   went down,  
 And went into the Garden.  
 Princess Mârwan drew her sword,  
 And took a shield in her hand.  
 1000 Princess Mârwan called on her Creator,  
 And as Princess Mârwan struck with her sword  
 The tigress fell in two pieces.

Pakar kamand charh gal Rânî Mârwan ;  
Chali mahil ko jâe jî.

- 1005 Barî fajar, pahrâ nâr kâ, jî.  
Boli saheli, "Sun, Rânî Mârwan,  
Is Dhole ko jagâe mahil meñ hân, jî."  
Chali saheliân bâgh meñ ;  
Boleñ saheliân, "Nal Râjâ ke Dholâ,  
1010 Tû suntâ kyûn nahîn bât, jî ?  
Bahot soyâ, uth jâg, jî :  
Karbâ apnâ tayyâr karo, Nal Râjâ ke Dholâ.  
Râjâ, chalo Kachahri ko mân, jî,  
Pingal Râjâ pe jâyo, karo us se do bât, jî."  
1015 Apnâ karbâ singartâ Nal Râjâ kâ Dholâ :  
Jotish-rûp\* manâeke hîlâ karbâ pe aswâr, jî.  
Charh karbâ ko âutâ Nal Râjâ kâ kanwar, jî,

Seizing the (scaling) ladder Princess Mârwan went  
up it,  
And entered the palace.

- 1005 It was early morn at the hour of dawn.  
Said a maiden, "Hear, Princess Mârwan,  
I will awaken Dhol and bring him to the palace."  
The maidens went into the Garden  
And said the maidens, "Dhol, son of Râjâ Nal,  
1010 Why hearest not our words ?  
Thou hast slept much, now wake up,  
And make ready thy camel, Dhol, son of Râjâ Nal.  
Go, Râjâ, into the Court,  
Go to Râjâ Pingal and speak to him."  
1015 Getting ready his camel, Dhol, the son of Râjâ Nal,  
Called on God and mounted his camel.  
Mounting his camel went the son of Râjâ Nal



- Usî Kachahrî ke mân, jî.  
 Jai jawâhir kare Râjâ Dholâ,  
 1020 Bole Pingal, " Sun, Mahârâjâ Dholâ,  
 Kis desân se âunâ ? Kya hai terâ nâm ?"  
 " Narwargarh se â gîâ ; Râjâ Dholâ merâ nâm.  
 Sangaldîp ko â gîâ, sun, Râjâ Pingal,  
 Mujhe Rânî milan kâ jog, jî.  
 1025 Sârî chaukiân sarkârî, sun, Râjâ Pingal,  
 Chaukiân ko âyâ mâr, jî.  
 Terâ hukm sab birt rahâ, Râjâ Pingal,  
 Mujhe kyâ kuchh degâ jawâb, jî."  
 " Apnâ pâûn kâ kaprâ uthâ le, Nal Râjâ ke betê ;  
 1030 Main lûn nishânî dekh, jî."  
 Apnâ kaprâ uthâ liâ, Nal Râjâ ke betê ne :  
 Pair padam us kâ dekhtâ Râjâ Pingal,  
 Mâthe meñ chandar mân, jî.  
 Bole Pingal, " Râjâ Dholâ, jâo mahil ke bîch, jî."

- Into the Court  
 When Râjâ Dhol made his salute  
 1020 Said Pingal, " Hear, Râjâ Dhol  
 Whence comest thou ? What is thy name ?"  
 " I am come from Narwargarh ; Râjâ Dhol is my name.  
 I am come to Sangaldîp, hear, Râjâ Pingal,  
 I am desirous of meeting the Princess.  
 1025 All thy guards, hear, Râjâ Pingal,  
 I have defeated and am come.  
 I have obeyed thy commands,\* Râjâ Pingal,  
 Make me an answer."  
 " Draw up the clothes of thy leg, thou son of Râjâ Nal,  
 1030 I will then see the signs."  
 He drew up his clothes, did the son of Râjâ Nal,  
 And Râjâ Pingal saw the lotus on his feet  
 And the moon on his forehead.  
 Said Pingal, " Râjâ Dhol go into the palace."

\* To come here.

- 1035 Chalke mahilon ko âutâ Nal Râjâ kâ betâ ;  
 Karhâ ko diâ bâghon men chhor, jî !  
 Nhâve dhoe, tilak lagâutâ Nal Râjâ kâ Dholâ ;  
 Karte ko shîsh niwâ, jî.  
 Pânchon lâve bastar Nal Râjâ kâ Dholâ ;
- 1040 Pânchon lâve hathiyâr, jî.  
 Khilwat-khânâ men jâ barâ Nal Râjâ kâ Dholâ ;  
 Woh to khilwat-khânâ men jâe, jî.

Barî jo thî saheli Hîrâ Mâlî kî,  
 Us kâ thâ Rewâ nâm, jî !

- 1045 Battîs abran sârtî Rewâ Mâlî kî :  
 Râjâ Dhol pe Mârwan banke jâe, jî.  
 Sej par jaisâ baithâ Nal Râjâ kâ betâ,

- 1035 The son of Râjâ Nal went into the palace,  
 And left his camel standing in the garden.  
 He bathed and washed and put on his (sectarial) mark,  
 did Dhol the son of Râjâ Nal,  
 And bowed his head to the Creator.  
 Putting on the five garments,\* Dhol, the son of Râjâ  
 Nal,
- 1040 Put on the five arms.†  
 And Dhol, the son of Râjâ Nal, went into the private  
 apartments ;  
 He went into the private apartments.

The chief (of Mârwan's) maidens was the daughter of  
 Hîrâ, the Gardener,  
 Her name was Rewâ.

- 1045 Rewâ, the Gardener's daughter, put on the 32 ornaments  
 And went to Râjâ Dhol as Mârwan.  
 The son of Râjâ Nal sat on the couch

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\* i.e., full-dress.

† i.e., fully armed.

- Patel-soz jaisī bāltī Rewā Mālī kī.  
 Chālī Rājā ke pās, jī,  
 1050 Sewā meñ ānkar phirī ās pās, jī.  
 Pāen ko kharī hove Rewā Mālī kī,  
 Rājā sirhāne ko phire mūnh, jī.  
 Hāth joṛ kare bintī Rājā se :  
 " Main kar rahī terī ās, jī."  
 1055 " Main Rājā kā betā ; sun, Rewā Mālī kī,  
 Mujhe rājāon-wālī karnī rīt, jī !"  
 Itnī bāt Dhol ne kahe, sun Rewā Mālī kī,  
 Apne man men hūī udās, jī.  
 Chalke Mārwan pe āutī Rewā Mālī kī,  
 1060 Rānī se kare jawāb, jī .  
 " Bārāh Khān ke yeh Dhol hai, jī :  
 Kīsī kī nahīn suntā bāt, jī !"  
 " Battīs abran sārke, larkī Sunār kī,

- And Rewā, the Gardener's daughter, lit the torch.  
 She went to the Rājā  
 1050 And wandered about him, doing him service.  
 Rewā, the Gardener's daughter, stood at the foot of the  
 couch  
 And the Rājā turned his face towards the head.  
 With joined hands she besought the Rājā :  
 " I remain in hopes of thee."  
 1055 " I am a King's son ; hear, Rowā, thou Gardener's  
 daughter,  
 I can but love the daughters of kings !"  
 Hearing these words of Dhol, Rewā, the Gardener's  
 daughter,  
 Was abashed in her heart.  
 Rewā, the Gardener's daughter, went to Mārwan,  
 1060 And spake to the Princess :  
 " Dhol is lord of twelve lords,  
 And listeneth to none !"  
 (Said Mārwan), " Thou Goldsmith's daughter, put on  
 the 32 jewels,

- Tum jâo Dhol ke pâs, jî.”
- 1065 Battîs abran sârke Sunâr kî larkî,  
 Âve Dhol ke pâs, jî.  
 Chal sejân pe âve Sunâr kî larkî ;  
 Dekh sûrat ko boltâ Nal Râjâ kâ betâ :  
 “ Bhalâ châhe, tû jâo, tum Rânî kî saheli,
- 1070 Tum jâo mahil se bâhir, jî.”  
 Mâre sharam âutî larkî Sunâr kî,  
 Woh to âve Rânî ko bâr, jî.  
 “ Betâ hai Râjpût kâ ; sun, Rânî Mârwan,  
 Woh to kisî kî nahîn mânî bât, jî.”
- 1075 Pahilâ pahrâ nûr kâ, sun, Thâkur Thâkur merâ,  
 Woh Târwan kare jawâb, jî :  
 Battîs abran sârke Rânî Târwan,  
 Âve Dhol ke pâs, jî :  
 Bolî Rânî Târwan, “ Nal Râjâ ke bete,
- 1080 Tû suntâ kyûn nahîn bât, jî ?
- And go thou to Dhol.”
- 1065 The Goldsmith's daughter put on the 32 jewels  
 And went to Dhol.  
 The Goldsmith's daughter went up to his couch,  
 Seeing what she was spake the son of Râjâ Nal :  
 “ If thou seek thy good, go, thou maid of the Princess,
- 1070 Go thou without my palace.”  
 The Goldsmith's daughter went away abashed,  
 And went to the Princess's door, (and said),  
 “ This is a Rajpût's son ; hear, Princess Mârwan,  
 He listeneth to none ”
- 1075 At the first hour of dawn, hear, my God, my God,  
 Spake Târwan :  
 She put on the 32 jewels, did the Princess Târwan,  
 And went to Dhol :  
 Spake the Princess Târwan, “ O son of Râjâ Nal,
- 1080 Why hearest not my words ?

- Tîn dafâ main â chukî, Nal Râjâ ke betê,  
 Âî tere pâs, jî.”  
 “ Sangaldîp kî padmanî tum sab sahelî.  
 Tumharî sab kî ik hî nihâr, jî.  
 1085 Jo chitthî mujh ko likhkar bhejî thî, jî,  
 ‘Us kâ hâl sunâ de, jab main jânûn Mârwan.”  
 Bolî Târwan, “ Sun, Râjâ Dholâ,”—  
 Râjâ se kare jawâb, jî,—  
 “ Ham Rajpûtân kî betiân, jî.  
 1090 Ham nahîn kartî pardâ fâsh, jî.  
 Motâ chalan tere des kâ, jî :  
 Motî dekhî châl, jî :  
 Aur Rajpûtân kî betiân, jî,  
 Kyûn aven tere pâs, jî,”  
 1095 “ Koî dohrâ apnâ likhâ sunâ dêiye, jî,  
 Jab main jânûn Mârwan, jî !  
 Jab mere dil ko âve karâr, jî !”

- Three times have I come, thou son of Râjâ Nal,  
 Have I come to thee.” (Said he),  
 “ Ye are all the maidens of the beauty of Sangaldîp.  
 Ye all bear the same form ;  
 1085 The letter that was sent to me,  
 Who can tell it me, will I know to be Mârwan.”  
 Said Târwan, “ Hear, Râjâ Dhol,”—  
 Spake she to the Râjâ,—  
 “ We are Râjpût’s daughters,  
 1090 We observe the rule of seclusion.  
 Unmannerly are the ways of thy land,  
 Unmannerly is thy gait.  
 And other Râjpût’s daughters :—  
 Would they come to thee ?”  
 1095 “ Sing me some verses of thine own,  
 And I will know thee for Mârwan !  
 And my heart will be satisfied !”

- Ho dilgîr chal pañî Rânî Târwan, jî.  
 Bolî Târwan, "Suno, sab sahelo, jî;  
 1100 Nâ chûke talwâr se Râjâ kâ betâ;  
 Nâ chûke tîr se, jî:  
 Woh to degâ ik hî rastâ kâdî, jî.  
 Battîs abran sâr le, Bahin Mârwan;  
 Solâh solâh le singâr, jî."  
 1105 Patel-soz balke Rânî Mârwan  
 Âve Râjâ Dhol ke pâs, jî.  
 Rânî Mârwan jûn dekhâ jûn korâ kûneñ ke bâr:  
 Angan sūkhe bâjrâ, bhû meñ sūkhe jawâr:  
 Rânî sūkhe pîû kî, bare mard kî nâr.  
 1110 Basar rahî, basâr die, basâr, basâr!  
 Rânî sej chañhî dekhî, jî,  
 Jûn kûneñ pe dekhê panihâr!  
 "Mujhe takmâ tere nâm kâ, rakhîye nâm kî tîk !

- Princess Târwan went away abashed.  
 Spake Târwan, "Hear, O ye maids:  
 1100 "This king's son failed not with the sword,  
 Nor failed with the arrow.  
 He will treat us all alike.\*  
 So put on the 32 jewels, Sister Mârwan;  
 Put on the 16 ornaments."  
 1105 Lighting the torch, the Princess Mârwan  
 Went up to Râjâ Dhol.  
 Princess Mârwan gazed at him, like a thirsty woman  
 at a well.  
 The millet dried in the yard, the millet dried in the field;  
 The Princess pined for her love, the great warrior's wife.  
 1110 Forgotten was she, forgotten, forgotten, forgotten!  
 The Princess sat on the couch, and looked  
 As a water-bearer looks at a well!  
 (Said she), "My hope is in thy name, my trust is in thy  
 name !

---

\* i.e., punish us.

- Tîn sau sâth Dhol banke â gae, jî :  
 1115 Dîe bâgh se nikâl, jî.”  
 Pakaṛ kaljâ baith gaī Râjâ ke pās :  
 Woh to gaī sejâñ pe baith, jî ;  
 Dîe chaupur bichhâe, jî.
- Khilwat-khânâ meñ baiṭhâ Nal Râjâ kâ beṭâ ;  
 1120 Woh khilwat-khânâ meñ jâeñ, jî.  
 Bole Dhol, “ Sun, Rânî, merî bâṭ,  
 Narwargarh ko chal paṛo, suno hamârî bâṭ.”  
 Baṛî fajar pahrá nûr kâ mâtâ se aur sahelîon se kare  
 jawâb :  
 Bolî mâtâ, “ Dîn jahez le lo, jâiyo Dhol ke sâth.”  
 1125 Râjâ Dhol karhâ pe hûe sawâr :  
 Chalke âe Narwargarh ke mân,  
 Tore nukâro bajen Narwargarh ke mân,  
 Wahân ho rahe mangalchâr !
- Sham Dhols 360 have come  
 1115 And I turned them out of my garden.”  
 Taking him by the waist the Princess sat beside him :  
 Sat beside him on his couch,  
 And they laid the *chaupur*-board.
- Dwelling in the private apartments, the son of Râjâ Nal,  
 1120 Went into the private apartments.  
 Said Dhol (to Mârwan), “ My Queen, hear my words,  
 Let us go to Narwargarh, hear my words.”  
 In the early morn at the hour of dawn she spake to her  
 mother and her maids.  
 Answered her mother, “ Take thy dowry and go with  
 Dhol.”  
 1125 Râjâ Dhol mounted his camel  
 And went to Narwargarh.  
 The drums sounded in Narwargarh  
 And there were rejoicings !

## No. XXXII.

### RÂJÂ RATTAN SAIN OF CHITTAUR, AS TOLD BY A BARD FROM THE KAPURTHALÂ STATE.

[This story is a very garbled version of the well known Râjpût legend of the sack of Chittaur by 'Alâu'ddîn Khiljî in 1303 A.D. The accepted version is given at length by Tod, *Rajasthân*, Vol. I., pp 202 ff, in his usual magniloquent fashion.]

[The story shortly is this. During the reign of Rânâ Lakam Sain, Chittaur was attacked by 'Alâu'ddîn under the following circumstances:—Bhîm Sain, the uncle of the Rânâ, had married Padmanî, the daughter of Hamîr Singh Sisodiâ, of whose beauty 'Alâu'ddîn had heard, and whom he determined to possess. He accordingly entrapped Bhîm Sain into his camp and made his release conditional on the surrender of Padmanî. It was then agreed that Padmanî should be sent accompanied by her maidens, but they were to go in their *qoldas* or covered palanquins. Seven hundred *qoldas* were sent, but they contained armed men, and the bearers also were armed men. Bhîm Sain was given half an hour to bid farewell to Padmanî, of which he took advantage to escape to Chittaur, while a fierce fight took place between the Râjpûts under Gaurâ and Bâdal, Padmanî's relatives, and the troops of 'Alâu'ddîn, after which 'Alâu'ddîn had to raise the siege. This is said to have taken place in 1275 A.D., an impossible date, as 'Alâu'ddîn did not begin to reign till 1295 A.D., and took Chittaur in 1303.]

[This expedient of using the *qoldas* of a marriage procession to conceal an armed force was successfully performed by Nawâb Mûsâ Khân Baloch of Farrukhnagar, in recovering his principality from the officials of Râjâ Ranjît Singh of Bharatpûr (1788-1806 A.D.) He filled the *qoldas* of a large marriage procession with armed men and reached a fort called Shâbjahân-Âbâd, about 8 kos from Farrukhnagar, and full of Ranjît Singh's troops. They all came out unarmed to look on at the sham procession and were therefore easily overpowered, and having possession of the fort, the Nawâb recovered Farrukhnagar and held it till his death.]

[The story of Padmanî, or Padmâvatî as she is also called, has given rise to much popular literature. There is a *Qissa-i-Padmâvat* in Persian verse by Hussain Ghaznavî and in Hindî verse by Malik Muḥammad Jisî, and a *Tuhfatu'l-Qulûb* in Persian prose by Bâṭ Gobind, dated 1653 A.D., translated into Urdû verse in 1796 by Mîr Zîâ'u'ddîn 'Ibrat and Ghulam 'All 'Ishrat.]



QISSA RĀJĀ RATTAN SAIN, PISAR RĀJĀ CHITWAN  
SAIN, WĀLĪ CHITTAURGARH.

Bayān kiā gīā hai, ki Shāh Ghorī ke 'ahid meñ Rājā Rattan Sain hukumrān thā, chunānche mābāin donoñ ke Chittaurgarh meñ Rāvi Nadī par jang hūī, jis meñ Ghorī Shāh ne Rājā Rattan Sain ko maghlūb kiā, aur qila' Chittaurgarh par qābiz hūā. Is waqū'a ko 'arsa takhmīnan chār sau baras kā hūā.

Shimrūn Sāhib apnā; dhan Ād\* Kanwārī !

Orh dushūlā Rattan Sain gadī kī tayyārī.  
Lākhe Shāh† Dīwān ne jhuk nazar guzārī.  
“Lā padmāwat Padmanī woh nūr hamārī !”

- 5 Itnī sunke Rattan Suin tan lagī katārī.  
“Hat, re Baniye ! pare ho ! karo rīs hamārī !  
Kaun kaun Bāman Bāniye biyāh lāe sab nūrī ?  
Ab chalūngā Sangaldīp ko tujhe lā dūn Baniyānī.”  
Garh se nīche utar gīā Dīwān hazārī :
- 10 Garh nīche utarke soch bichārī.

- Lākhe Shāh Dīwān Bhūre pe āyā.  
Hāth joṛ mujrā kiā, jhuk sīs niwāyā.  
“Tū beṭā Rājā Shām kā : tū bage siwāyā !  
Rājā ghar janamke kyūn lāhnā lāyā ?
- 15 Sangaldīp kī Padmanī Rājā biyāh kar lāyā.  
Hor ghanī se kyā likhūn ? Pānī kyūn na pāyā ?”  
Itnī sun Bhūre ne jhat 'araz lagāī :  
“Ham bhāī ik haiñ, hamārī qismat niyārī :  
Jo Padmāwat khūs len jā lāj hamārī.”
- 20 Garh se nīche diā ntār Dīwān hazārī.

Dīwān ne bhagwe rang līe, kapre alfi dārī.  
Aṭak langh, Kābul gae Dīwān hazārī.

---

\* For Aditi: observe the mixture of Hindū and Musalmān expressions here.

† For Sāh.

- Âge baiṭhe Ghorī Bādshāh Kachahrī sārī :  
 Lākhe Shāh Diwān ne jhuk nazar guzarī.
- 25 “ Chaṛh, jo Ghorī Bādshāh, thārī kalā sawārī !”  
 Itnī sun Ghorī Shāh ne jhat āraj\* lagāī :  
 “ Kitnā qilā’ Chittaur kā ? kitnā bastār ?”  
 “ Bādshāh, bārāh kos men dhare niyo hissār.  
 Tīn lākh Chittaur men bāndhe talwār !
- 30 Chaudah sai charkhe qilā’ par kare māro mār.  
 Basen mahājan, bāniye, bare sāhūkār :  
 Motī, mohar, jawāhir kā karen baranj beopār.”  
 Itnī sunke Bādshāh dil men ghabarāe.  
 “ Mere Allah-dīn Alāu’d-dīn,
- 35 Nār begāne dekhke na khoō dīn !”  
 “ Hain Rājā Chittaur ke bare mard shauqīn :  
 Hamāre mard ghore ko kāt ke bhar denge zīn :”  
 Kahte Ghorī Bādshāh mere Allah-dīn.  
 Itnī sun Lākhe Shāh ne jhat araj† lagāī :
- 40 “ Chaṛh jāo tum Chittaur par thārī kalā sawāl.”  
 Itnī sunke Bādshāh thūmak bajwāl.  
 Sāt lākh chaṛh giā Mughal sipāhī :  
 Manzilon manzilon chalke Chittauron āe.
- Jabhi to Ghorī Bādshāh parwānā likhwāe :
- 45 Sharfū Qāzī khat likhe kar ’aqal shahūr.  
 “ Tum sun, Kābul ko Bādshāh, kyūn ban rahā hosh ?”  
 “ Bich meū,” likhe, “ Gangē jalī, ūpar,” likhe, “ Qurān :  
 Main ātā terī mulāqāt, tere darshan pāūn.  
 Mujhe Sangaldīp kā bhed de, main chaṛhkar jāūn :
- 50 Sangaldīp ke bhūp sardār ko pakar kar lāūn.”  
 Itnī sunke Rattan Sain phardī mangwāl :  
 Khat likh Rattan Sain kar ’aqal shahūr.  
 Khat likh Rattan Sain kar ’aqal shahūr :  
 “ Tū sun, Kabul ke Bādshāh, kyūnkas rahā behosh ?
- 55 Tere kanion lag rahe chughalkhor, Dillī ke dūt.  
 Bhāle chāhiye, tū Bādshāh, dere ko kar jā kūch.”

\* For 'aras.

† See above line 26.

- Itni sunke Bādshāh mārī jhat phūk.  
 “ Milnā hai to mil jā, nahīn dere ko kar jā kūch.”  
 Itni sunke Rattan Sain tājan purwāe,  
 60 Ghorī Bādshāh ke dalān meṁ chalkar āe.  
 Āge baiṭhe Ghorī Bādshāh, jhuk sīs niwāe.  
 Hānske bole Bādshāh, līe pās biṭhāe.  
 Chaupur sār mangāke shatranj khilāe.  
 Bāṁh pakarke le bare tambā ke māṭhī.  
 65 Pairoṁ meṁ pās berīān, gal tauq parāhe.
- Abhe Rām Dīwān ko dhake dīlwāe.  
 Abhe Rām Dīwān garh andar āe :  
 Mātā Rattan Sain kī kiwāron āī.  
 “ Kit gae Rājā Rattan Sain hamāre, bhāī ?”  
 70 Itni sunke Abhe Rām ne kūk machāī.  
 “ Ham donoṁ rokar bichare, Bādshāh ghar shādī !  
 Thārā Rājā pakaṛā, Bādshāh ne naubat bājī !”  
 Mātā Rattan Sain kī kiwāron lāgī.  
 “ Kit Sanglā ? kit Sangaldīp ? kit biyāhī ?”  
 75 Āwandī na sobhā līā nīrbhāgan āī !  
 Ab jidhar nūn terī khushī chāhe chālī jāe !”  
 Itni sunke Padmant bhar āṁsū roī.  
 Dolf andar baiṭh gal jhāmar girwāe.  
 Hāthoṁ meṁ līe paplī kamarān bandhwāī.  
 80 Manziloṁ mansilon chal parī Sibhījī pe āī :  
 Sibhījī ke bachan lī chālī dewar pe āī.  
 Hāth joṛ mujrā kīā, jhuk sīs niwāe.  
 “ Dewar, nā godī, nā ungālī, merā piyā dūr.  
 Mere Rājā ke band chhurā lā, tū dīkhe sharm huzār !”  
 85 Itni sun Bhūre ne dīl hūe gharūr.  
 “ Jā, bhāwaj, tū chale jā nere yā dūr.  
 Mere bāp kā sir dīā kāt, chīlān ne khāe.  
 Tum ko bhī de milān Ghorī Shāh ke tān.”  
 Itni sun Mātā Bhuro kī Bhure pe āī.  
 90 “ Paṭṭā terī ’umar kā likhwākar nū lāe.  
 Nau mahīne rakhā udard meṁ, jīū kar bachāī :  
 Tainūn ghuṭī dī na zahar kī tūn bachdā nāhī !”

- “ Mâtâ, woh hî gharî kyûn gai bhûl kar rand biṭhâi ?  
 Mere bap kâ sir kaṭ chîlân ko pae ?  
 95 Mere bairî phais giâ dâṁ meñ, tu dîe hai chhurwâe ! ”  
 “ Bachchâ, augun ûpar gun karo, jag meñ bhalâi. ”  
 Itnî sun Bhûrâ Mâtâ se kahe, “ Sun, mât, bāt.  
 Jehî Râjâ ko pakarâe dūn Bâdshâh ke pās. ”  
 Itnî sun Bhûre kî Rânî Bhûre pe âi.  
 100 Hâth joṛ mujrâ kiâ, jhuk sis niwâe.  
 “ Râjâ, tum charkhâ le lo rangalâ, pîrhâ le lo lâl.  
 Charkhe mere baiṭh jâo, gharwâ le nâth,  
 Tum pahino merî chûriâñ, main nûn le âo hathiyâr !  
 Main takrî hoke jâ laṛûñ Ghorî Bâdshâh ke sâth !  
 105 Haude se haudâ bher dūn, sir pareñ ajât judâ !  
 Chaṛhnâ hai to chaṛh jâ, nahin de do sâf jawâb ! ”  
 Itnî sunke Bhûre ke tan boli khâi.

- Bhûre Bâdal ne chauk meñ kachahrî lîi :  
 Badnî â gae Badan Singh kachahrî chhâo.  
 110 Shâh\* Maṇḍan â gae Shâhûkâr sampûran bare bhâgi.  
 “ Mere bawan dhajâeñ mâl ke, main sabhî tyâgi !  
 Mere Râjâ ke band chhurâ lî, sab pûran lâge ! ”  
 Itnî sun Bhûrâ Shâh Maṇḍan pe âyâ.  
 Hâth joṛ mujrâ kiâ, jhuk sis niwâyâ.  
 115 Bhûre se Maṇḍan kahe, “ Koi hikmat kîjo.  
 Solâh sai ḍolâ liâ, singâr hâth guptî dîjo.  
 Ḍolâ andar deo biṭhûe : kisi bhed na dîjo.  
 Mânî Pûnî lohâr ko sâth le lîjo.  
 Mânâ Pûnâ bhareñ bhes terâ chândî sonâ :  
 120 Jin kî chhaṭeñ ûpar dhare anâr lîmû se gahnâ :  
 Jin kî zuluf laṭakke bhare māng motlî kî lachhî. ”

- Solâh sai ḍolâ liâ singâr, sūn Sibh kî khâi.  
 “ Yehî se haṭ jâlyo gharân nûn, jis se nâr piyârî !  
 Hamâre gail so chaṛhe bandhî dudhârî ! ”  
 125 Itnî sun sârme de rahe kalkâr :

- Ghorī Shāh ke dalān meṇ par gaī shor pukār.  
 Jab hī Sharfū Qāzī ne jhaṭ mashlat joṛī :  
 “Tām dīn duniyā ke Bādshāh chhūṭe Khudāe !  
 Dole meṇ padmāwat hai nahīn padmanī bharāe !  
 130 Doloṇ ke bāns sarkde, kahār honkde āe !”  
 Itnī sunke Bādshāh ne araj lagāī.  
 “Doloṇ kī talāsh de de mere tāīn.”  
 Itnī sunke Bhūre ne jhaṭ araj lagāē.  
 “Padmāwat\* roī doli meṇ bhar ānsū āī.  
 135 Rattan Sain ko dekhtī kāmān madā māī.  
 Rattan Sain ko bhej de dōlān ke māhīn.”  
 Itnī sunke Bādshāh Rājā pe āe :  
 Jandā tor mahil kā Rājā khulwāe.  
 Rājā chhutā mahil se jaisā chalā kebrī.  
 140 Dekh Rājā dōlān ko bhar ānsū rove.  
 “Mere jīwande dōlā kyūn dende lāj gaṇwāe ?  
 Badlā ab yeh bāp kā taīn lā sajāe !”  
 Itnī sunke Bhūre ne jhaṭ araj lagāī :  
 “Mānān Pūnān ladī terī ab lān gorī.  
 145 Dōlān āīn baīṭhke donān kī joṛī.”  
 Itnī sunke Rattan Sain dil āī hoshiyar.  
 Dōlā andar jā parā jhāmār girwāe.  
 Mānān Pūnān lohār se berī kaṭwāī.  
 Jab hī Sharfū Qāzī ik mashlat joṛī.  
 150 “Dōlā meṇ ṭhak ṭhak ho rahī, ghan bāje bathorī.  
 Berī kaṭī Rajpūt kī ! Āī honī torī.”  
 Itnī sunke Rattan Sain kī turt ā gāī ghorī.  
 Hanwe hāth, pair rikāb, jhaṭ jabar gaī ghorī.  
 Sarsar māṛī korāṛī daurā dī ghorī.  
 155 Wājān wājān dī rahī tā bāgān morī.  
 Garh andar ā barā Rajpūt hazārī.  
 Itnī sunke Bhūre ne jhaṭ ghorī pherī,  
 Ghorī Shāh ke dalān jā bāgān morī.  
 Doloṇ se kūde sūrme deke kalkār.

- 160 Ghorī Shāh ke dalān men pāī dhand ghubār.  
 Golf chalī karākar, paṛe rahe sankār,  
 Jaisī māī pawan kī kināī kāhī.  
 Pānch hazār paṛā khet, gintī na pāī,  
 Akelā Bhurā kyā kare lashkar ke darmiyān ?
- 165 Lekar ghorī jā pa.ā lashkar ke darmiyān :  
 "Tum men naushā kaun dāl kā singār ?"  
 Allāhdīn 'Alāu'ddīn karde do pahār :  
 Haude se nīche dīe ger, dēkē tar-kasār.  
 Itnī sun Ghorī Bādshāh ne pakāre kumār.
- 170 Bhaṛbhaṛ marī gīāsīyān Arjun se bān.  
 Tīr mārā Bhūre Kanwar ko langhā dīā pār.  
 Ghorī se nīche dīā ger, kar tīrkahī sār.
- Rājā royā Rattan Sain deke kalkār.  
 Faujān andar āu baṛī deke lalkār.
- 175 Ghorī Shāh ne dīe bāng namāz guzārī !  
 Karoṛ deotā gīā naṭ iko bārī !  
 Ghorī Shāh ke hūe fatāh kachahrī sārī.  
 Itnī sun Padmāwat ne tan barchhī māī :  
 Nārī thīn, sab mar gain Chittaurīon mātīn !
- 180 Ghorī Shāh dekhā kof nazar na āīn !  
 "Jhuthā re, Lākhe Shāh Dīwān ! Padmāwat kof na pāī !"  
 Lāke jandā chal paṛe Chittaurīon mātīn :  
 Chhat Banūr men āke dere dīe lagāe.  
 Bādshāh wahān mar gīā, makān līe pāe.

## TRANSLATION.

THE STORY OF RĀJĀ RATTAN SAIN, THE SON OF RĀJĀ CHITWAN  
 SAIN, LORD OF CHITTAURGARH.

It is said that in the days of the Ghorī\* kings Rājā Rattan Sain was an independent prince, and there was war between them on the Rāwī River at Chittaurgarh, in which the Ghorī king conquered Rājā Rattan Sain, and took Chittaurgarh. This happened about 400 years ago.†

\* For Ghorī read Khiljī throughout.

† 600 would be nearer the mark.

I worship my Lord and the Infinite Goddess !

Clothed in shawls Rattan Sain sat on his throne.

Lākhe Shāh, the Minister, bowed and made his (customary) gift, (and said) :

" I would have the beautiful Padmanī to wife ! "

5 Hearing this Rattan Sain was very wrathful (and said) :

" Off, thou Merchant.\* Be off ! Thou makest me angry.

Shall Brāhmans and Merchants marry all the women ?

I will go to Sangaldīp† and get thee a Merchant's daughter."

The great Minister went down from the fort,

10 And going down he pondered (within himself).

Lākhe Shāh, the Minister, came to Bhûrā,‡

With joined hands he prayed forgiveness§ and bowed his head.

(Said he), " Thou art the son of Rājā Shām and the best of all.

Born in the king's house why art thou disgraced ?

15 The Rājā (Rattan Sain) hath wedded Padmanī of Sangaldīp !

And what shall I say of his wealth ? Why hast thou not received thy share ? "

Hearing this spake Bhûrā quickly :

" We brothers are the same, but our fate is separate :

If I take away Padmanī, the shame will be mine."

20 And he sent down the great Minister from the fort.

The Minister dyed his clothes of a red hue, and put on a mendicant's dress.||

\* This means that Lākhe Shāh was a Baniyā, (merchant) by caste.

† See ante, p. 276.

‡ Rattan Sain's brother.

§ For speaking : Oriental custom.

|| Añī is a sleeveless shirt worn by mendicants as a distinguishing mark.

Crossing the Aṭak (Indus) the great Minister went to Kâbul.

The Ghorî king was holding his Court:

Lākhe Shâh, the Minister, bowed and made his gift.

- 25 (Said he), "Start thy army, O Ghorî king, (to Chittaurgh)."

Hearing this said the Ghorî king quickly :

"How large is Chittaur fort ? What is its population ?"

"O king, it is a large fort covering twelve *kos*.

Three *lākhs*\* of swords are there in Chittaur.

- 30 And fourteen hundred guns blaze forth.

Bankers and traders and great merchants dwell there,

And deal largely in pearls and coins and jewels."

Hearing this the king was astonished in his heart.

(Said the Court), "O Allah-dîn 'Alâu'ddîn,†

- 35 Lose not thy virtue over a strange woman."

(Said he), "The Rājās of Chittaur are men of luxury,

And my men shall fill their horses' saddles."

Thus spake the Ghorî king 'Alâu'ddîn,

And hearing said Lākhe Shâh quickly :

- 40 "Go thou with thy army to Chittaur."

Hearing this the king had the (war) drums<sup>v</sup> beaten.

Seven *lākhs*‡ of Mughal soldiers advanced,

And stage by stage they reached Chittaur.

Then the Ghorî king sent a letter,

- 45 And Sharfû, the Qâzî, wrote the letter with discretion.

(And said) "Why be uneasy, thou King of Kâbul?"§

And he wrote, "The Ganges is between us, and above us is the Qurân ;||

I have come to visit thee and see thee (only),

- 50 That thou mayest tell me of Sangaldîp, whither I would advance."

\* i.e., 300,000!

† i.e., 700,000!

† Meant for 'Alâ'uddîn Khiljî.

§ This must be a blunder of the bard: the "King of Kâbul" is writing the letter  
|| Apparently an oath.



- When Rattan Sain heard this he sent for paper,  
 And Rattan Sain wrote a letter with discretion.  
 Rattan Sain wrote a letter with discretion, (and said),  
 "Hear, thou King of Kābul, why art thou uneasy?"  
 55 Beside thee are the tale-bearers, the spies of Dehl,  
 If thou wishest thy welfare march thou back."  
 Hearing this the king forthwith exclaimed,  
 "If thou wilt meet me meet me, or I will march back."  
 Hearing this Rattan Sain got ready his mare  
 60 And went to the Court of the Ghorī king.  
 The Ghorī king was sitting there and he bowed his head.  
 Smiling spake the king and sat him down beside him.  
 Sending for a *chaupur* board they played at chess (!)\*  
 Then seizing (the Rājā) by the arms they took him into  
 the great tent.  
 65 They put fetters on his feet and an iron ring about his  
 neck.

- Abhe Rām, the Minister,† was pushed away.  
 And Abhe Rām, the Minister, went back into the fort,  
 And went to the door of Rattan Sain's mother.  
 (Said she), "Where went my Rājā Rattan Sain, friend?"  
 70 Hearing this Abhe Rām raised a cry (and said):  
 "We two were separated weeping while the king's  
 household rejoiced!  
 The king hath seized thy Rājā and is beating his drums  
 (over it)!"  
 The mother of Rattan Sain leant against the door, (and  
 said):  
 "Where is the Maid of Sangal? ‡ where is Sangaldīp?  
 whence came the bride?"  
 75 Unfortunate§ art thou, that thy coming brought no  
 happiness.

\* For the bardic notion on such things see Vol II., p. 282.

† Who had accompanied him ‡ i.e., Padmanī.

§ This term implies a reproach.

- Go now whither thou mayest desire !”  
 Hearing this Padmanî wept bitterly.  
 She sat in her covered palanquin.  
 She took a dagger in her hand and girded her loins.
- 80 Going stage by stage she reached (a temple of) Siva,  
 And taking an oracle from Siva she went to her husband's younger brother.  
 With joined hands she asked forgiveness and bowed her head (and said):  
 “ Brother, nor chick nor child (is mine) and my husband is afar.  
 Release the Râjâ, for thou seemest an honourable man !”
- 85 Hearing this Bhûrâ hardened his heart (and said):  
 “ Go, sister, go where thou wilt.  
 He cut off my father's head and the kites ate it.  
 I will send thee too to the Ghorî king.”\*
- Hearing this came his mother to Bhûrâ (and said):
- 90 “ I have no written prophecy as to thy length of life.  
 I bore thee nine months in my womb, and saved thee alive.  
 Would that I had poisoned thee, that thou hadst not lived !”  
 “ Mother, hast thou forgotten that hour when thou wast made a widow ?  
 When he cut off my father's head and gave it to the kites ?
- 95 My enemy is in trouble and thou wouldst have me save him !”  
 “ My son, do good for evil, that it may be well with thee in the world.”  
 Hearing this said Bhûrâ to his mother, “ Mother, hear me,  
 I will let the king keep the Râjâ his captive.”  
 Hearing this came Bhûrâ's wife to Bhûrâ;

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\* And so dishonour thee.

- 100 With joined hands she craved his pardon and bowed her head (and said) :

“ Râjâ, take my painted spinning wheel, and take my red stool.

Sit down to my wheel and make thee a nose ring.

Take thou my bracelets and I will take thy arms !

I will be strong and fight the Ghori king !

- 105 Elephant shall meet elephant and heads shall fly about !

If thou be going, go, or deny outright !”

Hearing this, her words sank into Bhûrû’s heart.

Bhûrû and Bâdal held an assembly in the market-place.

Badnî and Badan Singh attended the assembly.

- 110 Shâh Maṇḍan, the richest of all the merchants, also came (and said) :

“ I give up (for thee) my 52 bags of riches !

Expend them all to release my Râjâ !”

Hearing this came Bhûrû to Shâh Maṇḍan.

With joined hands he asked pardon, and bowed his head.

- 115 Said Shâh Maṇḍan to Bhûrû. “ Make this plan.

Take 1,600 palanquins (with you) and take secret arms in your hands.

Seat yourselves within the palanquins and tell the secret to none.

Take Mânâ and Pânâ, the iron-smiths, (as women) with you ;\*

And cover Mânâ and Pânâ with thy vesture of silver and gold ;

- 120 And put limes and pomegranates on their breasts for ornaments :

And fill their hanging locks with coral and pearls.”

They adorned 1,600 palanquins and took an oracle from

Śiva, (and said) :

“ Go hence to your homes, all ye that love your wives !

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\* i.e., dressed up as women : observe the force of putting the names of these men into female forms in the text.

- They that go with us must fasten on swords !”\*
- 125 Hearing this the warriors raised a shout,  
And the noise of it reached the Ghorî king’s Court.  
Whereon Sharfû, the Qâzî, quickly made remark :  
“ God hath made thee king of the world and the faith !  
They are no fair maids and girls that fill the palanquins !
- 130 Tho poles of the palanquins creak and the bearers  
breathe heavily !”  
Hearing this spake the king :  
“ Search the palanquins for me.”  
Hearing this spake Bhûrâ quickly :  
“ Padmanî is weeping bitterly in her palanquin,  
135 And when she sees Rattan Sain she will be filled with joy.  
Send Rattan Sain into her palanquin.”  
Hearing this the king came to the Râjâ,  
And breaking open the lock of the prison took the Râjâ out.  
The Râjâ came like a lion out of his prison,
- 140 And seeing the palanquins his eyes filled with tears, (and  
he said to Bhûrâ) :  
“ Why sent ye her in marriage here, whilst I was alive  
to shame me ?  
Thou hast taken full vengeance for thy father !”  
Hearing this said Bhûrâ quickly :  
“ I have brought Mânâ and Pânâ,† thy beautiful darlings,  
145 Sit down in the palanquin and meet them.”  
Hearing this Rattan Sain understood,  
And went into the palanquin and put down the blinds.  
Mânâ and Pânâ, the iron-smiths, cut off his fetters.  
Then Sharfû, the Qâzî, made remark :  
150 “ There is a noise of hammering and clanking within the  
palanquin !  
The Râjpût’s fetters are being cut ! Thy fate hath come,  
(O king) !”

Hearing this Rattan Sain quickly came to his mare.

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\* As the enterprise is very dangerous.

† The names are still *female* in the text.

Hand on saddle, foot in stirrup, quickly he mounted his mare.

Striking her quickly with his whip he galloped off the mare.

155 They shouted out to him to turn back.

The great Râjpût entered his fort.

Hearing this\* Bhûrâ quickly turned his mare,

And turned on the Ghorî king's camp.

The warriors leapt from the palanquins and gave a shout.

160 And there was a great slaughter in the Ghorî king's camp.

The guns thundered forth and there was a great disturbance.

As when the wind blows the scum (of a pond) to the bank.

Five thousand fell on the field beyond counting,

But what did Bhûrâ alone in the midst of an army ?

165 He took his mare into the midst of the camp, (saying) :

" Who is the jewel† of the army among you ? "

And he cut Allahdîn 'Alâu'ddîn into two halves,

And cast him down from his elephant with a stroke of his sword.

Hearing this the Ghorî king seized his bow,

170 And shot arrows forth like Arjuna.§

An arrow struck the Prince Bhûrâ and went through him.

And the blows, arrows, and swords threw him down from his mare.

The Râjâ Rattan Sain wept and cried out.

And the (king's) army entered the fort shouting ;

175 And the Ghorî king made the (Muhammadan) call to prayer !||

\* Something probably omitted here.

† *Lit* , bridegroom.

‡ The bard seems to think 'Alâu'ddîn to have been a personage apart from the " Ghorî " king, whereas they were really the same

§ The Pāṇḍava , allusion to the story of the *Mahābhārata*

| A dreadful thing to happen in a Râjpût fort.

- And all at once the millions of (guardian) goddesses fled !  
 The Ghorî king gained the victory over the whole Court.  
 Hearing this Padmanî ran a spear through her body,  
 And all the women that were in Chittaur died !\*
- 180 And the Ghorî king could find not one (and said) :  
 "Lâkhe Shâh, the Minister, was a liar ! I have found  
 no Padmanî!"
- Putting his lock on Chittaur he set out,  
 And rested at Chhat-Banûr,  
 Where the king died and had a tomb erected to him.†

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\* Allusion to the well-known Râjpût ceremony of the *sâma*, or *jauhar*, or immolation of the women, before making the final sally, when it was no longer possible to save a place from destruction. The Râjpûts claim that a *jauhar* was performed on this occasion, and again at the second sack of Chittaur by Akbar in 1533.

† This place is probably meant for the Chach or Indus riverain tract of the Râwal Pindî District, just as the bard has placed Chittaur on the River Râvi. 'Alâu'ddin, as a matter of fact, was buried at Dehli in 1316 A.D.

## No. XXXIII.

### THREE VERSIONS OF SARWAN AND FARĪJAN, AS TOLD IN THE DEHLĪ AND KARNĀL DISTRICTS.

[Sarwan and Farījan is the usual name of a well known ballad widely sung in the Dehlī, Gurgāon, Karnāl, Hissār and Rohtak Districts. It is specially interesting as being a pure myth concocted within the last fifty years for what may be called political reasons, and because it bids fair to become a permanent legend among the people.]

[Farījan, Farīdan, Farījar and Pharījan are vulgar forms of the name of Mr. William Fraser, formerly Political Resident at the Court of the Mughal Emperors of Dehlī, who was murdered from personal spite at the instigation of Nawāb Shamsu'ddin Khān of Lohārū on the 22nd March 1835. The murder formed the subject of a judicial enquiry and the Nawāb was executed on the evidence on 3rd October 1835. He was a man of very dissolute character, and the people who best remembered him, were the courtizans of Dehlī that lived on his gifts. These women for some time afterwards were in the habit of singing songs in his praise and are, no doubt, responsible for the concoction of the purely mythical story of Mr. Fraser's intrigue with Sarwan, a *samsudār's* or farmer's wife, at the hands of her outraged husband. Sir William Sleeman, who, in his *Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official*, 1844, Vol. II., p. 210ff, gives a complete account of the murder of Mr. Fraser, says that songs in honor of Wazīr 'Alī the murderer of Mr. Cherry and others at Banāras in 1798 A.D. were sung by courtesans there twenty years after the massacre for the same reason.]

[The true story is that Mr. Fraser had practically brought up the Nawāb Shamsu'ddin Khān, and was so disgusted at his debauched and licentious proceedings when he grew to man's estate, that he at last refused to admit him to his house at Dehlī, of which the Nawāb had previously had free use. This so exasperated him that he employed Karīm Khān and Uniyā, an associate and an old servant, to assassinate him. The opportunity offered on the night of the 22nd March 1835, when Mr. Fraser was returning from a party given by the Rājā of Kishangarh, and Karīm Khān shot him dead about eleven o'clock at night. Uniyā got wind of attempts that were to be made on his own life by the Nawāb to destroy proofs of the affair and with some difficulty escaped from his clutches. He afterwards confessed his share in the crime to Mr. Simon Fraser and explained the whole of the circumstances at the trial held by Mr. Colvin, the judge. The result was the execution of Karīm Khān and the Nawāb.]

[In an Urdu work called *Tārīkh Makhsan Panjāb* by Mufti Ghulām Sarwar Qureshī of Lāhor, 1877, at p. 26, the following account is given of Mr. Fraser's murder:—"Nawāb Shamsu'ddīn Khān succeeded Nawāb Aḥmad Bakhsh Khān of Lohārū. He had two brothers, Amlu'ddīn Khān and Zī'ā'u'ddīn Khān, who claimed shares in the estate under their father's will. The case was laid before Mr. William Fraser, the Agent at Dehli, who reported to Government that according to the will all three brothers ought to have shares in the property. In revenge for this in October 1835 Nawāb Shamsu'ddīn Khān had him murdered by his people. After an enquiry, which lasted a year, he was convicted and hanged and his estate at Firozpur confiscated and added to the Gurgaon District." Sir William Sleeman, however, is of opinion that the Government proceedings as to the partition of the estate had very little to do with the murder.]

## I.

## THE STORY OF THE MURDER OF MR. FARĪJAR.

*Mān Singh, a farmer of the village of Nagdhū, in the District of Karnāl, told the following story on the 22nd February 1884.*

A very handsome youth, named Amī Chand, a farmer of the village of Ghughīānā, in the Karnāl District,\* got into trouble and became a convict, working on the Canals being made through the District.† One day it so happened that Mr. Farījar went out to examine the works and remarked Amī Chand and said to a convict warder,‡ "what a pity it is that so handsome a youth should be employed as a convict on excavation works!" He was so struck with the beauty of the youth that he mentioned it again and again§ till at last the warder said, "his beauty is nothing to his sister's." Upon this Mr. Farījar strongly desired to see her, and that same evening he sent for Amī Chand and promised to release and reward him if he would bring his sister to him. He consented and was released by Mr. Farījar, who supplied him with a horse and a servant, and sent him off to his village.

When Amī Chand reached home his friends were much surprised to see him, as they knew his time had not expired,

\* It is really in the Dehli District.

† They were taken in hand by Lord Hastings and completed between 1817 and 1830.

‡ *Met quidī* was the expression used, *met* being the English word *mate*.

§ This is a purely oriental notion and quite foreign to English habits, of course.



but he put them off with a story of services he had rendered so as to cause his premature release, and concealed the real facts.

He then went to his mother's house, but did not find his sister at home, for she had gone to her husband's house, and so he went there and told her that their mother was very ill, in fact dying, and wanted to see her. Her husband, however, declined to let her go home, and Amī Chand then told her privately that unless she could get away somehow that very day she would never see her mother alive again; so it was arranged between them that she should go to a certain well to draw water that evening, where he should meet her, and that they should go off together.

They met accordingly and he took her up behind him on his horse, but, instead of taking her to their mother, he took her straight to Mr. Farījar's tent, as he was then encamped upon the works.

As soon as her husband missed her he guessed that Amī Chand had taken her off and went at once to his mother-in-law, and found her quite well, and that she had seen neither her son nor her daughter. After a while he ascertained that Amī Chand had carried her off to Mr. Farījar.

This drove him quite wild, and going home to his village, he collected three or four friends and went with them to Mr. Farījar's tent, and found his wife Sarwan there, as he had been told. He addressed a petition to Mr. Farījar about the injustice of his acts, but got no answer and was turned out of the camp. So he went home and, watching his opportunity, murdered Mr. Farījar in revenge for the abduction of his wife.\*

## II.

### THE SONG OF SARWAN AND FARĪDAN.

*From a version procured from Dehli.*

#### TEXT.

Dhur Kalkatte se chalā Farīdan, Pānchōī Pīr manāe.  
Lāṇḍā ghora buḍhā Farīdan Sarwan dhūṇḍan jāe.  
Pānch muqām Dehli men bole, chhattā Ghūngānā gānū.

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\* There was nothing in the language of the story as taken down to make it worth while printing it in original.

- Dhaule kûneñ par tambû tan gae, mekheñ de garwâe.  
 5 Galî galî chuprâsî dolen, Sarwan lajhdî nâhîñ.  
 Bachhre chugâwandâ Amî Chand pakarâ mushkîñ de  
 bandwâe.  
 "Mushkîñ merî chhor de, Farîdan; Sarwan dûñ batlâe.  
 Bare bagar se Sarwan nikasî, chhoṭe bagar nûñ jâe  
 Sarwan bâjre mân."
- Bâjrâ kattî Sarwan pakarî, dântî dhûngî mân.  
 10 Sir par pîrhâ, baghal meñ charkhâ, pûñî lataktî jâe :  
 Hâth meñ belâ, bele meñ kanghî dauî nâñ ke jâe.  
 "Ultî sultî menḍhiân gandhtî, thâḍâ lewan jâe.  
 Âo, rî bahino, mil lo, suhelî : phir milâ nahîñ jâe."  
 Ungalî pakarke, ponchhâ pakarâ, haude lî bithlâe.  
 15 Hâthî ke haude baiṭhî, Sarwan tap tap rondî jâe.  
 "Shahr Ghungânâ, jam jam basiyo ! Amî Chand basiyo  
 nâhîñ !"  
 Addhî rât pahar kâ tarkâ târe gindî jâe.  
 Pâñch Pîr kâ malîda sukhâ faujon meñ batâ jâe.  
 "Lahnge kâ pahinâ chhor de, merî Sarwan, sâya sinâ  
 lagâe.  
 20 Sûp kâ pahinâ chhor, merî Sarwan, ṭopî se naihâ lagâe.  
 Angî kâ pahinâ chhor de, merî Sarwan, peṭîkoṭ se naihâ  
 lagâe.  
 Pîrhî kâ baiṭhnâ chhor, merî Sarwan, kursî se naihâ  
 lagâe."  
 "Ṭopî kâ pahinâ chhor jâe, rât ke, pagîâ bandhan le.  
 Patlûn kâ pahinâ chhor jâe, rât ke, dhotî kâ bandhan le.  
 25 Koṭ kâ pahinâ chhor jâe, rât ke, mirjâe kâ pahinâ le.  
 Bûṭ kâ pahinâ chhor jâe, rât ke, jûṭî se naihâ lagâe.  
 Giṭ-piṭ bolî chhor de, Farîdan, sîdhî bolî le."

*Translation.*

Farîdan came all the way from Kalkattâ, worshipping  
 the Five Saints.\*

Old Farîdan on his bob-tailed nag was searching for  
 Sarwan.

\* See next version.

Five days he stayed at Dehli, the sixth at Ghûngânâ village.

The tents were pitched at the white well and the pegs driven in.

- 5 The messengers searched in all the lanes and found not Sarwan.

Amī Chand was seized grazing the cattle and his arms were tied behind him.

"Loose my arms, Farīdan, and I will show thee Sarwan. Sarwan went out of the great street through the little street into the millet-field."

Sarwan was caught cutting the millet with her sickle at her side.

- 10 Her stool upon her head, her wheel under her arm, and the skein hanging down.

Her cup in her hand and her comb in her cup she ran to the barber's wife.

"Braid up my tangled locks, the oppressor hath taken me.

O my sisters and my companions, come and see me; we shall not meet again."

He caught her hand and seized her by the waist and sat her in the (elephant) litter.

- 15 Sitting in the elephant litter, Sarwan dropped tears.

"Be happy, Ghûngânâ! But be not happy, Amī Chand!"

All night long till dawn she counted the stars.\*

The sweets that had been vowed were distributed in the name of the Five Saints (by Farīdan).

"Leave off wearing thy (native) skirt, my Sarwan, and put on a (European) skirt.

- 20 Leave off thy (kerchief), my Sarwan, and wear a hat.

Leave off thy (native) petticoat, my Sarwan, and wear a petticoat.

Leave off sitting on a stool, my Sarwan, and sit on a chair."

\* Idiom, to be very unhappy.

“Leave off wearing thy hat, thou doomed one, and fasten on a turban.

Leave off wearing trowsers, thou doomed one, and wear a loin-cloth.

25 Leave off wearing a coat, thou doomed one, and wear a quilt.

Leave off wearing boots, thou doomed one, and wear (native) slippers.

Leave off thy jargon, Farīdan, and take to plain speech.”

### III.

#### THE BALLAD OF SARWAN AND PHARĪJAN.

*This version is from a beautifully written manuscript in the Persian character sent to Mr. Dilmerrick in 1872 by the late Nawâb 'Alâu'ddîn Ahmad Khan of Lohâru, nephew of Nawâb Shamsu'ddîn Khan. It is in his own handwriting, with some 26 notes in English also written by him, for he was a man of considerable literary attainments.*

#### TEXT

*Châma-i-Sarwan.*

#### I.

Dhur Kalkatte se chalâ Pharījan, Pānchon Pīr manâe.

Pānch muqâm Dehlī ke bole, chhattâ Gungânâ gâne.

Allah jāne, rī, Pānchon Pīr manâe.

#### II.

Dhaulī kûnīn par tammū garāe, mekhen dī garwāe.

Huqqu kītā Mīn Chand paka ā, herī dī thukwāe.

Allah jāne, rī, Pānchon Pīr manâe.

#### III.

“Ik chîz terī, kahe, Amīn Chand, dūsri kahū kī nâe.”

“Merī ho, to de dūn, Pharījan ; dūsri kī de na jāe.”

Allah jāne, rī, Pānchon Pīr manâe.

#### IV.

“Sarwan kâ jo bhed batâ de, bâthī dūn in'âm.”

Ghar ke bhedī bhed batâyâ, “Sarwan bājri mâte.”

Allah jāne, rī, Pānchon Pīr manâe.

## V.

Dhalâ ghorâ bhûrâ Pharĭjan bâjrâ kûndtâ jâe.  
Bâjrâ kaṭṭi Sarwan pâkarî, drânti ḍhûngi mâe.  
Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoñ Pîr manâe.

## VI.

Hâth pakarkar ghoṛe biṭhlâ le, ṭis ṭis ânsû jâe.  
Pânch pîr bâjrâ kâṭâ, chhaṭṭâ na kâṭâ jâe !  
Allah jâne, rî, Pânchon Pîr manâe.

## VII.

"Bâp ko tere Chaudhrî kar dūn, bhâi Thânedâr."  
"Châchî tâñ sab â mil len, Mîn Chand milnâ nâe !"  
Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoñ Pîr manâe.

## VIII.

"Milnâ ho, to mil le, Mîn Chand ; phir milne kî nâe."  
Hâth meñ bilwâ, bilwe meñ kângḥî, nâi ke ghar jâe.  
Allah jâne, rî, Pânchou Pîr manâe.

## IX.

"Uṭṭi sulṭi meñḍhî gundhe, nâi kî : gundhan phir nâe."  
Hâth pakarkar haude biṭhâ lî, hirnî kî jûn ḍakar âe.  
Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoñ Pîr manâe.

## X.

Âdhî rût pahar kâ taṛkâ târe ginte jâe.  
"Pîrhî baiṭhnâ chhoṛ de, Sarwan ; kursî baiṭhnâ sîkh."  
Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoñ Pîr manâe.

## XI.

"Lahngâ pharnâ chhoṛ de, Sarwan, sâya pharnâ sîkh."  
Âge sunâr kî, pîchhe munihâr kî, bîch meñ Sarwan,  
jâe (1) Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoñ Pîr manâe.

## XII.

"Pânch mohar kâ tîkâ gharâ dūn ; mâṭhâ damaktâ jâe.  
Assî mohar kî nath gharwâ dūn, totâ pharaktâ jâe."  
Allah jâne, rî, Pânchon Pîr manâe.

## XIII.

"Assî gaz ka lahngâ silâ dūn parâ pharaktâ jâe."  
"Pânch bhâi ke pâg utâre, phir bândhan ke nâe !"  
Allah jâne, rî, Pânchou Pîr manâe.

## XIV.

Bare bhâi ne dene kahe the, chhotâ detâ nâe.  
 Pānch gānū kar lē bas meū, Mīn Chand bas meū nâe.  
 Allah jāne, rī, Pānchoū Pīr manāe.

## XV.

Chhotī bagar se Sarwan nikasī bare bagar ko jāe.\*  
 Galī galī chuprāsī phir gae, ghar ghar thānedār.  
 Allah jāne, rī, Pānchoū Pīr manāe.

Dhur Kalkatte se chalā Pharījan, Pānchoū Pīr manāe.

## TRANSLATION.

## THE BALLAD OF SARWAN

## I.

Pharījan came all the way from Calcutta, worshipping  
 the Five Saints.\*

Five days he halted in Delhi, and on the sixth he went  
 to Gungānā village.†

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

## II.

He pitched his tents at the white well, and drove in the  
 pegs.

Mīn Chand was seized smoking his pipe and fetters were  
 fastened on him.

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

## III.

"One thing hast thou, they say, Amin Chand, that  
 none else possesseth."

"If it be mine, I give it, Pharījan - another's I cannot  
 give."

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

\* The *Panj Pīr* are really any five saints the author may remember or worship. The Nawāb says that here they mean (1) Khwājā Qutbu'ddin Bakhtīār Kākī Ūshī of Delhi, *ob.*, 1235 A.D.; (2) Khwājā Mu'amu'd-dīn Chishtī, of Ajmer, *ob.*, 1236 A.D.; (3) Shukh Nizāmu'ddin Aulā, of Delhi, *ob.*, 1325 A.D.; (4) Nasiru'ddin 'Abū'l-khair Abdu'llah Ibn 'Umar Al-Baizavi, *ob.*, 1286, and (5) Sultān Nasiru'ddin Mahmūd, Emperor of Delhi, *ob.*, 1266. The origin of the *Panj Pīr* is in the Five Holy Personages, *viz.* Muhammad, 'Alī, Fātima, Hasan and Hussain.

† The Nawāb says it is in the Sunpat sub-division of the Delhi District.

## IV.

"Tell me where Sarwan is hid, and I give thee an elephant in reward."

The house-spy told the secret, "Sarwan is in the millet-field."

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

## V.

Brown Pharijan on his white horse destroyed the millet-field.

Sarwan he caught cutting the millet, with her sickle by her side.

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

## VI.

Seizing her hands he sat her on the horse, dropping tears.

Five sheaves of millet she had cut, but could not cut the sixth.

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

## VII.

"I will make thy father a Chaudhri, thy brother a Police Officer."\*

"Let me go and see my aunts, Min Chand I will not see."

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

## VIII.

"Min Chand, if thou wouldst see her, see her now : thou shalt not see her more."

A cup was in her hand, a comb was in the cup, and she went to the barber's house.

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

## IX.

"Braid up my tangled locks, O barber's wife : thou shalt not bind them again."

He took her hand and seated her on the (elephant) litter, weeping like a doe.

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

\* A Chaudhri is a local country magnate, and the country Police Officer is the embodiment of power in the villagers' ideas.

## X.

All night till the dawn she counted the stars.\*

"Give up sitting on a stool, Sarwan, learn to sit on a chair."

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

## XI.

"Give up thy (native) skirt, Sarwan, and learn to wear a (European) skirt."

Sarwan went off in the midst of goldsmiths' and jewellers' maids.

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

## XII.

"I will make thee an ornament of five gold pieces to shine on thy forehead.

I will make thee a nose-ring of eighty gold pieces and of glittering jewels."

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

## XIII.

"I will make thee a skirt of eighty yards to become thy loins."

"Thou has pulled off the turban† of my five brethren, not to be fastened on again!"

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

## XIV.

The elder brothers agreed to give her up, not so the younger.‡

Five villages were in their power, but not Min Chand.

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

## XV.

Sarwan escaped from the little street into the great street.

The messengers searched every lane and the police every house for her.

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

All the way from Calcutta came Pharijan, worshipping the Five Saints.

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\* Idiom, for being very unhappy. † Idiom, for utterly disgraced.  
‡ i.e., Amin Chand.



## No. XXXIV.

### PŪRAN BHAGAT, AS SUNG BY SOME JAṬṬS FROM THE PAṬIĀLĀ STATE.

[This forms the first *mahāl* or division of the legends about Rasālū, and purports to relate the events previous to the stories told in the first legend given in these volumes, the Adventures of Rājā Rasālū. It will be seen, however, on a comparison of the two legends, that as a matter of fact the stories told in the Panjāb about Śālivāhana of Siālkoṭ and his legendary sons, Basālū and Pūran Bhagat, are all mixed up together, and evidently, to some extent, form a cycle of tales, of which any one of these worthies is made the hero at each individual bard's pleasure. The close resemblance of many of them to the cycle represented by the *Story of Sindibād* is again apparent in the following poem].

[It is still probably too early to fix the date of Basālū with anything like certainty, but yet I think it may be fairly hazarded now that he represents in Hindū Legend the king who so successfully fought the first Muhammadan invaders of India about 700 A.D., and is known to Muhammadan historians as Baubal, Beteil, Zenbil, etc. The facts bearing on this identification will be found in my paper on Rājā Rasālū in the *Calcutta Review* for 1884, p. 390 ff.].

#### TEXT.

*Rāj Pūran Bhagat dā Pīsar Rājā Salwān Sakna Siālkoṭ.*  
 Tillōñ Gorakh charhiā, charhiā nūdh bājū.  
 Bāwan sai chele guptiā, bāwan sai chele nāl.  
 Batwe līc bhabūt de lainde ang ramāc :  
 Chbhā chūñiā mirgāniān bhawande bich akās.

#### TRANSLATION

*The Song of Pūran Bhagat, the son of Rājā Salwān of Siālkoṭ.*  
 Gorakh set out from Tillā\* sounding his conch.  
 Fifty-two hundred invisible and fifty-two hundred  
 (visible) disciples were with him.  
 Ashes had they in their wallets for rubbing on their  
 bodies,  
 And their deer skins hurtled through the heavens.

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\* In the Gujrānwālā District.

- 5 Siâlkot Râje Sankh dâ jogi bâte lathe â.  
 Sûkhe ban hariâule pânî pie talâo ;  
 Bah gae chaplî mânke dhûnî dende lâe.  
 Bhagti kamâunde kahir de charue dhyân lagâe.  
 Raunak lagâ dî Râm ne ditte bâzâr lagâe :  
 10 Khalkat mâthâ tekde, kyâ râjâ, kyâ râe.

Râjâ mahilân se turîâ, man bich Râm dhyâe :  
 Hatth bândh kardâ bintî charnoñ sis niwâe :  
 " Jagat nân tîran â glâ, mainân târke jâ.  
 Kanne Gurû sun lîâ, ânkhan vekhan â."

- 15 Gorakh âge boliâ ; " tainân sachân deân sunâe.  
 Terî aulâd kothân haiñ aukhâ bikhra thâûn.

- 5 They halted at Siâlkot in the garden of Râjâ Sankh.\*  
 The groves became green for them and the lakes full of  
 water.  
 And they sat cross-legged, lighting their sacred fires.  
 Performing austere penance they turned to the (Gurû's)  
 feet.  
 Râm (God) prospered them and made there a town for  
 them.  
 10 And all the people did homage, high and low.

The Râjâ set out from his palace meditating on God in  
 his heart.  
 With joined hands he spake, bowing his head at the  
 (Gurû's) feet .  
 " Thou art come to save the world, save thou me also.  
 I had heard of the Gurû with my ears, now have I seen  
 him with my eyes."

- 15 Then spake Gorakh: " I tell thee truth.  
 The way for thy offspring shall be rugged and steep.

\* P Meant for Sâka, according to the bards he is the father of  
 Sâlivâhaya. This is important

Udānagari Shahr hai Rāje dā Chaudhāl nān.  
Us dī beṭī Achhrān lāven byāhke, tāt hove aulād."

- Koṭon Rājā chaliā, chaliā sat imān.  
20 Faujān bāhir kaḡhā liān, lāke bahe dīwān.  
Gawwān dān Brahmanān, sonā kardā dān.  
Ūdānagari nūn dhyāunā; pat rakhe Bhagwān!  
Rājā chaupaṭ māndhiā rohi bich maidān:  
Chauṇ Bīrān nāl kheldā sundā dīn imān.  
25 Bārān mange tāt chhe pie; chhe mange tāt chār:  
Chauṇ Bīrān se bāji jīt lē, āe Bīrān nūn hār.

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There is a city Ūdānagari\* and its Rājā's name is Chaudhāl.

If thou marry his daughter Achhrān, thou shalt have posterity."

- The Rājā set out from his fort with a righteous intent.  
20 He took with him his following and held an assembly.  
He gave alms of cows and gold to the Brāhmans.  
He set out for Ūdānagari: God preserve his honour!  
The Rājā played at *chaupurṭ* in the midst of the desert plains:  
With the Four Saints† he played, celebrated for righteousness and faith.  
25 When they cried twelve it fell six, and when they cried six it fell four.  
He won the game from the Four Saints, and the Saints lost.

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\* An undefined locality and a name claimed by many old cities in the Northern Panjāb.

† See Vol. I., p. 243, and Vol. II., p. 282.

‡ *Bīr* is a Hindū word, but I think it is clear that the *Chār Pīr* are meant here. The *Chār Pīr* or Four Saints are the reputed founders of all the sects of *Musalman fagirs*. They were (1) 'Alī himself; (2) Khwājā Hasan Basri, 642-728 A.D., who is buried at Basra; (3) Khwājā Ḥabīb 'Ajami or the Persian, who died in 738 A.D.; (4) 'Abdu'l-Wāhid bin Zaid Kafi. 'Alī is said to have invested Khwājā Hasan Basri with the *khildfat* or deputyship to himself, and the last two were the followers of Khwājā Hasan.

- "Nfle-tâziwâlîâ, nigâh asân bal pâr :  
 Je tû Salwân pârswâr the, bær jândân nûn banne lâr.  
 Aithon sânnûn rakh le, tere bhale sawârânge kâj.  
 30 Mere tabar kabîle raul giâ, raulîân nûn banne lâr."  
 Râje ne kîre kaḍh le, kâḍhe nadi se pâr.  
 Râje nûn kîrâ bolîâ : "Suno merâ jawâb.  
 Je tûn Ūdânagarî nûn chaliâ merâ mûnch dâ le jâ bâl :  
 Jitbe bhârî banoge, sânnûn karen yâd."
- 35 Pahilî chaukî â gae, til chânwâl ditte khenḍâr.  
 Râje nûn soch pî gae, kardâ kîrân nûn yâd.  
 Chhin mâtâr men â gae, âe Râje de pâr :  
 "Tainûn kî aukhî ban gai ? terî turt sanwârîe kâj.  
 Ik ik dânnâ til chânwâl kâ â giâ mâshâ ghatîâ nâ."

- "O Grey-horsed warrior,\* cast thy eyes on me.  
 If thou be the kindly Salwân, thou wilt save the drown-  
 ing.  
 Save me from this and I will be of service in thy business.  
 30 My family is in difficulty, save the helpless."  
 The Râjâ rescued the drowning cricket from the river.  
 Said the cricket to the Râjâ : "Hear my say.  
 If thou art going to Ūdânagarî take one of my feelers  
 with thee :  
 And when difficulty falls on thee remember me."
- 35 He came to the first post where the sesamum seed and  
 rice had been mixed.†  
 And being in trouble the Râjâ remembered the crickets.  
 In a moment they came to the Râjâ (and said) :  
 "What is thy difficulty ? We will soon manage thy  
 business for thee."  
 All the sesamum seeds and rice were separated and not  
 a grain remained.

\* See Vol. I., p. 43, etc. Change of scene here: the allusion now is to the story of the cricket. See Vol. I, p. 41.

† Confused allusion to the matter mentioned at p. 44, Vol. I.

- 40 Rāje chaukī jitke agge darwāzā lathā jā :  
Rāje dhag bajā lie khabar hūī darbār  
Bhaje sipāhī ā gae shakron bāhirwār.

“ Achhrān kāmān istrī, sandal bhinne kesh.

- Rājā māre Malikarmaut\* de chhaḍ chhaḍ ā gae des ;  
45 Unhān de sir baḍh lie, dhar chun lie, le le pairān de heth :  
Je bhalī chāhunā jān dī, jā bar apne des.”  
“ Nā ro, natāne mundio, karo Rabb de agge ardās.  
Ike main Rānī byāh lāwān, nahīn, rallān tumbhāre sāth.  
Je main Rānī byāh lie bich tuhāde pāwan sās.  
50 Hatth bāndh kardā bintī, sachī dhyān sunāe.”

- 40 Overcoming the post the Rājā went on to the gate,  
And the Rājā sounded the drums and the Court heard  
the news of his arrival,†  
And the guard came outside the City.

“ Achhrān is a lovely woman, with sandal-wood she  
scents her hair.‡

- Rājās encompassed by the angel of death have left their  
homes and come (for her),  
45 And she cut off their heads and threw their bodies  
beneath her feet:  
If thou seek safety for thy life go to thy home.”  
“ Weep not, severed heads,§ but make your prayer to  
God.  
Either I will marry the Princess, or be joined to you.  
If I marry the Princess I will restore you to life.  
50 With joined hands I pray you to tell me the truth.”

\* For Malikul-Maut, see *Indian Antiquary*, Vol. X., p. 289.

† See Vol. I., p. 44.

‡ Allusion now to the matter mentioned at p. 40, Vol. I.

§ This is Śalivāhana's reply.

Pahile pahre rain de : "Tûn sun, Dîwe jâr ;\*

Rânf nahîñ bolnâ, tû hîñ karen jawâb.

Dûron â gae chalke, sunke tere sù :

Utlî dwâkhtî tun base, tere nâññ Pilsoz."

55 "Jad main Dhartî Mâtâ sî, gawwân chugdîñ ghâ :

Paîre plâ kumhâr de, main nûñ rakhiâ bahut sañwâr,

Jadoñ Basantar Gur mile merî umar barî ho jâe.

Shâbas kaho us kumhâr nûñ jin dittâ Gur milâe.

Je tûñ Râjâ chitr haiñ, râ byâhan Achhrâñ nâr.

60 Râjâñ de dîwe ghî de, mainûñ rakhde til de nâl!"

Dûje pahre rain de. "Tûn sun, Gadwe yâr ;

It was the first watch of the night (said Salwân) : "Hear, friend Lamp†.

The Princess speaketh not, so do thou speak.

From afar have I come hearing of thy repute,

That dwellest in the upper shelf and art called Torch."

55 "Once I was (part of) mother Earth and the cows grazed upon me :

And then I fell into the potter's hands, who beautified me.

From the day I met my Gurû Basantar‡ my life prospered.

Hail to the potter that made me meet my Gurû.

If thou art a wise Râjâ thou wilt not marry the maid Achhrâñ.

60 Râjâs give ghî§ to their lamps, I am kept on oil!"

It was the second watch of the night; (said Râjâ Salwân) :

"Hear, friend Pitcher ;

\* For yâr.

† The bard has now wandered off into part of the story of Rasâlâ and Silâ Dai : See Vol. I., p. 270.

‡ Basandar is the sacred fire of the Hindûs, and hence its use here in a personified form.

§ Butter boiled and clarified.

Rānī ne hai nahīn bolnā, tūn haiñ karē jawāb.  
Rāt kaṭiye sukh dī, din chaṛhde nūn lenā mār.  
Hatth bāndh kardā bintī, Rānī nūn deo bulāe.”

- 65 Agge gadwā boliā, “ Dādhi karān pukār;  
Suner\* Parbat men basān, mainūn kadḥiā retā dāl.  
‘Mainūn kārīgar gharh lā, bātā rakhe chaukidār,  
Kabhi nahīn mainūn māñjiā; Rānī bari badkār.  
Je tūn Rājā chitr haiñ, byāhan na Achhrān nār.  
70 Hatth bāndh kardā bintī; merā yeh hī hai araj jawāb.”

Tīje pahre rain de. “Tūn sun, gal de Hār :  
Rānī ne hai nahīn bolnā; tūn karen jawāhūr.”

The Princess speaketh not, do thou speak for her.  
Let us spend the night in delight and at sunrise let us  
be slain.

With joined hands I say to thee, bring me to the  
Princess.”

- 65 Then spake the pitcher : “ Great is my complaint ;  
I dwelt on (the holy) Mount Meru† and was taken out  
of the (golden) sand.

A workman fashioned me and placed (upon me the  
figure of) a tree to guard me.‡

Never have I been cleaned : the Princess is a very bad  
woman.

If thou be a wise Rājā thou wilt not marry the maid  
Achhrān.

- 70 With joined hands I beseech thee : this is my answer.”

It was the third watch of the night ; (said Rājā Salwān) :

“ Hear, thou Garland of her neck :

The Princess speaketh not, do thou salute me (for her).”

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\* For Sumer = Mount Meru.

† The sacred mount of the Hindūs in the centre of the Himālayas.

‡ It appears to mean however merely that the pitcher was chased.

- Hâr suhâwâ bolîâ : " Dâdhi karân pukâr.  
 Solah jojan unchâ bagân, jyân dîde pahâr dî dhâr.  
 75 Jauhri bachâ parakhde, bah kaðhe ustâdkâr.  
 Nâ byâhan Râni Achhrân, adam-khânî nâr."

- Chanthé pahre rain de. " Tûn sun, Palang yâr :  
 Râni ne hai nahîn bolnâ, tûn karen jawâhir."  
 " Chandan bich samundar de banjâ sâhûkâr ;  
 80 Kârîgarân ne gharh lîâ, buniâ pat niwâr.  
 Gadhoñ mângoñ letdî, bhâr dîe man châr.  
 Je tûn Râjâ sugar hai, byâhan na Achhrân nâr."

- The lovely necklace spake : " Great is my complaint.  
 Sixteen *yojanas*\* have I fallen, as a waterfall of the  
 hills.  
 75 A jeweller tested and a workman made me.  
 Thou shouldest not marry the Princess Achhrân, the  
 destroyer of men."

- It was the fourth watch of the night; (said Râjâ Salwân) :  
 " Hear, friend Couch.  
 The Princess speaketh not, do thou salute me (for her)."  
 " A merchant bought the sandal-wood from across the  
 seas ;  
 80 Workmen made me and the carder stretched the tapes.†  
 As heavy as an ass she lies (upon me) weighing four  
*mans*.‡  
 If thou art a wise Râjâ thou wilt not marry the maid  
 Achhrân."

\* i.e., 128 miles !

† The Indian bed consists of a wooden frame on legs across which  
 tapes are stretched.

‡ i.e., 328 lbs. or 23½ stone !



- Bāhman bedān gaḍiān, paṛhde gotrāchār.  
 Mangal gāven suhelīān baṭnā dittā lāe.  
 85 Rānī Achhrān byāh līe, hoīā shahron bāhr.  
 “Hatth bāndh kardā bintī; merā Rabb, pahunchāe ās !  
 Hor Rājā murghābiān, tūn, Rājā, sarbāz !  
 Sāḍiān band diān bāndhān chhuḍiān : terī umar drāz !  
 Jab lag rahānge jīwande terā japānge nāūn.  
 90 Hatth bāndh karde bintī, sātūn Birān se deo chhuṛāe.”  
 Chaṛhiā Sūrij Deotā mastag lagiā āe ;  
 Rānī ne nahāwan rachiā Pipwāle talāo.

- Brāhmans fixed the marriage posts\* and sang the songs  
 of the clans.†  
 Maidens sang songs of rejoicing and the fire was lighted.  
 85 (Salwān) married Achhrān and left the city.  
 “With joined hands we pray; ‡ may God fulfil our hope !  
 Other Rājās are wild fowls, thou, Rājā, art a hawk !  
 Release the bonds of the bound and may thy life be long !  
 As long as we live will we remember thy name.  
 90 With joined hands we pray, save us from the Saints.”§  
 The Sun rose in their faces,  
 And the Queen (Achhrān) desired to bathe in Pipā’s||  
 tank.

\* The canopy under which a Hindū marriage is performed is always improvised for the occasion.

† i.e. the genealogies of the bride and bridegroom, so that the exogamic law of the Rājputs might not be infringed.

‡ These verses are merely thrown in for effect : compare Vol. I., p. 50.

§ See above, line 24.

|| Pipā is a recognised bhagat. In the *Bhaktamālā* he is called a disciple of Rāmānand (A.D. 1,400 circa) and Rājā of Garh Gangaraun. At Pipnākh in the Gujranwālā District is a legend that he was the Rājā of that place and father of Lūnān, whom Śalivāhana forcibly abducted from him after destroying his town. Pipā is there described as a Chamiāri Rājput, whence probably the notion expressed here and elsewhere that Lūnān his daughter was a Chammar by caste.

Jadoñ dâ sūrij vekhiâ Pûran garab baiṭhâ ãe.

“Maintn mihar Gurân de ho gae; Rabb pahunchâe  
âs !

95 Tâl bharân jag motiân, upar pâwân ghi.

Saddiân paṇḍit pândhiân banddâ merâ jî.

Kholeñ, Pâdhâ, patri, merâ man nahin bândhdâ  
dhîr !

Dasoñ pushtak bânchke; mere ghar laṛkâ jame ke  
dhi ? ”

Aggiõ Brâhman boliâ, mukh se japke Râm ;

100 Patri Brâhman kholdâ, karke Devî dâ dhyân :

“Tere aisâ betâ, jame Anjani de Hanumân :

Aisâ betâ jati jame, jaise Jasrat de Râm :

Aisâ betâ jarmanâ Harnâkas de Palâd :

As soon as the Sun saw her Pûran entered her  
womb.

(Said she): “The Gurû hath been merciful to me ! God  
hath fulfilled my hope !

95 I will fill a platter with pearls and over them will I spread  
butter.

Send for priests and doctors that I may distribute them  
among them.

Open thy book, Doctor, for my heart is impatient.

See in thy book ; shall I bear a boy or a girl ? ”

Then spake the Brâhman, reverencing God with his  
lips :

100 The Brâhman opened the book and worshipped the  
Goddess (and said) :

“Such a son shall be born to thee, as was Hanumân  
to Anjanî :

Such a holy son shall be born to thee, as was Râm to  
Jasrat :

Such a son shall be born to thee, as was Palâd to  
Harnâkas :

- Aisâ beṭā jarmanā bich Lankā de Rāwan.  
 105 Jatī sadāve, jodhā, baṛā jawān.  
 Chauhīn Khunṭī phiro, rakheṇ dharam īmān.  
 Jamde nūn bhaurī pā deo, dāt deo nāl.  
 Nahīn, tāt āp marogā : nahīn, māt pāt leo mār.”

- Pūran paidā ho giū, murde bagān nāl.  
 110 Naubat-khāne baj giū, shādī hoī Darbār.  
 Gawwān pun Brahmanān piyūlān de kurdā dān :  
 Khalkat badhān de rahe Rājā Salwān.

- Such a son shall be born to thee, as was Rāwan in  
 Lankā.\*  
 105 He shall be called holy, and a warrior and a great hero.  
 He shall wander through the Four Quarters (of the  
 Earth) and keep his faith holy.  
 As soon as he is born put him into a pit and give him  
 a nurse :  
 Else will he die himself : else will he slay father and  
 mother†.”

- Pūran was born as the cattle were returning (in the  
 evening).  
 110 The drums were sounded and happy was the Court.  
 Brāhmans were given cows and villages as alms;  
 And the people congratulated Rājā Salwān.

\* These are classical allusions. Hanumān, the Monkey God, was the ally of Rāma Chandra in the war the latter waged to recover Sitā from her abductor Rāvana : he was the son of Vāyu, the God of the Wind, by Anjanā. Rāma Chandra was the son of Dasaratha. Prahlāda was the son of Hiranyakasipu and his story is alluded to at p. 5, Vol. II. Rāvana, the abductor of Rāma Chandra's wife Sitā and his opponent, was king of Lankā. All the above are celebrated heroes, either as saints or warriors.

† This is mixing up the stories of Rāsālā and Pūran

- "Prichhat Rājā bali ai kheadan giā shikār.  
 Mūe sarp nūn chakke tapasie de gal dāl.  
 115 Astik Rikhī de bachan te, Rājā, tainūn līā sarp ne mār.  
 Hatth bāndh kardā bintī, yeh hai merā jawāhir.  
 Jalmejā jag rajhiā thārā\* ohhūnā dittī gāl.  
 Ik Tāchhak rah giā, līā Damwantar mār.  
 Bāgh lagā de Pūran Bhagat dā; mushk surg nūn jāe ;  
 120 Jag rambhī, Rājā, koī bhūkā Brāhman deo srāp."

Pūran bhawarōn kadhiā khabarān hoī sansār.

- "Rājā Prichhat was a hero and went a hunting.†  
 He found a dead serpent and placed it on the neck of a  
 sage.  
 115 The curse of Astik the sage‡ caused the serpent to  
 slay the Rājā.  
 With joined hands, this is my say :  
 Jalmejā made a sacrifice (of serpents), destroying eighteen  
 armies.  
 Tāchhak§ escaped and slew Damwantar.  
 Make a garden for Pūran Bhagat, that its odour may  
 reach to heaven :  
 120 If thou give a feast to (all) the world, Rājā, some hungry  
 Brāhman may curse thee." ||

Pūran was taken out of the pit and all the world knew  
 of it.

\* For *athārā*.

† This speech is apparently said by Pipā. The whole story of Parik-  
 shit, and the others mentioned below will be found in the legend of  
 Niwal Daf, Vol. I., pp. 418ff.

‡ The story of Astika is also to be found in the *Adiparva* of the  
*Mahābhārata*.

§ This is all most confused and is probably inserted simply because  
 the verses are well known. Tāchhak stands for Takshaka.

|| Being by accident uninvited.

- Naubat-khāne baj gīā, bajīā hub de nāl !  
 Megh aḍambar barsīā, Pūran kare aṣhnān.  
 Toṭhī Devī Jalpā, khushī hoiā Bhagwān.  
 125 Panje lāo kaprā, monḍe sabz kumān :  
 Ghorā lāo pīrkē, sane kāṭhī lagam.  
 Gīā Kachahrī bāp dī neūke kare salām.  
 Lakkh rupae bāṇḍe, karde pīḍān de dān.
- “ Kī haiṇ parī, paristā\* ? kī haiṇ mahān balāe ?  
 130 Adhī rāt nūn kūkān mārdī ; kin nūn dukh dindī haiṇ  
 sunāe ?  
 Kis Rājā dā kaṇwar hai ? kis bhartā dī nār ?  
 Eh bāgh hai Pūran Bhagat dā, urīā pakherū na jānē pāe.

- And all the drums were beaten with a will !  
 And the rain fell when Pūran bathed :  
 Jalpā Devī† was propitious and God was pleased.  
 125 He had on the five garments‡, and green bow on his  
 shoulder :  
 He had his horse saddled and bridled.  
 He went to his father's Court and bowed his head and  
 saluted.  
 Lākhs of rupees were distributed and villages were  
 given in alms (to Brāhmans).

- “ Art thou a fairy ? Art thou a great horror ?  
 130 Crying out at midnight : to whom art thou making thy  
 complaints ?  
 What king's daughter art thou ? what husband's wife.  
 This is Pūran Bhagat's garden, into which birds  
 cannot fly.

\* For *farishta*.

† i.e. *Jwālāmukhī* : See Vol. II., p. 205.

‡ He was fully clothed.

§ The whole scene suddenly changes. Pīpā is now addressing  
 Lomān whom he finds in his garden. The poem begins in earnest now.

- Sachîân bâtôn das de, main le chalân tainûn nâl.  
 Man de bhed das de, terâ deân dukh niwâr.”
- 135 “Nâ main parî paristâ : nâ main mahûn balâe.  
 Indar Râjâ dî main pachhrân, Lonâ merâ nâûn.  
 Ik din parîân nahâwan â gîân Pîpo do talâo.  
 Dharmî bâgh liwâ liâ, pâpî baigan dittâ lâ ;  
 Merâ lar baigan nûn chhû gîû, dehî phar gai bhâr.
- 140 Sab parîân ur gâfân mere se urâ na jâe.  
 Pîpâ, potrî banâ le dharm dî, le chal apne nâl.  
 Mere se ubgîû ho gâf, merâ rakh lon dharm imân.”  
 Agge Pîpâ boldâ ; “sachî deân sunâo.  
 Mere ghar kalihârî istrî, haigî burî balâe.
- 145 Potrî dâ sâk na jândî, saukan ho banâe.

Tell me the truth and I will take thee with me.  
 Tell me the secrets of thy heart and I will relieve thy  
 pain.”

- 135 “I am no fairy, nor am I a great horror.  
 I am a maid of Râjâ Indar\* and my name is Lonâ.  
 One day we fairies came to bathe in Pîpâ's lake.  
 The holy planted the garden, but the wicked put an  
 egg-plant in it;  
 My clothes touched the egg-plant and my body became  
 heavy.†
- 140 All the fairies flew away, but I could not fly.  
 O Pîpâ, make me thy foster-daughter and take me with  
 thee.  
 I have committed a fault, and preserve thou my  
 honour.”
- Then spake Pîpâ : “I tell thee truth :  
 I have a jealous wife at home that is very wicked.
- 145 She will not know thee for a daughter, but will make  
 thee into a wife.

\* Indra's Court is the abode of beauty according to Indian notions

† It is often thought to be unlucky to eat the *beigan* or egg-plant (*aubergine*): hence its introduction here.

Je bhalā chāhe apnī jīū dā, pichhā murke rāh.\*

Agge Nūnā bolī : “ tainūn dewān sunāe,

Nāl dī pariān uṛ gaīn, mere se uṛā na jāe.”

Pīpe nūn taras ā gaī, leke ṭur piū nāl.

150 Oh de ghar sī do Chamaiān sau sau kaḍīhan gāl.

“ Pīpā, Pīpā baj gīā, terā kinne na pāiā bhed !

Rākhi kardā bāgh dī, kardā bhajan hamesh.

Dhyān lagānī darb dā, māro jinhān de lokh.

Khabar ho jā Rājā Salwān nūn, bhāṇḍā deogā chhek.

155 Jidhar lāiā kāḍhke, chhaḍiā us des :

Nahīn, rakh lakūke, nahīn khalkat līo dekh.”

Pīpe chādar tānī chāreṅ palle chhūp :

“ Eh potri hai dharm dī, main lagdā 14 dā bāp

If thou wishest well of thy life, go thou back again.”

Then spake Nūnā : “ I tell thee,

The fairies with me flew away and I cannot fly.”

Then came pity unto Pīpā, and he took her with him.

150 There were two Chamaiā women in his house, who  
abused him a hundred times.

“ Pīpā, Pīpā art thou called and none hath fathomed  
thy secrets !

Thou guardest this garden and art ever singing hymns.

Thou castest thine eyes on the goods of them that are  
unfortunate.

When the news reaches Rājā Salwān, he will discharge  
thee forthwith.

155 Take her back to the place whence thou broughtest  
her :

Or hide her so that the people see her not.”

Pīpā spread out a sheet at the four ends,\* (and said) :

“ This is my adopted daughter, I am her father :

---

\* The ceremony of adopting a daughter is to seat the girl under a coloured sheet spread over her and then to announce that henceforth she is adopted.

- Mandī nigāh jo dekhiān chīkar nūn lage āg.  
 160 Hatth bāndh kardā bintī, merā dharm bich bhang na  
 pāe."

Pīpe ne mandar pawā līe Nūnā de nūn.

- Kalī mandarān bich rahindī, chit ohī dā lagdā nān.  
 "Nā koī itthe piṇḍ hai, kuchh shahar, grām :  
 Nā koī mahārī bhain hai, nā koī mahārī mān."  
 165 Chandan ghar Chamār de, nit uṭh kardā kām.  
 "Indarpurī tain chhaḍ lī kone lagā ān ?  
 Mushk māṛā konān te āntā chīre kache chām.  
 Kah, Chandānān, kaisī banī ? kyūnkar bhūle Bhagwān ?  
 Main tainūn pūchhḍī, Chandānān, kidhar pāiā dhyān ?  
 170 Indarpurī tū chhaḍke ān bāsiā gāūn ?"

If I look on her with lascivious eye may fire burn the  
 dust.\*

- 160 With joined hands I pray thee injure not my righteous-  
 ness."  
 And Pīpā built a house for Nūnā.

Alone she dwelt in her house and her heart was sad.  
 (Said she), "There is here no village, nor city, nor town :  
 I have no sister here, nor mother."

- 165 In the Chamār's house was a sandal tree by which  
 they always worked.  
 (Said she to the tree) "Why didst thou leave Indar-  
 purī† to stand by the tanner's vat ?  
 From the tanner's vat comes the foul smell of hides.  
 Say, Sandal tree, how art thou faring ? Why hast for-  
 gotten God ?  
 I ask thee, Sandal tree, what is thy intent ?  
 170 Leaving Indarpurī that hast come to dwell in this  
 village ?"

\* i e., my body

† Or Indrāvati, the city of Indra.



- Chandan aggoñ boldā ; “ tainūñ deñ sunāe :  
 Lagī Kachahri Rājā Indar dī, sab deotā baiṭhe āe.  
 Pīpā heṭ mere mālā phardā mainūñ lā bharmāe :  
 ‘ Mere ghar meñ Gangā bagdī, tainūñ uthe chhoṛūñ lāe.’
- 175 Kḥabar nā kare Chamārāñ nūñ, baḍhke phalorī līe banāe.  
 Dekheñ khabar kardī, pardā nā setī gāe.  
 Terī sādī adālat karo āp Khudāe.  
 Asī kī Rabb dā pīḥiā laṭṭhe nich de āe ?”
- Nūñā pāñ nūñ nikalī, āī khūh de bār.  
 180 Pāñchoñ pahine kapre, pāñchoñ lāe hathiār,  
 Koṭoñ Rājā ṭur piā, khelan chaḥlā shikār.  
 Kḥachrāñ lādīāñ daulatīāñ khūh te baiṭhe āñ.  
 “ Ginman laj lagāundīe, jīman tere bīr :
- Said the Sandal tree : “ I tell thee.  
 Rājā Indar held his Court and all the gods sat in it.  
 Pīpā told his beads beneath me and deceived me, say-  
 ing :  
 ‘ The Ganges floweth through my house, I would take  
 thee there.’
- 175 Let not the Chammārs (tanners) hear of this or they  
 will make vats of me.  
 Let them not hear and keep my secret.  
 God himself will judge for me and thee.  
 What harm have we done to God that he hath sent us  
 to (dwell with) the low ?”
- Nūñā went to fetch water from the well.  
 180 Wearing the five garments and armed with the five  
 arms,  
 Came Rājā (Salwān) from the fort, going a hunting.  
 With the mules laden with riches he came and sat at  
 the wall (and said :)  
 “ O thou that lightly droppest thy rope (into the  
 well), long may thy brothers live :

- Asi piâse jal de, bharke pilâ de nîr.”
- 185 “Nîle tâzî-wâliâ, nîle dâ aewâr ;  
Tarkash jarîâ motiân, hîre jarî kumân ;  
Main chamkotân dî betrî, nîch hai sâdî zât,  
Chhattîs dharm gawâunâ apne kul nûn lâunâ lâj.”  
Agge woh Râjâ bohâ : “sun le merî sîn,  
190 Kanchan hoe kîch meû, bhikmat amrit ho,  
Bidiyâ nârî nîch pe ; tinne lie kho.  
Dâron â gae chalke, sunke terî sâ :  
Akhe mere lag jâ, Râjâ dî Rânî ho.  
Râj kamâwîn bahke, tere tûl nâ ko.  
195 Sûhâ sumbhal seûven sabbâ gawâf budh ;
- I am athirst, give me water to drink.”
- 185 “O grey-horsed warrior, riding the grey horse,  
With thy quiver set with pearls and the bow with  
diamonds.  
I am a daughter of the tanners and lowly is my caste,  
It will lose thee thy thirty-six (races) and disgrace thy  
family.”\*
- Then spake the Râjâ : “Hear my say,  
190 Gold from the earth, nectar from the poison,  
A wise woman from the low ; these three things should  
be taken.†  
I have come from afar hearing of thy praises :  
Do thou take me and be a Râjâ's Queen.  
Thou shalt enjoy royalty and there shall be none equal  
to thee.  
195 Thou hast cherished the red cotton flower‡ and lost all  
thy sense ;

\* If I give thee water to drink. Allusion here to the 36 “royal races” of the Râjputs.

† This is a proverb.

‡ The cotton-tree or *sumbhal* has nothing valuable about it but its red flower.

Phul nūn vekhke ram rahā, phal dī na le sudh."

"Indar Akhāre dī pachhiān, tainān hai nahin budh†

Asīn jo ā gai bhulke dābe Chāron Jug.

Ankheu dīthā ghī bhakā, nā pilāe tel

200 Tujhe bagānī kyā banī? Ithou gho e nūn chhoi!"

"Kī Dhol dī Mārwan? Kī Rām gawāī Sī?"

Kī hain betī Jānak dī? Kīs Rājā dī dhī?"

"Nā Dhol dī Mārwan · nā Rām gawāī Sī"

Nā main betī Jānak dī : nā Rājā dī dhī!

205 Zāt Chameli sunī dī, Pipe Bhagat dī dhī.

Indar Akhāre bich main rahān, jīkar Rāwan de Sī"

"Rājā ā gae chalke, ān de rakhe mān.

Thou hast been taken with the flower and thought  
nothing of the fruit "

"I am a maid from Indar's Court, and thou knowest  
me not "

I came here by mistake and am ruined for the Four  
Ages.\*

Thou dost show butter to the eyes and givest but oil to  
drink.

200 Why dost meddle with others' affairs? Spur thy horse  
hence!"

"Art thou Dhol's Mārwan? Art thou Rām's lost Sita?  
Art thou Jānak's daughter?† What Rājā's daughter art  
thou?"

"I am not Dhol's Mārwan · I am not Rām's lost Sita.  
I am not Jānak's daughter : I am not a Rājā's child.

205 I am told I am a Chammār and daughter of Pipā Bhagat.  
I dwelt in Indar's Court, as Sītā in Rāwan's (house) "

"The Rājā hath come to thee,‡ honour then thy guest.

\* i.e., for ever.

† i.e., Sītā. These names are brought in as those of well known  
legendary heroines. The story of Dhol and Mārwan is given at length  
at p 276 ff ante.

‡ Nālivāhara's messengers to Pipā.

- Ae min kahîye baithnâ, manjâ dîe dâh.  
 Potrî dâ ðolâ chakde mange Râjâ Salwân."  
 210 "Potrî dâ ðolâ nâ deân, hove tânon tân."  
 Râje purzâ likh lîâ, âiâ Pîpe pâs.  
 Pîpe purzâ vekhiâ, vekhke sittâ phâr.  
 "Faujân lâen charhke, ðopân le âen sâth,  
 Je tân jang hai karnâ karke mere nâl."  
 215 Pîpe ârân kañhiân kitiân, kitiân kae hazâr.  
 "Potrî dâ ðolâ nâ deân, hove tânon tân."  
 Agge Nûnân boldî; "Sun lîe merâ jawah.  
 Kâh nûn kaððhdâ taddiân? Kâh nûn hotâ khwâr?  
 Ðolâ merâ de Râje Salwân nûn; nahîn, koî byâhke le  
 jâ Chamâr."  
 220 Agge Pîpâ boliâ: "Betî, âpe ho gai tayyâr!"  
 Pîpe Bâhman saddiâ bedân lîo gaðâe.

- Ask thy guest to sit and give him a couch.  
 Râjâ Salwân asketh thy daughter in marriage."  
 210 "I will not give my daughter in marriage, do what ye  
 may."  
 The Râjâ wrote a letter and it came to Pîpâ.  
 Pîpâ saw the letter and tore it up. (Said he):  
 "Bring thy armies and bring thy guns (!) with thee,  
 If thou have a mind to fight with me."  
 215 Pîpâ collected many thousand of his (tanning) needles,  
 (saying):  
 "I will not give my daughter in marriage, do what ye  
 may."  
 Then said Nûnân: "Hear my say:  
 Why art offering battle? why art troubled?  
 Give me in marriage to Râjâ Salwân, else some Cham-  
 mâr will marry me."  
 220 Then said Pîpâ: "What, art ready thyself, my daugh-  
 ter?"  
 And Pîpâ called the Brâhman and fixed the marriage  
 posts (and said):

- “ Saddo Rājā Salwān nūn, pherā dīo diwāe.”  
 Pīpā bedān gadiān, Rājā līo bulāe ;  
 Bāhman Bedān parhde, ditte got ralāe.  
 225 Rājā ne Rānī byāh līe, līe ratte ḍolā pāe.  
 Kuriān mangal gāunīān, pherā de de chār.  
 Rājā byāhke ḍolā le gīā, pai gīā apne Shāhar dī rāh.  
 Pīpā ne jāndā ḍolā vekhke, māri sabar dī dāh.
- Rājā gīā bich ujār de, faujān hoīān sāth.  
 230 Ganjā pālī boldā ḍāḍī kardā pukār :  
 Sajje tīhar bolīā, kubbhe kālā kāūn :  
 “ Jeh nūn le chalā byāhke rakhongā chhittrān de thān.

- “ Call Rājā Salwān, for I will give her in marriage.”  
 Pīpā fixed the marriage posts and called the Rājā.  
 Brāhmans read the *Vedas* and mingled their families.\*  
 225 The Rājā married the Rānī, and put her into a red  
 palanquin.  
 Girls sang songs of rejoicing and they went four times  
 round (the fire).†  
 The Rājā married and took her away in the palanquin  
 to his own City.  
 And when Pīpā saw the palanquin going, he cried out  
 impatiently.
- The Rājā went along the wilds with his cavalcade.  
 230 Ganjā the neatherd cried and made a loud complaint :  
 On the right a partridge called and on the left a black  
 crow:‡  
 “ Whom thou art taking in marriage will treat thee as  
 a shoe.

\* See above, line 83

† Final ceremony of the marriage - should be seven times.

‡ Bad omens.

- Jâd maini main de ndar thâ, khusrê nâche bûhe bâr.  
 Latton laughân tân rahâ, sir nâ jume bâl.  
 235 Je maini sâbit jaundâ sukh nâ bastâ sansâr !  
 Jinhon le chailâ byâhke, ose pâ jâ râh."

- Nânâ bândi nân boldi : "Tân jhabdi Shahr nân jâ ;  
 Mere bargâ âdmî tîn chhetî bhâlke lâ.  
 Râjâ Salwân buddhâ hai, mere kain dâ nâ."  
 240 Hirâ bândi tur pie, barî Shahr men â ;  
 Jab mukh Pûran dâ vekhiâ ðiggî sî ghash khâe.  
 Chhetî uthon uthke âi Nânân de pâe.  
 "Pûran taithon bhî sohanâ, jorî bândi tere nâl ;  
 Pât hai teri saukan dâ, sûrat aprâpâl."

- When I was in my mother's womb eunuchs danced at  
 the door,\*  
 And so I am lame and have no hair on my head !  
 235 Had I been born whole the world would not have  
 dwelt in ease !  
 Whom thou hast taken in marriage take back again."

- Said Nânâ to her Maid † "Go quickly to the City,  
 And bring me quickly a man fit for me.  
 Râjâ Salwân is old and of no use to me."  
 240 Hirâ the maid went off into the City,  
 And when she saw Pûran she fell down in a swoon.  
 Rising quickly thence she went to Nânâ, (and said) :  
 "Pûran is more beautiful than thou and a fit pair for  
 thee :  
 He is the son of thy co-wife‡ and very beautiful"

It is customary for the class of eunuch mendicants to sing songs,  
 at births for fees

† She has now reached her new home

‡ i.e., of Achhrân and so Lânân's stepson.

- 245 Athon bele pai rahî, mahil andherâ pâe.  
 " Kî â gai sunâunî Pipe Bhagat de ? Kaun margiâ bîr  
 bharâû ?  
 Kis ne mandâ boliâ ? Kis ne kaḍḍhî gâi ?  
 Jis ne kîṭî ungall, ungall dewân kaṭwâe.  
 Jis ne mandâ boliâ phâe dewân chaḥdâ.
- 250 Dil de bedil das de, sachî âkh sunâe."  
 Nûnâ Râjâ nûn boldî : " Sachî deân sunâe.  
 Achhrân lânde byâhke, rattî dolâ pâe.  
 Mainî lîânî dharîl hân kaḍḍhî mahilân se bâr !  
 Pûran sabhnân nûn matthâ ṭek giâ, mainî dittî mân o bisâr !
- 255 Matthâ ṭeke to bachûngî ; nahîn, marûn katârî khâe."  
 Râjâ Nûnân nûn âkhdâ, " Tûn uṭhke surat sambhûl !  
 Palang bichhâen rangalâ, phûlân di sej khaṇḍâe.
- 245 She lay down in the evening and the palace became  
 dark.\*  
 (Said Salwân) : " What hast heard about Pîpâ Bhagat ?  
 Which of thy brethren is dead ?  
 Hath any one spoken harshly to thee ? Hath any one  
 abused thee ?  
 If any finger hath been laid on thee I will cut it off.  
 Who hath spoken thee evil I will have him hanged
- 250 Tell me the sorrow of thy heart and speak the truth."  
 Spake Nûnân to the Râjâ : " I tell thee truth.  
 Thou didst marry Achhrân putting her into the red  
 palanquin.  
 I am but a mean woman turned out of the palace !  
 Pûran hath made his obeisance to all, but hath neglected  
 me !
- 255 Let him make his obeisance to me and I am saved, else  
 will I stab myself with a dagger."  
 Said the Râjâ to Nûnân : " Get up and be at thy ease.  
 Lay the painted bed and spread the flowers on it.

\* Signs of sorrow Natives do not usually go to bed in the evening,  
 and here also the sense is, she did not light up the palace.

- Rât kaṭṭe sukh dī, banke bhartā nār.  
 Pichhoṇ Kachahrī karūṅgā, jad Pūran nūn leūn bulāe.  
 260 Dīn chaḥde nūn matthā ṭekogā tainūn banāke dharam  
 kī mān."  
 Rājā lāgf bhejke Pūran lie mangwāe.  
 "Unche dhaular teri mītie de jāke sis niwāe."  
 Mātā nūn matthā ṭekdā, piū nūn kahe 'jagdis.'  
 "Unche dhaular mātā Nūnān de jāke niwānwān sis."  
 265 "Nau darwāzā Shahār de, dasveṇ mūl na jā.  
 Dasveṇ dhaular Nūnān matie de, tere nāl rakhdi khār.  
 Change bhale nūn dekhke, chānak siṭde mār.  
 Kal le ānde byāhke, mailī nahīn hoī rāh.  
 Kesh malī, mal nhātī, sārā kapṛā lā :  
 270 Indar Akhāre dī pachhrān, haigī burī balāe.

- Let us pass the night in delight as husband and wife,  
 Then will I hold my Court and send for Pūran.  
 260 At daybreak shall he salute thee as his foster-mother."  
 The Rājā sent messengers and called Pūran, (and said):  
 "Go to the lofty palace of the stepmother and bow thy  
 head to her."  
 He bowed his head to his mother and called his father  
 'lord.'  
 "I go to the lofty palace of mother Nūnān to bow my  
 head."\*  
 265 "There are nine gates to the City, go not to the tenth.  
 The tenth is the palace of thy stepmother, Nūnān, who  
 hath enmity with thee.  
 When she sees thy beauty she will at once slay thee.  
 It was but yesterday he married and brought her here,  
 the very road has not become dirty yet.  
 She decks her hair and bathes and wears many gar-  
 ments :  
 270 She is a maid of Indra's Court and a great horror.

\* Pūran to his mother Akhṛā.



Pūt dā sāk nahīn jāndī, tainūn bhartā līo banāe.

Mānas deh durlamb, hot na bār-o-bār."

Jānde Pūran Bhagat nūn nannā mūl na pāe.

"Je māmā dainā hondiūn len nā pūtān nūn khāe.

275 Je mān āve khān nūn agge deān sīs niwāe.

Mānā kol putrān jāndiān sharam na āve kāe.

Tūn merī Mātā janam dī, Nūnān lagī dharam dī Mān.

Haṭṭh bandh kardā bintī, mātā kol jānde nūn morā na pāe."

Jānde Pūran Bhagat nūn dekhke boliā kālā kāg.

280 "Ākheñ merā lag jā agge na dharen pāūn.

Oh gal chit vich rakhe jehī kahīudī sī Achhrān mān.

Maridā mar jāegā, terā kiunī nahīn karnā niwāūn."

She will not know thee for a son and will make thee into a husband.

The body of a man is a precious thing, and comes not again and again."\*

Pūran Bhagat would not be dissuaded at all from going.

"If a mother be a witch she will not destroy her son.

275 If my mother desire to destroy me, even then I will bow my head.

There is no shame in a son going to visit his own mother.

Thou art my Mother by the body, Nūnān is my Mother by faith.

With joined hands I pray stay me not from going to my mother."

Seeing Pūran Bhagat going spake a black crow to him :

280 "Harken to my say and put not thy foot forward.

Let the words of thy mother Achhrān sink into thy heart :

(Or) thou wilt be slain and none will do thee justice."

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\* Allusion to the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. Don't risk your man's body now, as you may not get one in the next life: some believe that a man's body comes but once to a being.

- “ Kāgā kālī dhār dā, mere sir par tur na pher.  
 Tujhe bagānī kī pie ? Apnī āp niber.  
 285 Mātā ne neundā deke sadd liā, chaliā rasoi jīmen.  
 Hatth bāndhke karān bintī; tūn kyūn boliā, kālā kālū ? ”

- Pûran ākhe, ‘ Rām Rām,’ mukh se kahe jawāhir;  
 “ Hatth bāñh kardā bintī, merī Pûran dī ardās.  
 ‘ Mātā’ na kahe, hānoñ hān pahchān.  
 290 Nekt badī āshikān bahke sejān mān.  
 Sej bichhāwān rangalī, bahute phūl khañḍāe.  
 Deke kashīshān mān le, tillī chāhī kumān.”  
 Boliā Pûran, “ Sej te chāphe, jal marān jalke bhashm ho  
 jāeñ.  
 Piā ne lāndī byāhke, tū lagī merī dharam dī mān.

- “ O crow of the black hills circle not round my head.  
 What hast thou to do with others ? Mind thine own  
 affairs.  
 285 My mother hath invited me and I go to feast with her.  
 With joined hands I beseech thee ; why speakest thou,  
 thou black crow ? ”

- Pûran made his salute,\* and spake his greeting with  
 his lips, (saying) :  
 “ Hear the prayer I Pûran make with joined hands.  
 Say not ‘ Mother’ to me, know us for a well-matched  
 pair.  
 290 Let us know the joys and grief of lovers sitting on this  
 couch.  
 I will lay the coloured bed and cover it with many  
 flowers.  
 Enjoy thyself, for the bow is ready for use.”  
 Said Pûran, “ If I mount thy bed I shall be burnt,  
 burnt to ashes.  
 My father hath brought thee in marriage and thou art  
 my mother by faith.

\* See Vol. I., p. 2.

- 295 Achhrān mātā pāp dī, tūn haiṁ dharam dī mān.  
Mātā putrān neh lagī, dhartī nigar jā.”  
“Kad main tainūn kokh napaniā ? Kad lā god khilāe ?  
Battis dhārān na tain chungriān, kis bidh saddā ‘mān’ ?  
Tūn bhartā, main istrī; donon ik hī hān.
- 300 Jholī āḍh kharī dar tere haiṁ; sārē kharī pā.”  
“Pāp dā garwā dōhal de, garwā dharam meṁ nhāo.  
Chapriān de muḍh ṭobī, pindān de muḍh grān:  
Shāh bāj pat nahīn, Gurū bāj gat nahīn, putrān bāj  
nahīn rahinde nān.  
Hatth banh kardā bintī, mere bich bhag na pāe.”
- 305 “Bhalt hoi tūn ā giā; jāge sādē bhāg.  
Ghi de dīwe much gae, jad tūn mahilon banā āe :
- 
- 295 Achhrān is my mother by sin,\* thou art my mother by  
faith.  
If mother and son commit sin the earth will sink be-  
neath me.”  
“When did I bear thee in my womb ? when did I feed  
thee in my lap ?  
Thou didst never take thy 32 teeth (full of milk from  
me) and how canst thou call me ‘mother’ ?  
Thou art husband, I wife ; we are a pair.
- 300 I stand suppliant at thy door, give me of thy alms.”  
“Throw aside the river of sin, and bathe from the  
river of faith.  
Ponds are near lakes, villages near towns :  
There is no honor without a king, no salvation without  
a Gurū, no name without a son.†  
With joined hands I pray thee, do no wrong to my  
virtue.”
- 305 “Well was it that thou camest ; propitious is my fate.  
Lamps of *ghī*‡ have been lighted, since thou didst enter  
the palace :

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\* i.e., my carnal mother.

† Two well-known lines thrown in for effect.

‡ See above, line 60.

- Jaisi lât tandûr di rahî, bujhîâ na bujhâe.  
 Je dar rakhdâ Salwân dâ, dine charhde nûn sittân mâr.  
 Mohrâ de dûn tere bâp nûn, dewân jân gâiwâe.
- 310 Jinne pattan ânte berîân, tere dâman chhadâân lâe.  
 Chhoti umar diâ Pûranân, thore sis niwâe :  
 Sej bichhâân rangali, bahle phûl khandâe.  
 Kyûn nâ sej kabûldâ, ho jâ Surg tayyâr.  
 Hatth banh kardi binti, meri jori bhang na pâe."
- 315 " Mâtâ, kyûn jar patdi dharam di ? Hathin pâp na bij.  
 Jat jattiân de rahin de, tainûn kujh nahin obij."  
 " Jat jattiân nahin chhadne, karke bhajâ patij."  
 " Jadân jat Pûran dâ tût jâo, sukh jâo Gangâ mândâ nîr.  
 Jat Pûran dâ tût jâo, duniyâ ghatke jâo bhîr.

Like as the blaze of the (public) oven, which cannot be put out.

If thou dost fear Salwân I will have him slain in the morning.

I will give thy father poison and destroy his life.

- 310 I will put all the boats at the ferries under thy power.

My youthful Pûran, bow not thy head so low :

I will lay thee the painted bed and cover it with flowers.

Why not agree to my bed and be in Heaven ?

With joined hands I pray thee destroy not the match (made for me)."

- 315 " Mother, why destroy the roots of faith ? The seeds of sin prosper not.

Let the virtue of the virtuous remain, it concerns not thee."

" I will not let the virtue of the virtuous remain : be certain of this."

" When the virtue of Pûran is destroyed, the water of Ganges shall be dried up.

When the virtue of Pûran is destroyed, the earth shall perish.

- 320 Main chelā Gorakh Nāth dā, jamdā sādḥ fakīr,  
Mainūn tere jānde nūn dūbdī, merī jāt nūn lāwandī lik.  
Hatth bañh kardā bintī, Mātā, eh santān dā rīt."  
"Neundā deke saddiā, mahilen barī āe.  
Je mere mahilen ā gīā, chhij āute charḥ jā āp.
- 325 Iko jeḍiān mildiān bich Darge hai nahin pāp.  
Nahin tān chhij kabūl le; nahin, kar lān terā nās."  
"Mātā, neundā deke sadd liā, maiti bhī rakhiā dhyān.  
Nā rūwān, nā dhūān, kithe hai nahin rasoi dā thān.  
Kithe gal jagā rasoi-wālī? kithe pakan pakwān?
- 330 Santān maḡḍiān māḡiān mainūn deoḍiān barbar khāen.  
Arson paindiān gollān kidhar nahin dendīān jān.  
Jehṛī gall Achhrān bachan bol, oh de bāk nā bharte jān."  
"Pairen pawwe pāke barā mahilen āe.  
Main Indar Rājā dī pachhrān, hāngī burī balāe.
- 320 I am a disciple of Gorakh Nāth, and a saint from my  
birth.  
Thou wouldst destroy me with thyself, casting a stain on  
my virtue.  
With joined hands I pray thee, mother, this is the way  
of saints."
- "I did invite thee and thou camest to my palace  
As thou hast come to my palace do thou mount my bed.
- 325 In the meeting of match (with match) there is no sin  
before the Court (of God).  
Either agree to my bed, or I will destroy thee."  
"Mother, thou didst invite me, I obeyed thee.  
I see nor fire, nor smoke, nor any place for a feast.  
Where is the feasting place? where is the feast?
- 330 Seeing the palace and hall thus empty I am afraid.  
Thunderbolts from the heavens spare not life.  
What Achhrān spake hath come very true."  
"Thou camest into my palace with shoes on thy feet.  
I am a maid of Rājā Indar and a great horror.

- 335 Hatth pair tere bāndhke dewān khūb sittāe.  
 Kyūn nahīn kahūā mandā ? dewān jān gañwāe."  
 "Hatth bañh kardā, Mātā, bintī; tainūn sachīān deān  
 sunāe.  
 Rāwan nāl kihān guziān, ditte sone dī Lankā luṭāe ?  
 Singh Rikhjī gher līe bich banwās de, ditti babbhōt  
 bhulāe.
- 340 Shams Tabrez mārā bich Multān de, khal ditti bhūns  
 bharāe.  
 Kī khūā ? kī jal ghare ? kī ṭobhā ? kī bān ?  
 Sabh dā pānī ik hai; tain dhariā chit kuthān.

- 335 I will bind thy hands and feet and throw thee into a well.  
 Why hearest not my prayer ? I will destroy thy life."  
 " With joined hands I beseech, Mother ; and I tell thee  
 truth.  
 What trouble did Rāwan suffer when his gold Lankā  
 was destroyed ?\*  
 Singh, the Sage,† was encompassed (by fair women) in  
 the wilds and forgot his saintship.
- 340 Shams Tabrez‡ was slain in Multān and his skin filled  
 with chaff.  
 What is the well ? what is the water-pot ? the pond ?  
 the pit ?  
 The water in all is the same ; thou hast misplaced thy  
 heart.

---

\* By Rāma Chandra for the abduction of his wife, Sītā. The allusion is to the story in the *Rāmāyana*.

† Probably meant for Viśvāmitra in allusion to the story of his seduction by the nymph Menakā : the Sanskrit form is Śringa.

‡ This carries us into Muhammanadan legend. Shamsu'd-dīn Muḥammad Tabrezī, better known as Shams Tabrez, was the celebrated Sūfī master of Maulānā Jalālū'ddīn Rūmī, founder of the Sūfī *ḍurveshes* of Qunia (Iconium). His son, 'Alāu'ddīn Mahmūd, killed Shams Tabrez by throwing him down a well at Qunia in 1247 A.D. There is a story that he was also flayed alive, and wandered about for four days afterwards with his skin in his hand. His descendants, a Shi'a family of Multān, in 1787 A.D. raised a tomb to him there. This explains the allusion in the text.

- Gaũ te gadhã charhde, bich Darge na milo thãn.  
 Donon par mil jãenge, Dhartĩ te Āsmãn.”
- 345 “Tũn sãdã bulãĩã nahĩn boldã, bhajke kahĩn bal jãen ?  
 Bhaje nũn jãn na dũngĩ, bhanwarke leũn mangãe.  
 Tere barge ghabrũ ditte pũr khapãe.  
 Ākheĩ mere lag jã, nahĩn badhke dewãn tangãe.”  
 Pũran dãbhãn mãriãn, mukh se japke Rãm :
- 350 “Mãtã, chalnã Kachahrĩ Rabb di, othe dohãn mãmlã pãn.  
 Sachĩãn jhũte Surg de, jhũte kumbhe Narak nũn jãen.  
 Kamnã dĩ gur istri, lobhĩ de gur dãm,  
 Kabĩr de gur sant haiĩ, santãn de gur Rãm.  
 Mãtã, hatth bañh kardã bintĩ, merã rahĩn de sidak imãn.”

- By mounting the ass on the cow thou wilt gain no  
 place in the Court (of God).  
 Both spheres will meet, the Heaven and the Earth.”
- 345 “Thou dost not listen to my say, and whither wilt thou  
 flee ?  
 I will not let thee flee, I will have thee brought and  
 bound.  
 I have destroyed many youths like thee.  
 Agree to my say, or I will cut off (thy head) and hang  
 it up.”
- Pũran cried out and called on God with his lips :
- 350 “Mother, we must go to God’s Court, and there be  
 judged for our deeds.  
 The trae will enjoy themselves\* in Heaven, and the  
 false go to Hell.  
 The teacher of the lustful is woman, the teacher of the  
 greedy is gain,  
 The teacher of Kabĩr a saint, and the teacher of the  
 saints is God.†  
 Mother, with joined hands I pray thee, let me keep  
 my honor and faith.”

\* *Lit.*, swing in.

† An aphorism of Kabir, the religious reformer of 15th century, dragged in for effect.

- 355 " Uṭhīn, Hirā bāndī, jandī de chaṛhāe.  
Sāre darwāje mārke, kithe Pūran na jānā pāe.  
Sir Pūran dā baḍhnā, kis bhaṇwar denā sittāe.  
Kahnā nahiṇ eh mandā, jīundā chhaḍnā nāe."
- Pūran Rām dhyāke chaṛhiā pauṛiān jāe.
- 360 Pūran chhālān māriān pairoṇ pawwā le gae khaskāe.  
Kāmpiā singāsan Indar kā, bich pūriān pie hakāe.  
Dīgdā Pūran dekhiā, āp Rabb ne dittā kambh arāe.  
Takhte zamīn de rakhiā, jūn mālan deve phul ṭakāe.  
Pat Pūran dī rakh lī, rakhī ap Khudāe.
- 365 Mātā Achhrān boldī : " Tū kyūn māndā lambī ḍhāh ?  
Kis ne mandā bolā ? kis ne kaḍḍhī gāl ?
- 355 " Up, Hirā, my maid,\* and lock all the doors.  
Close all the gates that Pūran escape not.  
Cut off Pūran's head and throw it into a well.  
He would not listen to my say and I will not let him live."
- Pūran praying to God went to the stairs.
- 360 When Pūran leapt his shoes slipped from his feet.  
Indar's throne trembled and a cry arose through the cities (of heaven).  
God himself delivered Pūran as he leapt (from the palace),  
And placed him upon the earth as a gardener layeth down a flower.  
God himself preserved the honor of Pūran.
- 365 Said his mother Achhrān : " Why weepest thou so loudly ?  
Who spake harshly to thee ? who hath abused thee ?

---

\* Lānān is speaking.



Tûn betâ Râje Salwân dâ, jedâ Châhûn Pâse râj :  
Jis ne tainûn mâriâ phânsî deân cha hâe."

"Mâtâ Nûnân ne lâiân siliân khole hâr singâr.

- 370 Kamar katârâ kholiâ, jeiâ main baliâ le lak de nâl.  
Dhakâ deke mahilân se sittîâ, mainûn rakhiâ Parbatgâr.\*  
Âe mere pitâ nûn Mâtâ Nûnân ne dinâ sikhâl."  
"Bachâ, tainûn le dūngî siliân ٲopîân, hor le dūn hâr  
singhâr :

Kamar katârân le deân, banh le lak de nâl.

- 375 Chandrî de mahilen kyûn giâ ? âiân jân bachâe.  
Nûnân matîe terî lagdî, âde dîo pâe."

Salwân Nûnân nûn boldâ ; "Sun len merâ jabâb :  
Mandî shagunî main ٲur âke : bagî kokhî bâ.  
Tûn Indar Râje dî pachhrân, Rânî, sabhnân dî sardâr.

Thou art the son of Râjâ Salwân, who rules in the Four  
Quarters :

If any one hath beaten thee I will have him hanged."

"Mother Nûnân hath taken my necklace and my jewels.

- 370 She hath taken the dagger from my waist, that was upon  
my waist.

She thrust me out of the palace and God preserved me.  
And Mother Nûnân will deceive my father, when he  
comes to her."

"My son, I will give thee necklace and cap and jewels :  
I will fasten another dagger round thy waist.

- 375 Why wentest thou into the harlot's palace ? Thou hast  
but saved thy life.

Thy step-mother Nûnân will yet do thee an injury."

Spake Salwân to Nûnân : "Hear my say :

Evil omens came to me on the way : a violent wind was  
blowing.

Thou art a maid of Râjâ Indar, my Queen, the chief of all.

- 380 Tere mahilen âke Rânîân sabhnân ditti basâr.  
 Kî lût liân kisî chor ne ? kidhron pai gatdhar ?  
 Sachîân bātân das de, kî guzre tere nâl ?”  
 “Ithoñ bakhat\* dhudhol dâ Pûran mereñ mahilen bharâiâ.  
 Main tere bhulâve bhul gaî, rakhî chhîj bichbâe,  
 385 Pûran ne pairân se jorâ kholiâ, charhiâ chhîj par âe.  
 Karîkar bhanne gîâ hadîân, mâs burkiân khâe.  
 Sih de mohre bakrî, jûñ bhâve tiñ khâe.  
 Main palî hoî gaû dî makhan dî, main rakhî hai jân  
 bachae.  
 Kurtî phar gîâ, beganî tukre kar diâ châr.  
 390 Dukhan kanû dî bâlîân, dukhde sir de bâl.  
 Terâ bohal sonâ dâ lut lîâ, bâkî kujh chhorâ nân.”  
 Âkho ; “Pûran nûñ mâr de ; nahin, main mar jâñ katâre  
 khâe.”  
 Râjâ Salwân Nûnân nûñ âkhdâ ; “Eh gall hoî nahin  
 kisî jug.

- 380 I have deserted all the Queens to come to thy palace.  
 Hath any thief robbed thee ? Hath any entered in ?  
 Tell me truth, what hath happened to thee ?”  
 “It was dusk when Pûran entered my palace.  
 I mistook him for thee and laid thy bed.  
 385 Pûran took off his shoes and mounted thy bed.  
 My bones crackled and my flesh was crushed under him.  
 If a goat be before a lion, he can eat her when he please.  
 I have been bred on cow's butter and I but saved my life.  
 He tore the coat from my breast into four pieces.  
 390 My earrings pain me and so doth the hair of my head.  
 Thy golden arm hath been robbed and nothing re-  
 mains of it.”  
 Said she, “Slay Pûran, or I will stab myself with a dag-  
 ger and die.”  
 Said Râjâ Salwân to Nûnân : “Such a thing could not  
 be in any age.

- Tān Indar Rāje dī padmanī bāḥi sunī dī dhaj.  
 395 Jat Pāran dā rahin de, nā lāo jatī de pag.  
 Pāran merā jatī hai ; kyūn lāunā chīkar nūn ag ?  
 Tain chab le til chāulī, tore hoten rahinde lag.  
 Pāran dī sūrat vekhke bhul gāi, kar din haiṁ bhere  
 sabāb.”  
 “ Rājā, Dhartī dā maṇḍal Mengalā, parjā dā maṇḍal  
 bhūp,  
 400 Ghar dā maṇḍal istrī, kul dā maṇḍal pūt.  
 Ag lage tere maṇḍat, nūṛien balko ḍigan satūt !  
 Tere muñh dahī, sir pag ; kyūn baliā sirak-sūt ?  
 Le āiān mainūn āp biyāhke, chhijān māne Pāran pūt !”  
 Ākho ; “ Pāran nūn mār de ; nahīn, main ḍere kar  
 jān kūch.”

- Thou art a beauty of Rājā Indar's (Court) and high  
 is thy repute.  
 395 Preserve the honor of Pāran, put no stain on his virtue.  
 My Pāran is honest: why dost thou put fire to the  
 mud ?\*  
 Thou hast eaten sesamum and rice,\* for they are on thy  
 lips.  
 Seeing Pāran's beauty, thou art captivated and doest  
 this evil.”  
 “ Rājā, the ornament of the Earth is Heaven, the orna-  
 ment of the nation is the king.  
 400 The ornament of the house is a wife, the ornament of  
 the family is a son.†  
 Fire burn thy house, and may the rafters fall !  
 There is a beard on thy face, and a turban on thy head,  
 and why didst thou bind it on ?  
 Thou didst bring me here in marriage and Pāran thy  
 son hath enjoyed my bed.”  
 Said she: “ Slay thou Pāran or I will go home.”

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\* Both idioms : to tell a lie.

† This is a proverbial saying.

- 405 Râjâ Chûhîâ saddiâ, lâ Kaohahrî mangâe :  
 " Hatthen kardân pharô, sârdî leo sân charhâe.  
 Sir Pûran dâ baḡhio, kisî khûh bich âio pâe.  
 Apnî mâtâ de chhijân mân giâ, kul nûn lâ giâ lâj."  
 Wazîr dâ laḡkâ Râje nûn boldâ ; " Araz sune man lâe ;
- 410 Khamân barân nûn hot hai, chhotân nûn utpât.  
 Nârân zahar diân gandlân, rakhîye saiwâr saiwâr :  
 Je bich satrân de rakhîe, to khedân bich ujâr,  
 Mandâ changâ nâ dekhdiân, dekhên piû dâdâ dî nâ lâj.  
 Âkhe Nûnân de lagdân : kî kardâ kul dâ nâs ?"
- 415 Aggion Râni boldî : " Sun, Râjâ, merî bāt :  
 Jhutân gallân Wazîr âkhdâ ; eh hai Pûran dî junḡdî dâ yâr."  
 " Sunô, lagio badhîo, leo dam ginâe.
- 405 The Râjâ sent for the Scavenger\* from his Court, (and  
 said to him) :  
 " Take thy knives and have them sharpened on the  
 whetstone.  
 Strike off Pûran's head and throw it into a well.  
 He hath enjoyed his mother's bed and shamed his  
 family."  
 Then spake the Minister to the Râjâ : " Hear my petition ;
- 410 Elders should pardon the faults of the young.  
 Women are poisonous pests, however carefully they be  
 kept :  
 Keep them in seclusion and they will play in the wilds.  
 They regard not right and wrong, they regard not the  
 honour of their families.  
 The words of Nûnâ are approved of thee : why dost de-  
 stroy thy race ?"
- 415 Then spake the Râni (Nûnân) : " Râjâ, hear my words :  
 Falsely saith the Minister ; he is the friend of Pûran's  
 party."  
 (Said the Râjâ) : " Hear, ye slaves and minions, take  
 your wages and count them.

\* The common scavenger is always the executioner in Hindî India.

- Pŭran de bāhen rassi pā, leo karare bat charhāe,  
 Sir Pŭran dā badhke, sohane karo kabāb.
- 420 Putr apnā main mārū, phir koi nā pawe is rāh."  
 "Bhat pie terī naukari, mahīne apne aisī taisī bich pāe !  
 Pŭran bargī sŭratān koi balrī jāve nār.  
 Jis kŭṇḍh Pŭran jā raho baitho rāj diwāe.  
 Naukarī terī chhadānge sāthe, Pŭran na mārā jāe."
- 425 "Bhaje ā gae, Pŭran, tere bāp de, kar līān piū ne yād.  
 Jal bich nhātā, Pŭranā, ho jā jal se bāhar.  
 Jal bich nhāndā kī bane, man bich rahinde pāp ?  
 Tere gal mālā rudhrās\* dī baithā Rām dhyāe.  
 Din nūn mālā phirdā, rāt nūn māre pār.
- 430 Sŭlī gadḍī tere bāp ne, sidhā hoke sŭlī jhāk."

Fasten Pŭran's arms with ropes: bind them tightly  
 with cords.

Cut off Pŭran's head and make a fine roast of it.

- 420 I slay my son that none may follow his ways."  
 (Said the Scavengers) "A curse on thy service, and  
 may thy wages go as they will !  
 It is a rare woman that bears the like of Pŭran.  
 Wherever Pŭran may go there will he rule.  
 We had rather leave thy service than slay Pŭran."

- 425 "Pŭran, †thy father hath sent us for he hath remem-  
 bered thee.‡  
 Thou art bathing in the waters, Pŭran, come out of them.  
 What boots it to bathe in the waters, when the heart is  
 evil ?  
 With thy beads around thy neck thou dost worship Rām.  
 By day thou dost tell thy beads, by night thou breakest  
 into houses.
- 430 Thy father hath erected the gallows, bear the gallows  
 courageously."

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\* For *rudraksha*, mendicant's beads. † The executioners to Pŭran.  
 ‡ i.e., found thee out and will punish thee.

Pûran Chûhrân nûn pûchhdâ: " Mere se kepe bigar gae  
kâj ?

Dohî tainûn Rabb dî, mainûn le chalo pitâ de pās."

" Dandîe ghat mangwâ lîâ, pitâjî, main â gîâ tere pās.  
Karen niyâû merâ sodhke, dîen dukh niwâr.

435 Âkhe na Nûnân de lagen, merâ dahî nâ kharch karâe.  
Chand-putr nahîn thyâunâ, kâh nûn ghaṭe ralâwandâ  
lâl ?"

" Bachâ, jatiân bichon jat gîâ, tapîân bichon tap.  
Jad nâûn lîâ tere biyâh dâ dohen kane dhar gîâ hatth.  
Shabren khabarân ho gatân, bich desân de pai gal sath.

440 Kal Nûnân de mahilen jâke kî dhan âiâ khat ?"

Said Pûran to the Scavengers: " What evil have I  
done ?

In the name of God\* take me to my father."

" Thou hast sent for the executioners, father, and I  
have come to thee.

Do me justice according to my desert and relieve my  
pain.

435 Listen not to the words of Nûnân and destroy not my  
body.

Sons are not (always) begotten, so why throw thy ruby  
in the dust ?"

" My son, virtue hath left the virtuous, and righteous-  
ness the righteous.

When I mentioned marriage to thee thou didst stop  
both thy ears.

It is noised abroad in the City, it hath gone into all  
the land.

440 Yesterday thou wentest into Nûnân's palace and what  
didst thou gain ?"

\* Observe the use of Rabb here by a *Hindî Bhagat* !

- “ Pitāji, akk di nā khāiye kakṛī ; sap dā nā khāiye mās ;  
 Istri nā kariye lādli, jad kad kare binās.  
 Anhe nūn chānan kī kare, diwe balan pachās ?  
 Bole nūn kharḁā nā sune, tamak baje pās.  
 445 Gadhe nūn mahilā kī kare, rūṛī jis dā bās ?  
 Nārān Bhoj pur prabal ho galān, nak bich pāwan nath :  
 Aḁe mār nachāundiān māre mard nārī de bas.  
 Jat sat merā dekhke, tān siṭṭeā bhānven mār.”  
 “ Pūran, Pūran ākhie, terā kinne na pāiā bhed.  
 450 Kal do pahre luṭ giān, sūnā dekhke khet.  
 Hariān belān muchh giā, khāke kar giā dher.

- “ Father, eat not the fruit of the āk ;\* eat not the flesh  
 of snakes ;  
 Make not thy wife a darling, or some day she will ruin  
 thee.  
 What will the brightness benefit the blind, if thou  
 light a hundred lamps ?  
 The deaf hears no sound, though thou sound a drum  
 beside him.  
 445 What will a palace benefit the ass that dwelleth on the  
 dunghill ?  
 Women have conquered (Rājā) Bhoj† and put a ring  
 in his nose.  
 And spurring him the women make the conquered man  
 dance.  
 Test my virtue ere thou dost destroy me.”  
 “ Pūran, Pūran we call thee, but none hath fathomed  
 thy secret (heart).  
 450 Yesterday at noon didst thou rob it, seeing my field  
 unguarded.  
 My tender creepers were destroyed and thrown into a  
 heap when eaten.

\* *Asclepias gigantea*, a poisonous plant.

† Probably this merely means a great king : Bhoja-deva of Dhāra,  
 Ob. circa 1002 A.D., is a name of household fame in India.

- Budhe pñle baj rahe, râkhâ nahîn suchet.  
 Kal lâiâ Nûnân nûn biyâhke; merî dhaulî kanî dekh.  
 Tainân mulk bahoterâ khâne nûn, basdâ sârâ des :  
 455 Kâm bigâ, â bûp dâ, sonâ ralâ gîâ ret.  
 Mandir Nûnân de lut lie, kitâ â gîâ tere pesh."  
 " Pitâ, ankhen vekhke sach karen, kanne sunke nâ mâr.  
 Chârh karâhâ tel dâ, khundân dî ag machâe.  
 Jadon karâhâ tap jâo, merâ sajjâ dast dubâo,  
 460 Chîchî ungali je saṛe, phâhoñ dîe chapâe.  
 Mere sir par ârâ rakhke bichâlen siṭṭi chiswâo.  
 Sûrat vekhke bhul gaf, main mukh kahindâ rahâ  
 ' Mân' ! "

Nûnân karâhâ chârh dîâ, ditti ag jalâe  
 Jadon tel karâhâ tap gîâ, Pûran liâ mangwâe.

- The old man sowed the field and the keeper was not  
 alert.  
 Yesterday I married Nûnân, and, see, my hair is grey.  
 Many lands are thine to take, for thou hast all the  
 country :  
 455 But thou hast spoilt thy father's work and mixed gold  
 with the sand.  
 Thou hast robbed Nûnân's house and now (the con-  
 sequences of) thy deeds are before thee."  
 " Father, see the truth with thine eyes, slay not for  
 what thy ears have heard.  
 Light a fire of logs and place a caldron of oil thereon.  
 When the oil is hot plunge in my right hand.  
 460 If my little finger (even) be burnt hang thou me  
 up there.  
 Put a saw to my head and have it sawn into halves.  
 She saw my beauty and forgot herself, but I only called  
 her ' Mother' ! "

Nûnân lit the fire and put on the caldron.  
 When the oil was hot she sent for Pûran.



- 465 Jad te ne jhālān chhaḍiān Pūran dittā karāhe pāe.  
 Un seven Devī Jālpā, Gorakh nūn lā dhyāe.  
 Sawā pahar karāhe bich rahā, phir dhūke kaḍḍhā bāhar.  
 Jat sat Pūran dā kām si, nā lagī tattī bāl.  
 Aggion Rājā boliā : “ Suno, Chūbro, jawāb :  
 470 Līṛā littā lāke, Nūnān nūn chhabānā tīrān de nāl.”

- “ Pitā karāhā bañh lā, put ne bāndhā tel.  
 Main parī thi Baṛe Bahisht dī, bich parīān kardī sel :  
 Pūran apnā rakh lā, karke akal dā khel.  
 Aisī sundar istrī phir kadhi nahīn honā mel.  
 475 Bhulbhūlekhi main bhul gāī, mere akal thikānā nāe.  
 Nūnān sach boldī, Pūran sachā nāe.”

- 465 When the oil bubbled up Pūran was put into the  
 caldron.  
 He worshipped the Goddess Jālpā,\* and meditated on  
 Gorakh.  
 A watch and a quarter he remained in the oil and was  
 taken out by force.  
 Pūran's virtue was proved, not a hair of him was  
 injured.  
 Then said the Rājā : “ My Scavengers, hear me :  
 470 Strip the clothes off Nūnān and pierce her with arrows.”

- “ The father stayed the caldron and the son stayed the  
 oil (by magic).  
 I was a fairy in the Great Heaven, wandering amidst  
 the fairies,  
 And Pūran hath proved himself by a skilful trick.  
 Never again shalt thou meet so beautiful a woman.  
 475 I have been deceived by impositions and my (poor)  
 skill availed me not.  
 Nūnān saith truth that Pūran is not true.”

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\* See above, line 124.

"Jâke Pûran nûn marîo, jithe an pâni bhî nâe.

Aise putr dâ marnâ, mere râj nûn âwandî hân."

Agge Chûhrâ boliâ, rondâ dâhân mâr :

- 480 "Mere hatth nahîn Pûran par nahîn bagde, hatthên  
apne mâr.

Sâde sir ulte manje rakhde shahron de ujâr :

Ithôn kulî patke, hor te pâwânge jâe.

Bhagat Pûran nûn mârke, Nûnân, kere saiwâregî kâj ?

Mere chârôn bete mârke Pûran nûn lien bachâe."

- 485 Nûnân Râje nûn âkhdî: "Itnî der na lâe,  
Chorân yârân nâl dostî kadhî bhî bantî nâe.  
Eh dâ mârîâ hakk hai, eh dî nîtar lien kadhâe.  
Hatth pair is de banhke, sittan khuh de bâr."

"Pûranâ, tere hatth bândhke sankonîân, chale godân  
de bhâr.

"Go and slay Pûran,\* where is nor water nor corn.

Such a son should be slain, that hath ruined my kingdom."

Then spake the Scavenger weeping aloud :

- 480 "My hands rise not against Pûran, slay him with thine  
own hands.

I will put my bed on my head and leave the city.†

I will pull down my hut and raise it up elsewhere.

What dost thou gain, Nûnân, by slaying Pûran, the  
Bhagat ?

Better slay my son and save Pûran."

- 485 Said Nûnân to the Râjâ: "Delay not thus ;  
It is useless to be friends with a thief.  
He should be slain that hath destroyed (the apple of)  
thine eyes.  
Bind him hand and foot and throw him into a well."

(Said Lûnân) : "Pûran, thy hands are bound behind thee  
and thou goest upon thy knees.

\* Salwân says this, giving into Lûnân.

- 490 Ājān bhī kabā mān le, hun le āwān chhurāe  
 Jerī badī tainū lag gai hor pāse dīnān tāl  
 Eh gall merī mān le, ban jā bhartā, main terī nār."  
 " Mātā, chhijī terī agg balī, maithon charhā na jāe  
 Heth Dharti Mātā dekhdi, utte Parbatgār \*  
 495 Dohān se chorī main karān, parān Nark men jāe  
 Hatth bauh kaidā bintī, tū lagi dharu dī mān."

- " Suniye, tūn Khiddū Chūhrā, sun le merā jawāb.  
 Hatth le āyo Pūran de badhke rakhān sirhāne nāl  
 Netrī le āin kaddhke, surmān lawān banāe !  
 500 Us dī rat le ānī kaddhke lāwān hār singār ' .  
 Je Pūran jīundā rakhiā, terā dcān kabīlā gāl.  
 In kahā merā nahīn mānā, sittiyo khūh de bār "

- 490 Hear my say to-day and even now will I release thee.  
 What evil hath been charged against thee will I pass  
 on to another.  
 Only hear my say that thou be my husband and I thy  
 wife."  
 " Mother, fire burns thy bed, I cannot ascend it.  
 Beneath Mother Earth is looking on and above is God .  
 495 If I steal from both I shall go into Hell.  
 With joined hands I beseech thee, be my mother  
 by faith."

- " Heart thou Scavenger Khiddū, hear my say.  
 Cut off Pūran's hands and place them beneath my pillow.  
 Take out his eyes that I may make eye-salve of them !  
 500 Bring me his blood, that I may put it to my jewels and  
 clothes !  
 If thou let Pūran live I will destroy thy family.  
 He listened not to my words ; throw him into a well."

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\* For Parbatgār see above, line 371.

† Lāmā says this.

- “ Satiâ dī phall jhomprī, bhūt kostī dā gāūn.  
 Ag lage pitā, terī maṇḍat, mārieṇ bich hai nahiṇ Har  
 da nūn !
- 505 Rāj nūn bijlī mār jā ! Nūnān nūn laṛ jā kālā nūg !  
 Terā shahr gharak ho jāe, gawwān nā chugdiān ghā !  
 Be-gunāh māriā, merā kus nahiṇ kītā niwāūn.  
 Hatth bañh kardā bintī, milī nā Achhrān māt.”
- “ Sādhū tainūn boldā ; sunīye, Pūran, jabāb.  
 510 Pichhle janam bich astī donoṇ sī sake bhrāe :  
 Tūn jamiā ghar Rāje de, main līe phakīrī pāe.  
 Tūn merī gadi par baith jā, main mardān tere thān.”  
 Pūran aggiṇ ākhdā : “ Tainūn deān sunāe :  
 Honī bītī pagambarān, main kih dā pānīhār ?

- “ Better the hut of the virtuous than the village of the  
 sinful.  
 Fire burn thy palace, father, wherein God's name is not  
 feared !
- 505 Lightning destroy thy kingdom ! May the black serpent  
 destroy Nūnān !  
 May thy city sink and cows not graze thy grass !  
 Slaying me without fault thou hast done me no justice !  
 With joined hands I pray thee : I have not (even) met  
 my mother Achhrān.”
- “ The holy man telleth ;\* Pūran, hear his say.  
 510 In the last birth we were own brothers :  
 And now thou art born in a Rājā's house and I have  
 become a *faqīr*.  
 Sit thou in my place and let me die for thee.”  
 Then said Pūran : “ I say to thee :  
 Fate hath happened to the prophets ; I am but a water-  
 bearer.†

\* Pūran is now consoled by a saint.

† i.e., a humble person compared to them.

- 515 Bhalī hoī māpe mārde, mere prān Surg nūn jān.  
Ik achhnabē ho giā, Mātā Achhrān ho birān."

Chūhrā hirnā dā bak mārīā, rat lī chanue bich pāe.

Donoñ nītar mirg de kaḍḍhke banat banāe :

"Je Nūnān kahā mān guī, tān Pūran nūn deāuge bachāe.

- 520 Je honī Pūran dī jāg pie, tān mukē deāuge mār."

Hirni ḍāhān mārīā, kitī Rabb agge faryād :

"Hirni main sāmān thār dī, chapke āe utār,

Ḍardī chher, bhagīliē, chitioñ, dittā bak ujār !

Nā meriān sākhān chungīān ; nā chugīā hariā ghā ;

- 525 Nā chhālān mārīān ; nā ṭuriā mere sūth ;

Nā than chunge rajke, merā pāt hamāme jāe.

Be-badoṣī dā bak mārīā, nā lagī duniyā dī bā !

Jih de khātir mārīā, so Pūran bhī mārū jāe !"

- 515 It is well that my parents slay me, for I go to Heaven.  
But there is one evil, that my mother Achhrān is ruined."

The Scavenger slew a fawn and put its blood into a cup :

Both eyes of the fawn he took out, and made a plan :

"If Nūnān listen to me, then will I save Pūran.

- 520 But if Pūran's fate be awake\* I will come back and  
slay him."

The doe cried out and complained to God (and said) :

"I was a doe on the lower grounds and climbed up hither,  
For fear the lion, the wolf, and the leopard, and I have  
(now) lost my fawn.

It sucked not my teats ; it ate not the green grass ;

- 525 It bounded not ; nor wandered beside me ;

It sucked not my teats to surfeit, for they are full to  
bursting ;

My harmless fawn hath been slain, ere yet it hath  
breathed the air of this world !

May Pūran for whose sake it hath died be also slain !"

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\* Be against him.

- Chôhrâ akhdâ : "Pûran nûn main lâiâ mâr.  
 530 Eh le, Nûnân, rat Pûran dî lâ le hâr singâr."  
 "Uṭhîye, Hîrâ bândî, motî kaḍḍhke rat bich pao :  
 Je rat Pûran dî ho, tûn motî milange us dî nâl."  
 Motî chhanne siṭṭ ditte, jûn ratf nahîn lagâ nâl.  
 "Dâde mugâune Chôhrîâ, kî lâiân banat banâe ?  
 535 Main nahîn Jattî Panjâb dî, jinhoñ laweñ bharmâe.  
 Jithe Pûran mâriâ, woh dikhâve thâe."  
 Chôhrîâ akhdâ : "Dâdâ hage khasam dâ, jin mahilen  
 bâre chhâḍ !  
 Tero andar dî ag tûn bhuje, terî taprî pawe bâzâr !"  
 "Kî karân Râje Salwân nûn, chhaḍe kamîn bigâr ?

- Said the Scavenger (to Lûnân) : "I have slain Pûran.  
 530 Take this blood of Pûran, Nûnân ; take it to the jewels  
 and clothes."  
 "Up, my maid Hîrâ, and put a pearl into the blood :  
 If the blood be Pûran's the pearl will be stained  
 by it."  
 The pearl was thrown into the cup and blood stained  
 it not.  
 "Thou accursed Scavenger, what trick hast thou play-  
 ed me ?  
 535 I am no Jatt's wife of the Panjâb, that thou canst  
 deceive me.  
 Show me the place where thou hast slain Pûran."  
 Said the Scavenger : "Cursed be thy husband, that let  
 thee enter the palace !  
 The lust within thee will only be appeased, when thou  
 hast raised thy hut in the market !"\*  
 "What shall I do to Râjâ Salwân for spoiling his  
 menials ?

\* i.e., by becoming a prostitute

- 540 Je bas pai jāñ mere, tainūñ lambī ghallāñ bagār :  
 Tainūñ bagārī ghallke tere ṭabbar deāñ ujā :  
 Sāmhnā sāmūñ boldā, tainūñ phāñ deāñ jāñ."  
 "Sāmūñ changī bagār, bagār hai sādē kār.  
 Dāñ āveñ bagār de ṭabbar kare bahār.  
 545 Je tūñ iskh kamāunāñ kanjri banke jā :  
 Ṭapri pāo bāzār bich, bahke ishk kamāo.  
 Pūran barge gabrū bhāleñ is bāzār.  
 Je bas pai jāñ Chūhrāñ donoñ khākāñ siṭte phār !"  
 Nūnāñ uthoñ muṛ pie, mahiloñ bare āñ :  
 550 "Lago Kachahri Rājē Salwāñ dī, tainūñ banhke leo  
 mangwāe."

Chūhrā dardā bhaj giā, giā Pūran de pās :

"Honi ne gherā pā lā, tere bachan nūñ nahīñ chhaḍā  
 rāh.

- 540 If I have the chance I will send thee on a far service ?  
 And when thou art gone on service I will destroy thy  
 family.  
 Thou that speakest against me, I will have thee  
 hanged."  
 "Service is well for me, service is my duty.  
 On the fruits of service doth my family rejoice.  
 545 If thou wouldst indulge thy lusts go and be a prostitute.  
 Pitch thy hut in the market and indulge thy passions.  
 Meet some gallant like Pūran in the market :  
 And if thou fall under the power of the Scavenger he  
 will slit both thy lips !"  
 Nūnāñ went back into her palace (saying) :  
 550 "I will go into the Court of Rājā Salwāñ and have thee  
 brought there bound."

Fear entered the Scavenger and he went to Pūran (and  
 said) :

"Thy fate hath encompassed thee and there is no way  
 to save thee.

Hatth pair mainân baḍh len de, le jāwân Rāje de pas.  
Māriā tainûn tere bāp ne, sādē kujh nahiñ chaldi gharī-  
bān dī wāh."

- 555 Pûran ākhḍā; "Chûhrīḍ, suno merā jabāb.  
Bhaje ā gae ho bāp de, ā gae mera pās.  
Hatth pair mere baḍhke kām banāio rās.  
Goḍiān te lattān baḍh lo, askān kolon hāth.  
Nītar deke nahanīān kaḍh lo ḍonghe deke chāk.  
560 Utte giljān jhurmuṭ maliā, bahindīān gherā pāe :  
Gīḍar chāngān māriān mangde merā nās :  
Sherān bhūbhān māriān, koī hai nahiñ Pûran de pās !  
Loth merī nūn chak leo, le chalo khūh de pās.  
Ik anherā khūh dā, dūjā kālī rāt !  
565 Jāke kah do merī mān nūn : ' roke nain na leo gañwāo ;  
Dil nūn deve sabar diān tākiān, chit nā kare udās.'

Let me cut off thy hands and feet to take to the Rājā.  
It is thy father that slays thee ; I, a poor man, have no  
power."

- 555 Said Pûran : " Scavenger, hear me.  
Sent by my father have ye come to me.  
Cut off my hands and feet and do your duty.  
Cut off my legs from below the knees and my arms from  
below the elbows.  
With nail-parers take out both my eyes.  
560 Above the kites are gathered and circle round me :  
And jackals howl for my flesh :  
And lions roar and none is near (me) Pûran !  
Cut off my hands and take my body to the well.\*  
Dark is the well and dark is the dark night !  
565 Go and tell my mother not to lose her eyes for weeping :  
To close the doors of patience on her heart and to  
sorrow not in her mind.

\* See Vol. I., p 2.



Bārān baras te ā milūn, mere ure nā rakhe ās.  
 Hatth bañh kardā bintī, merī mātā āge ardās.”

- Jāke Rājā dā Chāhrā kūkdā Achhrān dī bār :
- 570 “Rattī pīrī baithē, sun le merā jawāb.  
 Nak te besar khot de; chūrīān bhunne mahilān de nāl!  
 Putr jinhān de mar gae, unhān de man vich kaise chāe?  
 Pūran terā mārīā, mārīā Nūnān kamzāt!  
 Hatth badḍhke saukoniān, ankheñ līān kadḍhwāe!  
 575 Bharke chhannān rat dā Nūnān lāve hār singār.  
 Akheñ chalke vekh le, sittiā khūh dī bār!”  
 Achhrān piṭte nikalī hoke bahut hirān.  
 “Bhāīān bāz nī jorīān, putrān bāj nahīn rahindī nān.

In twelve years will I meet her, there is no hope before  
 that.

With joined hands I pray, (take) my petition to my  
 mother.”

The Rājā's Scavenger went and cried out at Achhrān's  
 door :

- 570 “O sitter on the red couch, hear my say.  
 Take off thy nose-ring, break thy bracelets against the  
 palace (walls) !  
 How shall they have ease of mind whose sons are dead?  
 Pūran thy son is dead, slain by the shameful Nūnān !  
 His hands and feet have been cut off and his eyes taken  
 out !  
 575 Filling a cup with his blood Nūnān hath put it to her  
 jewels and clothes.  
 Go and see with your own eyes that he is thrown into  
 a well !”  
 Achhrān weeping went out aghast (and said) :  
 “There is no pair without a brother, there is no name  
 to live without a son.

- Dukhen bûṭā main pālīā, chulleñ pāñ pās :  
 580 Jad chhāñ hoī jhūlmī, bagī kahir dī bāl.  
 Mañt jawāñāñ nūñ kahir, jiññ daryāñ dī ḡhāt.  
 Terī mañt ne gallīāñ mīkīāñ, Honī ne rokke rāh.  
 Jis din kalīmāñ likhiāñ je maññ hondī pās,  
 Arjāñ kardī ḡḡḡ Rabb dī, tere kalam likhāwandī rās !"  
 585 Jitthe Pūran māñā, chalke woh vekhiā we thāññ.  
 " Pūran merā mar gīā, maññ marnā oh de nāl.  
 Ambā dī būṭī baḡhdāñ, akkāñ nūñ kardāñ bāḡ.  
 Putrāñ de khātir māpē khūhen te ṭobe pāunde jāl.  
 Sāde hattīāñ ṭālī ik phal, so bhī sittīāñ tūñ mār.  
 590 Tainūñ chand-putr nahīñ thiāññā ; nā jammūñ dūḡī wār !"

- With care I cherished the tree and watered it with my  
 hands ;  
 580 And when its shade grew thick a violent wind hath  
 overturned it.  
 Death taketh youth as a river-flood.  
 Death met him in the street and Fate stopped the way  
 (for flight.)  
 When thy fate was written had I been by,  
 I would have made a great cry to God and had it  
 written favorably !"  
 585 She went and saw the place where Pūran was wounded  
 (and said) :  
 " My Pūran hath been slain and I will die with him.  
 They have destroyed the mango (Pūran) and sheltered  
 the āk (Lāñāñ).\*  
 For the sake of sons parents cast nets into the wells and  
 ponds.†  
 Among my thirty-two trees but one bore fruit and that  
 thou hast destroyed.  
 590 Thou shalt have no son : a second shall not be born  
 to thee !"

\* See above, line 441.

† Allusion to the habit of native women of worshipping at wells and ponds in the hope of obtaining sons.

- "Sunfo, laglo badhfo, dhakke de do chār :  
 Kaohahrī te eh nān kaḍḍh deo, kaḍḍh deo shahr dī bār.  
 Hatth vich de do soṭā, kag urāṭṭ jāe.  
 Muṛke mahilān nā bare, koī Pāran barge na jāve kamzāt.  
 595 Bikhāt pai gae Rājāi, siren ūṭhā le bhār.  
 Bhaṭ jhukheḍiān Rānīān, dhakke den gainwār."

- Achhrān khāh nūn ṭar pie, kardī kāk pukār :  
 "Māwān putrān de melo kadhī karo āp Khudāe ?"  
 Kah dī: "Bachā, tere sir pe naubat baj rahī, man āṭ  
 bhog.  
 600 Je tain naubat bhogṭ, terī lagān kāyā nūn rog.  
 Main jāke agge Gorakh do kūkdi, 'Bal jāe terī jog !'  
 Kaun saumbhe tere māl khizānā? kaun karo rāj dī  
 bhog?"

- (Said Salwān): "Hear, ye slaves and minions, give  
 (Achhrān) three or four blows,  
 And turn her out of the palace and out of the city.  
 Put a stick into her hands to drive away the crows.\*  
 Let her not enter the palace again that no more wretches  
 like Pāran be born.  
 595 Heavy troubles have Rājās suffered, carrying burdens  
 on their heads:  
 And Rānīs have fed the oven, pushed about by churls."  
 Achhrān went to the well and cried out:  
 "Will God be even pleased to let mother and son meet  
 again?"  
 Said she: "My son, thy turn (for sorrow) hath come  
 upon thy head, suffer it with (a brave) heart.  
 600 And as thou bearest thy trouble thy body will be af-  
 flicted.  
 I will go to Gorakh and cry, 'Cursed be thy saintship !'  
 Who will guard thy treasures? Who will enjoy thy  
 royalty?"

\* See Vol. I., p. 292.

- Pâran khûh vich boldâ, mukh se japke Râm :  
 "Hâthîā mere chhaḍ de mâtā, Kajalī Ban meñ jān.  
 605 Mere ghorē tavele khol do : ghās ṭur ṭur khāñ.  
 Bâz sikre chhaḍ deo, kist rāj-dwār nūñ jāñ.  
 Kuttīāñ dīāñ rassīāñ baḍḍh deo, kutte mangde ṭukre khāñ.  
 Rone-bhone khizāne luṭā deo, kar deo pun te dāñ.  
 Jīunde rahe, tāñ milānge ; Gorakh rakhe imāñ.  
 610 Hatth bañh kardā bintī Rabb rakhe terā imāñ."

- Larke ḍāhāñ māriāñ, khûh de utte āe :  
 "Asīñ munḍe haiñ terī fauj de, tū sādā sardār.  
 Kallā karke māriā ; je asī honde tere nāl,  
 Tāñ mārde Rāñī Nānāñ nūñ, nahīñ, mar jānde āp."  
 615 "Hañso khelo, munḍe Shahr dīo ; Rabb agge faryād."

- Said Pâran from within the well, worshipping God with  
 his lips :  
 "Let loose my elephant, mother, to go to the Kajalī  
 Forest.\*  
 605 Let loose my horse from the stable to graze the grass  
 at will.  
 Let loose my falcons and hawks to go to some palace.  
 Let loose my dogs' ropes and let them beg their food.  
 Let my treasures be thrown away and given away as alms.  
 If I live I will meet thee again ; Gorakh will keep my  
 faith.  
 610 With joined hands I pray to God to keep my faith."

- His playmates cried, coming to the well :  
 "We boys were of thy following and thou wast our leader.  
 Thou wast alone when they slew thee ; had we been  
 with thee,  
 We would have slain Rāñī Nānāñ, or died ourselves."  
 615 "Laugh and play, my boys of the City : my complaint  
 is before God."

\* See Vol. I, p. 520.

Bhail hoi mape mārde, sāns Surg nūn jāe.  
 Māsā ghaṭe nā tal badhe, jān likhe Kartār.  
 Rājī hoke bhichaṛo; bane Pūran de nāl."

- 620 "Rānī khūh de ṭur pie, pie piṇḍ dī rāh.  
 " Chandā, terī chānduī soti sī chhej bichhāe.  
 Chāre pāwe palang de rowāngī gul lāe.  
 Putr nūn vidyā kar chali, kī vekhiān mān ghar jāe ?  
 Berā kāle nāg dā, lahreṇ de de khāe.  
 Akhān te anhi ho gāi, mainūn kanān se sundā nāe.  
 625 Achhrān mahilān se kaḍḍh ditti, phirdī bich bazār.  
 Ik bichhoṛā put dā, dūji bhukh kaleje nūn khāe.

My parents did well to slay me, for my life goes now to  
 Heaven.  
 What the Creator hath written changeth not at all.  
 Part with Pūran without murmur; suffering is for  
 Pūran."

- The Rānī (Achhrān) left the well and went towards the  
 village.  
 620 (Said she): "O moon, I have slept on my bed in thy  
 light.  
 I embrace the feet of my bed (now) and weep.  
 Bidding adieu to her son what will a mother find in her  
 house ?  
 It is the boat of the black snake,\*the waves frighten me.  
 Mine eyes are blind and I hear not with my ears.  
 625 I, Achhrān, have been turned out of the palace to wander  
 in the streets.  
 Firstly, I am separated from my son; and, secondly,  
 hunger eateth into my heart.

---

\* Metaphor : a very unhappy home.

Kal banî hoî thî pat-rânî, ajj bhatî jhonkdî âe !”  
Un Rabb par rakhdî dorî ; kyûnkar umar bhâe ?

- Indar diân parîân u fân khûh bich latthân âe.  
630 Bârân barsân Pûran nûn guzriân, dharam ne pəhrâ liâ  
pâe.  
Mukh te parîân bolîân: “Tainûn dîo sunâe:  
Tûn kî hai paristâ ? nahîn, mahâ balâe ?”  
Pûran agge bolîâ leke Gorakh dâ nâûn:  
“Nâ main parî paristâ; nâ main mahâ balâe.”  
635 Beṭā Pājā Salwân dâ; Pûran merâ nâûn.  
Je tusî parîân sach diân jâke kûkîyo Gorakh de pās:  
‘Chelâ terâ mârîâ baḍhke sittâ khûh de bār:  
Je tûn Gurû hai sat dâ, de duniyâ de bâl.’”

Yesterday was I a chief ~~queen~~, to-day do I serve the  
oven !”

Her hope was in God, but how was her life to pass ?

- Indar's fairies came flying into the well.\*  
630 Twelve years had passed over Pûran in the performance  
of religious duties.  
Said the fairies with their lips: “We speak to thee:  
Art thou a fairy ? or art thou a great horror ?”  
Then said Pûran, taking Gorakh's name:  
“I am no fairy: I am no great horror.”  
635 I am the son of Rājā Salwân ; Pûran is my name.  
If ye are true fairies go to Gorakh and cry out to  
him (and say) .  
‘Thy disciple is wounded and thrown into a well:  
If thou be a true Gurû let him breathe the air of the  
world.’”

\* The poem breaks off here; Pûran has now been twelve years in  
the well.

- Khūh te partān urīān Gorakh latthān jāe.  
 640 Gurū baiṭhān āsan lāke sohanī samādh lagāe.  
 “Chele tere dī araz hai, tūn sune man chit lāke.  
 Oh baḍḍhke khūh bich siṭṭiā, Pūran us dā nānū.”  
 Gorakh nādh bajā liā man bich Ālakh dhyāe.  
 Jinne chele Nāth de sabhī lie bulāe :  
 645 “Mere Pūran par bhārī pai gaī, us nūn leo chhurāe.”  
 Tilloṇ Jogī chaṛh pie Siālkoṭ latthe āe.  
 Aggion Gorakh boldā : “Suno, Jogio, bāt :  
 Itthe Pūran Bhagat hai kisī khūh de bār.  
 Oh nūn sar-bhar ṭolnā, kaḍḍhnā khūh se bār.  
 650 Us nūn bārān baras guzre, bahutī pāī sazāe.”  
 Jogī Nār Singh boldā : “Gurūjī, merī sun le arāj man lāe,  
 Jogī tihāiān jal de, koī khūā deo batāe.”

- The fairies flew from the well and went to Gorakh.  
 640 The Gurū was sitting at his seat in a beautiful reverie.  
 (Said the fairies :) “Thy disciples speak, hear them with  
 heart and soul.  
 He is maimed and thrown into a well that is named Pūran.”  
 Gorakh sounded his conch and thought on the Invisible  
 in his heart.  
 He called together all his followers (and said) :  
 645 “My Pūran is in trouble, do ye release him.”  
 The Jogis\* came from Tilla to Siālkoṭ.  
 Then spake Gorakh : “Hear ye my words, ye Jogis :  
 Pūran Bhagat is here in a well.  
 Search him out and take him out of the well.  
 650 He hath passed twelve years (there), and great hath  
 been his trouble.”  
 Then spake the Jogī Nār Singh† : “Sir Gurū, listen to  
 my words with thy heart.  
 The Jogis are athirst for water, show them a well.”

\* His disciples.

† I suspect Nār Singh or Nāhar Singh, the Jogī, is meant for the Narasinha, Man-lion, *avatāra* of Viṣṇu. He is also called Anār Singh and Nar Singh, and is frequently invoked in *mantras* and charms. See *Indian Antiquary*, Vol. XII., p. 39.

Gorakh Jogiañ nûñ boldâ : "Tuhâ nûñ sachiañ deân  
sunâe :

Nagari hai Râjâ Salwân, kûâ haigâ bich ujâr.

655 Utton jal bhar lo, bachon, suno kûk pukâr."

Jogi utthon tur pie, khûh par painde âe.

Nâûñ leke Gorakh Nâth dâ tumbe ditte khûh bich  
phirâe.

Jadon pâni khârakdâ, suniâ Pûran, Gorakh liâ dhyâe.

Tûndân nâl tumbe phar lie ; Jogi nath gae bhau khâe.

660 Jâke Gorakh nûñ âkhde, gae Gorakh de pâs :

"Tumbe sâde kho lie ; kûe bich hai mahân balâe.

Akheñ chalke vekh le, tumbe rahe khûh de bâr."

Derion Gorakh chaliâ, man bich Âlakh dhyâe ;

Utte khûh de ûke bah gae âsan lâe.

Said Gorakh to the Jogis : "I tell you the truth :

The city is Râjâ Salwân's and the well is in the wilds.

655 Take water thence, my children, and hear if (Pûran)  
cry out."

The Jogis went thence toward the well.

Taking the name of Gorakh Nâth they cast their bow  
into the well.

When the water resounded Pûran heard it and meditated  
on Gorakh.

He seized the bowls with the stumps (of his arms) and  
the Jogis became afraid.

660 And they went and said to Gorakh :

"Our bowls have been lost; there is a great horror in  
the well.

Go and see with thine own eyes, our bowls have  
remained in the well."

Gorakh went from his place, meditating on the Invisi-  
ble in his heart ;

He went to the well and took his seat there.



- 665 Bulāwandā : “ Bachā, kī haiṁ pari paristā ? kī haiṁ  
mahān balāe ?  
Mārān pawā gajab dā, khūh nūn sittān bich Patāl !  
Je bhalī chāhunā jān dī, ho jā khūh te bāhr.  
Main chelā Machhandar Nāth dā, siddh hān barā  
parkār.”
- Agion Pūran boliā : “ Gurūji, araj karān, sun lāe.
- 670 Nā sī main parī paristā ; nā sī mahān balāe ;  
Beṭā Rājā Salwān dā ; Achhrān hai merī mān ;  
Chelā bannā hai main Gorakh Nāth dā ; Pūran merā  
nānūn.  
Lekhe dī likhe nā mīte, badḍhke khūh bich dittā pāe.  
Je tūn Gurū hai sach dā mainūn de duniyā de bāe.”
- 675 Gorakh nūn Jogī ākhde : “ Tūn chhetī nā hoenḍ diyāl.

- 665 He called out : “ My son, art thou a fairy ? Art thou  
a great horror ?  
I will strike the well with my (magic) sandals and sink  
the well into Hell !  
If thou desirest thy life, come out of the well.  
I am a disciple of Machhandar Nāth and a mighty  
saint.”
- Then said Pūran : “ Sir Gurū, I speak, hear me.
- 670 I was no fairy : I was no great horror.  
I was the son of Rājā Salwān, Achhrān was my  
mother.  
I would be a disciple of Gorakh Nāth ; Pūran is my  
name.  
The lines of fate are not to be blotted out, they wounded  
and threw me into the well.  
If thou be a true Gurū let me breathe the air of the  
world.”
- 675 Spake a Jogī to Gorakh : “ Be not over-quick to pity  
him.

Je Pûran Bhagat hai tân kaḍḍhe kache tãge nâl."

Gorakh Jogî boldâ : "Tusîn chhetî tãgâ le âo :

Le âlyo kuârî kanyân dâ, byâhî hoî nân."

Jogî uthoî ur pie, Kârû des tathe jâe.

680 Tayyan kurîân dâ vekhke tãgâ mangiâ jâe.

Sau baras dî budhiâ boldî : "Tuhâ nûn sachîân deân sunâe.

Sat Jug charkhâ gharîâ ; Trete battî mâl ;

Dwâpar tand khichiâ ; tand cherh gîâ akâs !

Je ho chele kisî Nâth de, tûn tand nûn leo utâr !"

685 Aggion Jogî bolde man bich ghusse khâe :

"Sat Jug Gurû sâde Kishn thâ, la, iâ Kansh de nâl ;

If he be Pûran Bhagat he will be drawn out by a single thread of yarn."\*

Said Gorakh to the Jogî : "Go quickly and get me a thread :

And get it from an unmarried virgin."

The Jogîs flew thence and went straight to the land of Kârû.†

680 Seeing the virgins spinning they demanded a thread.

Spake a beldame of a hundred years : "I toll you truth.

The spinning wheel was made in the Golden Age ; the skein and ropes in the Silver Age ;

The thread was drawn in the Third Age and went up into heaven !

If ye be the disciples of a Saint, bring down the thread !"

685 Then were the Jogîs angered in their hearts (and said)

"In the Golden Age our Gurû was K,ishna that fought with Kansa ;‡

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\* Compare Vol. I., p. 39 This would be a sheer impossibility.

† P Mâlwa

‡ The story of the destruction of Kansa, the king of Mathurâ, by Krishna, is well known, and is told in the *Bhâgavata Purâna*.

- Lariā Kānsh dē nāl, Kānsh lāā mār :  
 Phir Gurū Ram Chand hai, Rāwan kaḍḍhiā Lankā se  
 bāhr :  
 Hun Gurū sādā Gorakh Nāth, hai utariā bich ujār.  
 690 Bhalī ohāhni tāgā rakh de ; nahīn, nagari dēānge gāl."

- Dardi tāgā de diā, Jogīān de charne lagi ān.  
 Uthoñ Jogī tur pie, Gorakh pe latthe ān.  
 Gorakh tāgā siṭṭiā, leke Machhandar dā nāūn ;  
 "Je terā jat sat kām, chaṛhiā kache tānge nāl."  
 695 Pūran dā jat sat kām hai, sī nikalā khūh de bār !  
 Charne Gorakh de lag giā ; "Mainūn de bā."  
 Gorakh māni chaukrī, giā bich Dargāh :

- That fought with Kansa and slew him :  
 Then our Gurū was Rāma Chandra that turned Rāvana  
 out of Lankā :\*  
 Now our Gurū is Gorakh Nāth, who is dwelling in the  
 wilds.  
 690 If thou desirest thy good give the thread, else will we  
 destroy thy city."

- Being afraid she gave the thread and fell at the Jogī's  
 feet.  
 The Jogī's went thence and came back to Gorakh.  
 Gorakh threw down the thread in the name of Mach-  
 handar (and said) :  
 "If thy virtue be steadfast come up by this single  
 thread."  
 695 Pūran's virtue had been steadfast and he came out of  
 the well !  
 He fell at the feet of Gorakh (and said) : "Give me sir."  
 Gorakh sitting cross-legged went to the Court (of God).

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\* See above, line 104

Jāke Indar nūn kūkdā charne sīs niwāe :

"Aslū Pūran nūn sâbit karnā, sânnū nītar de phaṛāe."

700 Gorakh nītar le līe, āiā Pūran de pāe.

Chittī amrit phalde de, līe sâbit ditta banāe.

Pūran sâbit ho gīā, Gorakh de charnoṁ lagā ā.

Jogī jhande paṭ līe, man bich Ālakh jagāe.

Chale Kārū des nūn karke sabhī salāh ;

705 Jogī bolde: "Pūranā, tūn ithe aṭak jā."

Pūran kahnā manīān, dittā chaukī lāe :

"Je Gurū bakhshe ṭhangrī, mainūn ṭhangrī hai parwān.

Main kahnā nahīn Gurūn dā morḍā, lage dharam dī hān."

Pūran nūn raste chhaḍ gae, Kārū des latthe jāe.

Going to Indar he cried out, bowing his head at his feet:

"I would make Pūran whole, give me his eyes."

700 Gorakh took the eyes and came to Pūran.

He sprinkled pure *amrita*\* over him and made him whole.

Pūran being (now) whole fell at Gorakh's feet.

The Jogīs raised the standard and meditated on the Invisible in their hearts.

They all made a plan to go to the land of Kārū ;

705 And the Jogīs said: "O Pūran, do thou stay here."

Pūran obeyed their command and sat him down cross-legged (and said):

"If the Gurū will grant me a (Jogī's) hut I shall be content.

I will never disobey the Gurū's word, lest my virtue be injured."†

Leaving Pūran on the road they went to the land of Kārū.

\* *i.e.*, holy water.

† From here to line 773 the poem breaks off into a story about the doings of Gorakh Nāth in Kārū Des.

- 710 Jhaṇḍe gaḍe Jogīān, dittiān dhunīān lāe :  
 Bhagt kamāunde, Nāth dī sau samādh lagāe.  
 Jad bakhat bhaṇḍārī dā ho gīā Jogī nagarī barde jāe,  
 Dudh bhāṇḍā dā chak līā, līā chipīān vich pāe.  
 Nagarī vich dhūtī pai gai, "Kanphāte kidharon latthe āe ?"
- 715 Sūkhi aurat boldī, sabhnān suhelīān nūn lītī bulāe :  
 "Aise Jogī ā gae kadhī bhī dīthe nāe ;  
 Kane chnān dī mundrān ; jodhe bare jwān ;  
 Bin puchhīā dudh le gīā, sādā kus nahīn rakhīā mān !"  
 Sūkhi sarson palajke mārde leke apne Gurān dā nān.
- 720 Jitne the chele Nāth de sabhnān de ditte akal bhulāe.  
 Jogīān de dhaṇḍe ban gae, singī rassī ditti pāe.  
 Apo apne gharān nūn le gīān, bhanne khorīān jāe.

- 710 The Jogis set up their standards and lit their fires,  
 And did penance meditating on (Gorakh) Nāth.  
 When it was time for food the Jogis went into the city,  
 And taking the milk for their food (by force) put it  
 into their bowls.  
 And a cry arose in the city: "Whence have these  
 Jogis come ?"\*
- 715 Spake the woman Sūkhi calling all her companions :  
 "Such Jogis have come as have never been seen ;  
 Earrings have they in their ears and are stout warriors,  
 They take their milk without asking and care nothing  
 for me !"  
 Sūkhi charmed some mustard seed and threw it over  
 (the Jogis) in the name of her Gurū.
- 720 All the disciples of (Gorakh) Nāth lost their senses.  
 The Jogis were changed into bullocks and were fastened  
 with stout ropes !  
 Each man took them to his stalls and put them in his  
 mangers.

\* The *Kanphāḍis*, or Ear-bored Jogis, are the followers of the Nāths, as these were.

- Ik Jogî Gorakh nûn âkhdâ, " Gurûjî, sun le jabâb.  
 Shambhû Nâth Jogî le giâ sambhân nûn nâl.  
 725 Karû des vich jâeke unheñ ditti dhum machâe.  
 Tâno-tâni dudh chakke kisi nûn puchhiâ nâe.  
 Karû des di tivîân ne sâre lie bald banâe !  
 Je, Gurû, agiâ tuhâde ho jâve, tân unhân lie chhudâe !"  
 Gorakh tumbâ jhâriâ, man bich Âlakh dhyâe ;  
 730 Batwâ lâ bhabût dâ, mantarke dittâ akâs charhâe.  
 Jitne chele the Nâth de â gae bald Gorakh de pâs.  
 Jad Gorakh thâpî dittâ, sab âdmî lie banâe !
- Gorakh hoîâ kahirman, man bich ghussâ khâe :  
 Jitne khûh Kârû des de sahî ditte sukhâe.  
 785 Jerâ khûh Gorakh de muḍh sî sab pânî lâ oh de bich  
 pâe !

- Spake a Jogî to Gorakh, " Sir Gurû, hear me.  
 Shambhû Nâth,\* the Jogî, took the disciples with him.  
 725 Going into the land of Kârû they created a disturbance.  
 They took their milk by force without asking any one  
 (for it).  
 The women of the land of Kârû have turned them all  
 into bullocks !  
 If it be thy will, Gurû, they can be released !"  
 Gorakh emptied his bowl, meditating on the Invisible  
 in his heart ;  
 730 And taking his wallet of ashes he charmed them and  
 tossed them in the air.  
 All the disciple-bullocks of Gorakh Nâth came to him.  
 Then Gorakh patted them and turned them into men !
- Gorakh was wroth and there was anger in his heart :  
 And he dried up all the wells in the land of Kârû.  
 Gorakh drew all the water there was in them into the  
 well beside him !

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\* One of the nine Nâths of the Kanphaṭ Jogis. The name is a title also of Gorakh Nâth himself.

Satiā Gorakh dī ho gaī, Nāth thā baīā parkār.

Oh tīvīān pānī nūn ā gaī, āiān Gorakh de pās :

“Gurūji, pānī sūnūn bhar lain de, pānī bahutī bhālī lagī

Gorakh tīvīān nūn ākhā : “ Chhotīān baḍīān sabhī nūn  
jāīyo āe :

710 Phir pānī nahīn is khūh bich rahnā, tusīn bhar lo ik  
bar.”

Kārū des dhandorā phir gīā, sab ranān hoī tayyār.

Chhotīān, baḍīān, budhīān, sab gaīān Gorakh de pās.

Jadoñ pānī bharan lag gaīān, ditte garwo pharāc.

Ik bhardīān, ik āundīān, ik khūh par kharīān ao.

745 Gorakh ghusse hoke, chikki dbūn dī suhiā ;  
Lēke nūn Machhandar dā khūh par dindā khandāe.

Ranān te gadhīān ban gaīān, koī murke āe nāc !

And Gorakh Nāth by his virtue worked a great miracle.

The women came to Gorakh for water, (and said) :

“ Sir Gurū, let us draw water, for we are greatly athirst  
for water.”

Said Gorakh to the women : “ Come ye all, great and  
small :

740 For there will no more be water in this well, do ye  
draw at once.”

There went out a cry through the land of Kārū and all  
the women came.

Great and small and old, all came to Gorakh.

Then they threw in their pitchers to draw the water.

Some were drawing, some were coming, and some were  
standing by the well.

745 Gorakh was angry and took up some of the ashes from  
the (Jogi's sacred) fire,

And taking the name of Machhandar (Nāth) threw them  
on the well.

The women were changed into asses and none of them  
returned home !

Kan lambo, khur bathle, rūṛiān chugdiān jāe !

750 Hal bāhunde Jatt ā gae, jande lage wār !  
Sune ghar rūh gae tīvān dī, koī nahīn dindā khabar  
sār !

Sau baras dī budḍhī ākhdi : " Sachī deān sunāe."  
Jere bald kal bāh lie Jogī the baḍe parkār ;  
Oī Jogī unhān nū le gae, dittiān gadhiān banāe !  
Charne Gorakh de lagiyo, tuhāḍe deve bahe basāe.  
755 Nagari Kārū des dī ā gai Gorakh de pās :  
" Gurāji, hatth bañh karde bintī, tere charne dhyān

Jo tūn Gorakh hoiā miharwān, sāḍe buhe basāe.  
Ehnān laṇḍiān tīvān dā pīriā sānūn bakhsh gunāhe."

Long ears, small hoofs (had they, and) grazed on the  
dung heaps !

When the Jatts returned from **their** ploughing all the  
doors were locked !  
750 The houses were **empty** of women and there was none  
to give **them** news !  
Spake an old beldam of 100 years : " I tell you truth.  
All the bullocks of yesterday were powerful Jogis ;  
And they have taken away (your women) and turned  
them into asses !  
Fall ye at the feet of Gorakh, that he may people your  
houses again."  
755 The whole city of the land of Kārū came to Gorakh, (and  
said) :  
" Sir Gurā, with joined hands we pray thee, falling at  
thy feet ;  
If thou, Gorakh, wilt be merciful, our homes will be  
peopled again.  
Forgive the sin of these our miserable women."



- Gorakh hoiā miharwān, Gorakh hoiā diāl.  
 760 Gañiā jhañḍā Nāth ne, karke Dargūh wal nigāhe :  
 “ Jitnān tuhāḍiān buḍhiān jhaṇḍe de muḍh deo langhāe.”  
 Satīā bartī Nāth di gadhiān te ranūn ditti bauāo !  
 Sab āpo apnī leke pai gae Kārū do rāh.  
 Ik gadhi kharī rah gai chardi bich kapāh.  
 765 Nodhā jodhā kākde Gurū Gorakh de pās :  
 “ Sabhnān tīvīn thiā galān, sādī Sūkhi thiāwandi nān.  
 Marpaṭ di biyāh karwāiā sī, sāmūn koī nahīn jhal ḍā  
 thān !  
 Gurūji, sādī tīvīn ṭur de, sādā jag vich rah jā nān.”  
 Gorakh unhān nūn ākhiā : “ Bhā lo jāe kapāo.”  
 770 Kapā bich gadhi thiā gai, lāwande Gorakh de pās.  
 Gadhi te tīvīn ban guī; ditti Rabb ne unhān de ās  
 pahunchāe.

- Gorakh was merciful, Gorakh was compassionate.  
 760 The Nāth fixed his standard and gazed at the Court  
 (of God, and said) :  
 “ Send all your old women past the standard.”  
 The virtue of the Nāth prevailed and the asses were  
 turned into women !  
 And each took his woman towards the land of Kārū.  
 But one she-ass remained grazing among the cotton.  
 765 Nodhā, the warrior, came crying out to Gurū Gorakh :  
 “ All the women have been restored, but not my Sūkhi.  
 With much pains I married her, and now I have no  
 place to go to !  
 Sir Gurū, let go my wife, that thy name may go through  
 all the world.”  
 Said Gorakh to him : “ Go and catch her in the cotton.”  
 770 He caught the ass in the cotton and brought her to  
 Gorakh.  
 The ass was turned into a woman ; and God granted  
 him his desires.

Kârû des Gorakh ne jit lîâ, sab lîâ sewân banâe !

Gorakh jhañdâ patîâ patîâ 'Ālakh' jagâe.

Kānpā chelâ Nāhar Singh turde Gorakh de nāl.

775 Majilōñ majilōñ chalde bāhareñ koheñ lattho āe. .

Bahe gae āsan lāeke barmî kare pukâr.

Gorakh Nāth ākhdâ : " Is barmî bich kî hai bulâe ?

Barmî nūñ paṭke vekh lo, dhartî nūñ kar do sâf."

Aggiōñ Pûran boldâ, dādê kare pukâr :

780 " Maithoñ Pûran Bhagat hâñ, mainūñ rakh le charne lā."

Gorakh chelâñ nūñ ākhdâ : " Pûran kadḡho barmî te  
bâr.

Eh nūñ chhattîs baras guzar gae, bahutî pîs saazê !

Thus Gorakh conquered the land of Kârû and made  
them all his followers !

Gorakh struck the standard and called 'Ālakh.'\*

775 Kānpā† his disciple and Nāhar Singh‡ went with Gorakh ;  
Stage by stage they went twelve ~~kos~~§ and halted.

They were sitting on their ~~seats~~ when a cry came from a  
hole.

Said Gorakh Nāth : " What is this sound from this  
hole ?

Open the hole and see and clear away the earth (round  
it)."

780 Then spake Pûran (from the hole||) making a loud cry ;  
" I am Pûran Bhagat, let me fall at thy feet."

Said Gorakh to the disciples : " Take Pûran out of the  
hole.

Six and thirty years he has spent in it and suffered  
much pain !

See Vol. I., p. 32.

See Vol. II., p. 16, where he is the opponent of Gorakh Nāth.

See ante, line 651.

A kos is about 2 miles.

He had been doing penance in it

Eh dĩ jhabde pāo mundrān, Jogī leo banāe.  
Chelā kar do Gorakh Nāth dā, siddh barā parkār."

- 785 Jad Jogī banāwan lag pie Thīkar Nāth ne kīti phunkār :  
"Gurūjī, ik merī garīb dĩ araj hai, eh dā ajān nā  
mundrā pāo.

Sangaldīp vich Rānī Sundrān utte Pūran te bichhiā lo  
mangāe.

Bichhiā Sundrān se le āve, Jogī leo banāe."

Gorakh Pūran nūn ākhā : "Bachā, tūn Sundrān de  
mahilān jāe :

- 790 Bichhiā le aveñ māngke, Jogīān nūn bhaṇḍārā banāe.  
Bichhiā le āeñ Sundrān de hatth de, hor kisī bāndī de  
hatth de lāīyo nāe.  
Phir tainūn chelā banā lūn, kisī Jogī dĩ manūn nāe."

Put the rings into his ears at once and make a Jogī of  
him.

Make him a follower of Gorakh, for he is a great saint."

- 785 When they commenced to make him a Jogī, Thīkar  
Nāth cried out :

"Sir Gurū, hear my humble petition, put not in the  
carrings without trial.

In Sangaldīp\* is Rānī Sundrān,† (send) Pūran to beg  
alms from her.

When he returns with alms from Sundrān make him  
into a Jogī."

Said Gorakh to Pūran : "My son, go to Sundrān's palace,

- 790 And ask alms, that the Jogīs may cook their food.  
Take the alms from Sundrān's hand, not from any of  
her slaves.  
Then will I make thee a disciple and listen to none of  
the Jogīs."

\* See Vol II, p. 276.

† Vol I, p 3.

- Pûran deorîân nûn tur piâ, man bich Alakh dhyâe :  
 Monde jholî pâ lîe, lîe bhabût ramâî.  
 795 Bich nagarî de jâke ditte 'Alakh' jagâe.  
 Unche dhaular Rânî Sundrân de jâ kharotâ bâhe de bâr.  
 'Alakh' Pûran de sunke, Rânî ne bichhiâ bhajî bândi  
 de hâth.  
 Jad bichhiâ leke â gaî dig gaî ghash khâe.  
 Pûran us nûn âkhâ: "Sun le gall asân dî.  
 800 Sach das, tûn Rânî hai ? yâ golî hai kisân dî ?"  
 Golî jâke boldî : "Sun, Rânî, merâ jabâb.  
 Ik aisâ Jogî â gîâ, akkhân Jogî de lâl !  
 Bârân baras dî umar hai, sûrat aprâpâr.  
 Maite bichhâ nâ leve, tûn hatthen apne pâe.  
 805 Oh dî sûrat dekhke main dig paî, kujh rahî nahîñ sudh  
 sambhâl.

- Pûran went to (Sundrân's) gate, meditating on the In-  
 visible in his heart :  
 His wallet over his shoulder and ashes on his body.  
 795 Going into the city he called out ' *Alakh* .'  
 He went and stood at the door of the Rânî Sundrân's  
 lofty palace.  
 Hearing Pûran's ' *Alakh* ,' the Rânî sent out alms by the  
 hand of her maid.  
 When she came with the alms she fell down in a swoon.  
 Said Pûran to her : " Hear my words.  
 800 Say truly, art thou a Rânî ? or art thou some one's  
 maid ?"  
 The maid went (back) and said : \* " Hear, Rânî, my say.  
 A Jogî hath come whose eyes are red !  
 Twelve years is his age† and beautiful his form.  
 He will not take alms from me, give him with thine  
 own hands.  
 805 When I saw his beauty I fell down and lost my senses.

\* i. e. , going back to Sundrân.

† But see lines 650 and 782.

- Main chhad jāwān terī naukari, jāwān Jogī de nāl."  
 Rāni mandirān te utarī bharke motīān dā thāl;  
 Kharā Jogī vekhke, ditte jholī vich dāl.  
 "Taiñ kī linā jog te? Tūñ rahe pao sādē pās!  
 810 Ithe kae karorēñ dhan hai, lashkar be shumār.  
 Kyūñkar jive terī ambārī, jin Mā shīr chhangāe?  
 Kyūñkar jive terī bahinar, jin lāñ god khilāe?  
 Main marāñ un phakīr nūñ, jin dittī bhabūt ramāe!  
 Taiñ kī linā jog te? Ban jā bhartā, main terī nār!"
- 815 Pāran murke ā giā, āñ Gorakh de pās,  
 Kaddhe bichhiā rakh dī, rakheñ motī jāwāhir.  
 Gorakh agge boliā; "Bachā, āte dī bichhiā lā;  
 Eh motī nahīñ mere kam dī, udhar diēñ khilār!

- I will leave thy service and join the Jogī."  
 The Rāni went down from the palace with a platter  
 filled with pearls;  
 And seeing the Jogī standing put them into his wallet  
 (and said):  
 "Why should'st thou take the saintship? Come and live  
 with me!"
- 810 I have many *lākhs* in wealth here and a countless  
 following.  
 How doth thy mother live (now), whose breasts thou  
 didst suck?  
 How doth thy sister live, who fed thee in her lap?  
 I would slay that *faqir* that rubbed the ashes on thee!  
 Why should'st thou take the saintship? Be thou my  
 husband and I thy wife!"
- 815 Pāran returned and went to Gorakh,  
 And taking out the alms he put down the pearls and  
 jewels.  
 Then said Gorakh: "My son, bring alms of flour;  
 These pearls are useless to me and I cannot eat them!"

- Je tûn jog dhârnâ an dî bichhiâ lâe."
- 820 Aggiâ hogai Gorakh Nâth di, Pûran mukhe ho giâ usi râh.  
Mahilon Sundrân vich jâke dâji wâr ditte 'Âlakh' jagâe.  
Pûran boldâ, Rânî ne sun lâ, utarî bûhâ wâe.  
Bâhoñ Pûran phar lâ, mahilon lâ chârph.  
"Dhan bhâg mere; tûn â giâ, bahke râj kamâe!"
- 825 Pûran us nûn âkhdâ: "Sachîân deân sunâe:  
Aggiâ man mere Gurû dî bhañdârâ diên chhakâe."  
Aggiôn Rânî boldî: "Kerî kerî chij dî hai châte?  
Laddû, jalebî, kachauriân aur chauthâ karhâe?"  
Châte khâte banâke gadî lîe ladâe:
- 830 "Jithe terâ Gurû hai, le chalân us de pâs."  
Pûran bichhiâ leke muk piâ, âiâ Gurû de pâs;  
Hatth bañh kardâ bintî, chârne dhyân lagâe:

If thou would'st take on the saintship bring alms of corn."

- 820 Receiving the order of Gorakh Nâth Pûran went back by the same road.  
Going back to Sundrân's palace he called out 'Âlakh,' a second time.  
Hearing Pûran the Rânî came down to the gate.  
She caught Pûran by the arms and went up into her palace (and said):  
"Happy is my fate, that thou hast come to rule (with me)!"
- 825 Said Pûran to her: "I tell thee the truth:  
(Better) obey the order of the Gurû to give him food."  
Then said the Rânî: "What things doth he require?  
Sweets and savouries and cakes and confections?"  
She made the four kinds of food and put them into a cart (and said):
- 830 "Take them whither thy Gurû is."  
Pûran returned with the alms to the Gurû,  
And with joined hands he spake, bowing at his feet:

- “ Eh bhandārā merā bhagat dā, chhak lo man chit lāe.  
 Kan phārke mundrān pā deo, deo bhabūt ramāe.”
- 835 Chele sabhī tayyār ho gae, dittā nādh bajāe.  
 Jadoñ nādh baj gīā chele āe kae hazār.  
 Kae hazār man an khā gae, ajān rahindā be-shumār !  
 Aggīā Gorakh dī ho gai, Pūran nūn lendā mundh bithāe.  
 “ Kin kin mangiā, bachā, mehgīā ? kin kin mangī  
 dhup ?
- 840 Kin kin mangiā bolnā ? kin kin mangī chup ?”  
 “ Gurūjī, mālīān ne mangā mehgā ; dhobiān ne mangī  
 dhup ;  
 Bhaṭīān ne mangiā bolnā ; santān ne mangī chup.”  
 Gorakh jholī jhērke mundrān līān banāe.

- “ This is the food (gotten) of my alms, eat to thy heart's  
 desire.  
 Bore my ears and put in the rings and rub the ashes  
 on my body.”
- 835 All the disciples were called and the conch was sounded.  
 When the conch was sounded they came in many thou-  
 sands.  
 They ate up many thousand *mans*\* of corn and there  
 remained a countless store !  
 The order was given by Gorakh and they sat Pūran  
 beside him (said he) :†
- “ Who want rain, my son ? who want sunshine ?
- 840 Who want speech ? and who want silence ?”  
 “ Sir Gurū, gardeners want rain and washermen want  
 sunshine ;  
 Bards want speech and saints want silence.”  
 Then Gorakh shook out his wallet and made the  
 earrings‡ (and said) :

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\* A man is 82 lbs.

† Asking riddles : compare Vol. I., p 42, etc.

‡ i.e., miraculously.

“ Kânîpâ chelâ, kan Pûran de phâr le, deâû mundrân pâe.”

- 845 Siliân te murgânîân ditti, bhabût charhâe.  
Aggiâ hoî Gorakh Nâth dî, siddhoû dittâ ralâe !

Sundrân Gorakh pe kûkdi : “ Maithon ki ho giâ gunâe ?  
Mâl khizânâ lutâ ditte, koî bâki rah giâ nâe.

- Pûran de khâtir dere â gai, tain liâ Jogî banâe !  
850 Je tûn Gurû haiû sach dâ mainûn khair Pûran dâ pâe.”  
Pûran nûn Gorakh âkhdâ : “ Bachâ, tûn jâ Sundrân de nâl.

Merâ bachan Gorakh dâ ho giâ, tûn jâke râj kamâo.”

Sundrân Pûran nûn le gai, le gai mahilân te bâr.

“ Sâm le maṇḍat ambâriân, phûlân dî chhej samâl.”

“ Kânîpâ,\* my disciple, bore Pûran's ears and put in the rings.”

- 845 They gave him wallet and necklace and rubbed ashes on him.  
By the order of Gorakh Nâth he was counted with the saints !

Sundrân came crying to Gorakh : “ What sin have I committed ?

I have squandered my goods and money (on thee) and nothing remains.

For Pûran's sake am I come to thee and thou hast made him a Jogî !

- 850 If thou be a true Gurû, give me alms of Pûran.”  
Said Gorakh to Pûran : “ My son, go with Sundrân.  
It is the order of me, Gorakh, that thou go and rule.”  
Sundrân took Pûran to her palace (and said) :  
“ Take over the palace and the (elephant) litters, and the bed of flowers.

\* See above, line 774.



- 855 "Tūn bhartā, main istrī, jog bal nazar na pāe.  
Tūn ki lenā jog se ? main le āen Gorakh te bakhshāe."  
Pūran chār gharīān mahilān rahā si, phir pai gae usī rāh.  
"Main jangal chaliān ujār bich, āūn sawā pahar te bād."  
Sawā pahar golī dekdi phir murke āwandī Rānī de pās :
- 860 "Pūran terā bhaj gīā, rālā Jogīān bich jāe !"  
Sundrān pharke kalījā tur pie āwandī Gorakh de pās.  
"Jerā chelā mainūn bakhshā sī, hun Jogīān liā lukāe.  
Akhe tū Pūran de deo ; na, mardī main katārī khāe :  
Akhe tū chelī banāe apnī, main rahūngī Pūran de nāl."
- 865 Gorakh aggiōn boliā sāf karke chit :  
"Rānī, bhagwe jinhān de kapre, ujal jinhān de chit,  
Jangal gae nā bāwārē. Jogī kis de mit ?

- 855 Be thou husband and I wife and think not of the  
saintship.  
Why shouldst thou take the saintship, when I have  
thee as alms from Gorakh !"  
Pūran remained four hours in the palace and then went  
back along the same road (saying) :  
"I am going into the wilds and will return in a watch  
and a quarter."  
The maid waited a watch and a quarter and came back  
to the Rānī (and said) :
- 860 "Thy Pūran has run off and joined the Jogīs !"  
Sundrān with a broken heart went to Gorakh (and said) :  
"The disciple thou gavest me has run off to the Jogīs.  
Either give me Puran, else will I stab myself with a  
dagger :  
Or make me into a disciple, that I may remain with  
Puran."
- 865 Then said Gorakh with a clear conscience :  
"Rānī, whose clothes are red,\* and whose minds are  
clear,  
Return not from the wilds. Is a Jogī any one's friend ?

\* i.e., Jogīs.

- Ajân bhî jâke bhâl le, Pûran honâ mahilân de vich."  
 Pûran nûn mahilân âke vekhdî, kithe tihâwandâ nâe.  
 870 Khânâ pînâ bhul giâ, hoî bahut hirânî.  
 Jâd mahilân utte chaṛhke vekhdî, vekhiâ sârâ madân ;  
 Kithe Pûran nazar nahîn âutâ ; Rânî ne mahilân te digke  
 gañwâ lî jân !

- Gorakh jhaṇḍâ patiâ, Tille latthâ âe.  
 Sab Jogî utar pie, dhûn lende apne sâm.  
 875 Pûran nûn Gorakh âkhdâ : " Tûn Siâlkoṭ nûn jâe.  
 Jâke mâtâ nûn matthâ ṭek, pitâ nûn sis niwâe."  
 Kahnâ Gorakh dâ maniân, châr Jogî lendâ nâl,  
 Tilloṇ Pûran tur piâ, Siâlkoṭ latthâ âe.  
 Jadon bâgh Pûran ne apnâ vekhiâ, hoîâ bâghkhwâr ;  
 880 Phaṛke tumbâ jal dâ, dittâ bûṭiân de muḍh pâ e.

- Go back and see, Pûran is (probably) in thy palace."  
 She went to her palace and looked for Pûran and found  
 him nowhere.  
 870 She could not eat nor drink and was very wretched.  
 Then she went up on to her palace (roof) and looked  
 over all the plain.  
 Nowhere could she see Pûran ; and the Rânî threw her-  
 self down and destroyed her life.

- Gorakh struck his standard and went to Tîllâ.  
 All the Jogîs came and lit the (sacred) fires.  
 875 Said Gorakh to Pûran : " Go thou to Siâlkoṭ,  
 And make obeisance and bow thy head to thy father  
 and mother."  
 Obeying Gorakh's command and taking four Jogîs with  
 him,  
 Pûran left Tîllâ and went to Siâlkoṭ,  
 When Pûran saw his garden he was filled with joy,  
 880 And taking his bowl of water he sprinkled the shrubs.

Sūkhe bāgh hariāule, pāñī bharne talāe !  
Brichāñ nūñ mewe lag gae, khiṛ gae amb anār.

Mālī jāke kūkdā Rājā Salwāñ de pās :

“ Bāgh Pūran dā hariā ho giā, pāñī bhariā talāe.”

885 Rājā Salwāñ mālī nūñ ākhdā, “ Eh sun, tūñ, merī bāt.

Gajke na bariā meghlāñ, bage na pāñī de khāl.

Jhūtīñ bātāñ tūñ kare : tainūñ kī āe khwāb ?

Jis din dā Pūran mar giā, us din dā ujar giā merā bāgh.”

Mālī hatth bañh kardā bintī : “ Tainūñ sachīāñ deñ

890 Dardā sach nahīñ dasdā ; bakhshēñ merā gunāhe.

Pūran wargā Jogī bich bāgh de utarā āe.

Kane mundrāñ sundariāñ, baithā pinjāñ Jogīāñ de nāl.

The dried up garden became green and the lakes filled  
with water !

The trees began to bear fruit, and pomegranates and  
mangoes to blossom !

The gardener went and called out to Rājā Salwāñ :

“ Pūran’s garden hath become green, and the lakes  
filled with water.”

885 Spake Rājā Salwāñ to the gardener : “ Hear my words.

The clouds have not thundered nor dropped water.

Thy words are false : art thou dreaming ?

From the day Pūran died, from that day hath my garden  
been neglected.”

The gardener with joined hands spake : “ It is truth  
that I said.

890 The frightened speak not truth ; forgive my fault.

A Jogī (that looks) like Pūran hath come into the  
garden.

He hath beautiful rings in his ears and sitteth with hand-  
some Jogīs.

Akkhen chalke vekh lo, betâ terâ Rabb ne dittâ milâe.  
Mere jimme\* koî gunâh nâ kadḍhe; mere leven jân  
bachâe."

- 895 Râjâ mandirân te ṭur piâ, bich bāgh de utare âe.  
Jogîân nûn matthâ ṭekdâ, charnè dhyân lagâe :  
" Mere mahilen neundâ chal chhako, merî nagarî pao  
pâân.  
Ik hor mere man chhabnâ hai; mere putr warge  
pahchân !"  
Jogî aggiôn boliâ : " Tainûn sachîân deû sunâe.  
900 Âsan chhadnâ charj hai; mahilen jânâ Jogîân nûn lâj.  
Ik jhaṭ ithe katnâ, phir painâ apnî râh.  
Mûe kadhî nahîn bâware, jande nahîn dūjî wâr.  
Je tere man bharam hai, Rânîân nûn bhajôn mere pâs :  
Kis tarah dâ unhân dâ betâ sî, apnî akhîu lain siân."

Go and see with thine own eyes, if God hath brought  
thy son.

I have committed no fault : spare my life."

- 895 The Râjâ left his palace and came into the garden.  
He made his obeisance to the Jogis and fell at their feet  
(and said) :  
" Come and eat your food in the palace and place your  
(blessed) feet in my city.  
Another thing is in my mind also ; (one of) you is like  
my son !"  
Then said the Jogî (Pûran) : " I tell thee truth.  
900 We cannot leave our seats ; it is shameful for a Jogî to  
go into a palace.  
We will halt here awhile and then go on our road :  
The dead cannot return, nor be born a second time.  
If thou hast a doubt in thy mind send thy Rânîs to me.  
And let them see with their own eyes what their son <sup>is</sup>  
like."

- 905 Rājā bāghon murke āiā Lūnān de pās :  
 " Pūran wargā Jogī latthā bāgh bich āe."  
 Rājā te Lūnān tur pie, karde Achhrān dī bhāl.  
 Sārī nagarī tulke das, bhattī par paindī āe.  
 Rānī Achhrān nūn Rājā ākhdā: " Sun, Rānī, merī bāt.
- 910 'Tere Pūran bargā Jogī ā giā, tur pio mere sāth."  
 Aggion Achhrān boldī, dādhi kare phunkār :  
 " Merā Pūran Nūnān ne mārīā, gae jāg viāhe.  
 Hun murke phāt jagāune ho, nawe jagāune ghā.  
 Pūran mainūn tad mile, jo mele āp Khudāe."
- 915 Nūnān Achhrān nūn ākhdī: " Tun tur pio mere sath.  
 Bich bāgh de Jogī ā gae; jekar Rabb pahunchāve ās !"

Kahnā Nūnān dā mānke Achhrān pie nāl :  
 Jad bich bāgh de ā gai roven dāhān mār.

- 905 The Rājā went back from the garden to Lūnān (and said) :  
 " A Jogī (that looks) like Pūran hath come into the garden."  
 And then the Rājā and Lūnān went out to seek Achhrān.  
 They searched the whole city and found her at the oven.  
 Said the Rājā to Rānī Achhrān: " Rānī, hear my words.
- 910 A Jogī (that looks) like thy Pūran hath come, come thou with me."  
 Then spake Achhrān, making a great cry :  
 " Lūnān slew my Pūran ages ago.  
 And again thou dost open the wound, opening afresh the (old) wound.  
 I will meet my Pūran, when God himself joins us."
- 915 Said Lūnān to Achhrān: " Come thou with me.  
 A Jogī hath come into the garden, and may God fulfil our hopes !"

Obeying Lūnān's word Achhrān went with them,  
 And when she came into the garden she cried out :

- "Tûn bâgh kiâwan-wâliâ, ik bâr mainûn bulâe.  
 920 Je Pûran haiñ tûn bol pio, mainûn akkheñ dikhâ nâe."  
 Pûran Jogî boldâ, man bich Âlakh dhyâe:  
 "Mata, keṛe Pûran nûn bhâldî ? kî nûn mâre hâk ?  
 Main nahîñ Pûran nûn jânda; main rahindâ Gorakh de  
 pas.  
 Us nûn jâke puchh lain, jis ne sittîâ mâr !  
 925 Mâtâ, Pûran nûn kah dî mar giâ, hun tûn chaṛhî hai us  
 dî bhâl !  
 Mûe kadhî nahîñ bâuware, peṛ nûn le le sabar dî bâṛ."  
 Achhrân dâhân mâriân, Pûran dâ liâ bol siân :  
 "Main apne Pûran nûn bhâldî; oh de kardî pukâr.  
 Bâgh hariâ ho giâ; eh kitâ âp Khudâe.  
 930 Isî tarhân Pûran mainûn mil pawe, nahîñ chali jân  
 âjâheñ."

- "O thou that hast renewed the garden, speak to me  
 once.  
 920 If thou be Pûran then speak, for my eyes cannot see!"\*  
 Said Pûran, the Jogî, meditating on the Invisible in his  
 heart :  
 "Mother, what Pûran seekest thou ? To whom art thou  
 crying out ?  
 I know no Pûran ; I live with Gorakh.  
 Go and ask her that slew him !  
 925 Mother, thou hast said that Pûran is dead and yet thou  
 dost seek him !  
 The dead return not, have patience in thy heart."  
 Achhrân cried out recognizing Pûran's voice :  
 "I seek my own Pûran, I cry to him.  
 The garden hath become green : it is God himself hath  
 done this.  
 930 Thus hath my Pûran met me, that my life might not  
 depart."

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\* She had wept herself blind. See Vol I., p. 2.

- Jogī Nāhar Singh parnā siṭṭiā Mātā Achhrān de pās.  
 “ Mātā, chakke parnā mukh lā le, phir lēn Jogī nūn siān.”  
 Achhrān ne parnā phaṛiā, man bich Rām dhyāe;  
 Nitar Achhrān de khul gae; Karam ne dittā paharā pās.  
 935 Mātā putrān de mele ho gae; kitā āp Khudāe.  
 “Pūran pairen mātā dī pai giā: “ Mātā, bakhshēn sab  
     gunāh.”  
 Mātā Achhrān Pūran nūn ākhdi: “ Tun bahke rāj kumāo.  
 Rājā Salwān buddhā ho giā, gāhān gaddī turogi nūn.  
 Nā koī terā chāchā nātī; nā koī sakā bhrāo;  
 940 Nā koī betā Nūnān de: kaun karogā rāj ?”  
 Pūran hatth bañh Rājā nūn kardā bintī: “ Pitā, merī araj  
     sune man lāe.  
 Achhrān merī mātā hai pāp dī, Nūnān dharam dī mā.

- Nāhar Singh, the Jogī, threw his kerchief to Achhrān  
 (and said):  
 “Mother, put this kerchief over thy face and then  
     recognize the Jogī”  
 Achhrān took the kerchief in her hand and called on  
     Rām:  
 And Achhrān's eyes were opened and Fate was kind  
     to her.  
 935 Mother and son met together: God himself worked this.  
 Pūran fell at his mother's feet (and said): “Mother,  
     forgive all my faults.”  
 Said Mother Achhrān to Pūran: “Do thou become a  
     king.  
 Rājā Salwān is old and the throne will descend to thee.  
 Neither hast thou a cousin (for heir), nor hast thou a  
     brother:  
 940 Neither hath Lūnān a son, and who will be king?”  
 Pūran with joined hands spake to the Rājā: “Father,  
     hear my prayer with thy heart.  
 Achhrān is my mother by sin and Lūnān by faith.\*

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\* See above, line 295.

- Bas Nûnân dī kus ushṭū, eh milnī thī mainūn saṣāe.  
 Merī lekḥ dī likhī ugāṭ, Nûnân dos na kâe.
- 945 Jis baṭṭhī par Achhrân rahī sī, unhoṇ bandhke dīen rāj.  
 Jere muṇḍe mere nāl de, unḥān nūn mashabdār\* banāe.  
 Pauj piṇḍ dīen Khidḍū Chūhṛe nūn; un kitā nimak  
 halāl.  
 Dukh nā nagarī nūn dīen, terā sukh basogā rāj.”
- Nûnân Achhrân ākhdīān : “ Sune, Pûranān, merī bāt.  
 950 Eh gaddī hai Rājā Salwān dī, dharam dā hai baḍā rāj.  
 Agge laṛkā koī hai nāḥn, nā tū rahnā sādē pās.  
 Je satīā Gorakh Nāth dī, jag bich sāj rālāe.”  
 Pûran aggiōn boliā : “ Nār Singhiā, tumbā jhoī le āo.”  
 Jadon Pûran tumbā jhāīā, nikalī dhāk te chāwal :

- It was not Lûnân's fault ; I had to suffer these pains.  
 My fate was recorded evil, and it was no fault of Lûnân.
- 945 At whose oven Achhrân served, halve the kingdom  
 with him.  
 Make nobles of all the boys that (played) with me.  
 Give five villages to Khidḍū, the Scavenger, that was  
 true to his salt.  
 Give no trouble to thy city, that thy kingdom flourish.”
- Said Lûnân and Achhrân, “ O Puran, hear our words.  
 950 This is Rājā Salwān's throne, and a very righteous  
 kingdom (it is).  
 We have no son to follow us, nor wilt thou remain to  
 us.  
 If the virtue of Gorakh Nāth be (in thee), thou wilt  
 link us with the world ”  
 Then said Puran : “ O Nār Singh, bring thy bowl and  
 wallet.”  
 Then Pûran shook out his wallet and there fell out  
 grapes and rice.



- 955 " Le, Mātā Nānā, sābit le langāh ; tere ghar jamwan  
 beṭā, jamwan kaṭāi bār.  
 Jamde nūn bhaurī pā dīo, nā lage duniyā de bāl.  
 Ādh dā jatī sadāo, sir jatiān sardār.  
 Chauhān Khūṇṭī phirogā, kadhī na āve bār.  
 \*Chele banon Gorakh Nāth dā, ho baḍā parkār,  
 960 Jaisī Achhrān nāl ho gaī, aisi honā Nānā de nāl.  
 Rānān biāho balāit\* diān, agge nā ho aulād.  
 Machhandar Nāth dī putrī Silwantī nār :  
 Jat sat Rasālū dā ṭoro, jēṭ rahindī Lankā dī bār.  
 Oh de ans Gadhīle honge ; eh Pūran dā srāp !"

- 955 (Said he) : " Take, Mother Lūnān, swallow them whole ;  
 and a son† shall be born to thee, (but) in an inaus-  
 picious hour.  
 When he is born put him into a pit, that the air of the  
 world reach him not.  
 He will be holy from the beginning and the chief of the  
 holy.  
 He will wander through the Four Quarters, and never  
 come to harm.  
 He will become a disciple of Gorakh Nāth and a great saint.  
 960 As it hath happened to Achhrān, so shall it happen to  
 Lūnān.  
 He shall marry Queens in many lands, but shall have no  
 posterity.  
 Silwantī is the daughter of Machhandar Nāth.‡  
 She will destroy the virtue of Rasālū that dwells in  
 Lankā.§  
 Their posterity shall be Gadhīlās|| this is Pūran's  
 curse !"

\* For *vildyat*.

† i.e., Rasālū

‡ But see Vol. I, p. 296 ff, in the legend of Silā Dai

§ For the doings of Machhandar Nāth at Lankā, see Vol II, p 19ff  
 || The Gadhīlās are a wretched criminal tribe, of the lowest de-  
 scription belonging chiefly to the Montgomery District, with a tradition  
 that they were once a people of some standing hence probably the  
 allusion here. Compare with this the legend at p. 65, Vol. I

- 965 Pâran bâgh te tur piâ, mâtâ pitâ nûn sis niwâe :  
 " Sukh wasse eh nagarî, sukh base Sansâr !"  
 Pâran Tille â giâ, âiâ Gorakh de pās ;  
 Charne lagâ Gorakh Nâth de ; baiṭhâ samâdh lagâe.

Eh kishiâ Pâran Bhagat dâ kitâ Qadaryâr.

- 970 Kaî paṛhde baitân ; kaî gûven dandhân sârangîân nâl.

- 965 Pâran left the garden and bowed his head to his father  
 and mother (and said) :  
 " Happy be this city : happy be the World !"  
 Pâran went to Tilla to Gorakh,  
 And sat at Gorakh's feet and did penance.

- This is the lay of Pâran Bhagat as made by Qadaryâr.  
 970 Some sing it in verse ; some sing it to drums and fiddles.

\* The author.

## No. XXXV.

### THE ADVENTURES OF MİR CHÂKUR,

AS TAKEN DOWN IN THE BALUCHI LANGUAGE CHIEFLY FROM THE  
NARRATIVE OF GHULĀM MUHAMMAD BILĀCHĀNĪ MAZĀRĪ, AND  
TRANSLATED BY M. LONGWORTH DAMES, ESQ.

[The Adventures of MİR Châkur form the subject of a great number of ballads and tales among the Rind Baloches of the Derâ Ghâzi Khân District, the adjoining hills, and Kachī in Belochistân. Two ballads on the subject have already been published with translations in Mr. Dames's *Sketch of the Northern Baluchi Language*, (Extra No. *Journal As. Soc. Bengal*, 1881, pp. 137 and 148). The present prose narrative is from the recital of Ghulām Muḥammad Bālāchānī Mazārī of Rojhān, and the ballads interspersed have been obtained partly from him, and partly from others].

[There can be no doubt that the legend of MİR Châkur is a genuine tradition unaffected by any literary influence, and handed down by word of mouth among a people entirely ignorant of reading and writing, for nearly four hundred years. MİR Châkur himself is in all likelihood a real personage, and should probably be identified with the "Meer Jakur Zund," of Briggs's *Farishta*, (IV. 396) who obtained a *jāgīr* at Ūchh in the time of Mahmūd Shāh Langāh of Multān, (1502-1524 A.D.). In Persian characters the words MİR Châkur Rind might also, if the diacritical points were not clear, be read MİR Jâkur Zand. The only copy of *Farishta*'s text (lithographed at Nawal Kishor's Press, Lucknow, p. 329) available for these notes gives an entirely different name, viz., MİR 'Imād Karwiz. The place he came from (called by Briggs Solypoor) is in this text of *Farishta* Sivil, and is probably intended for Sivil (Sibi)].

[Jām Nindā is also an historical personage. He was king of Sindh from A.D. 1485 to 1493, and the fort of Sivil (Sibi) was taken from him by the troops of Shāh Beg Arghūn (Briggs, IV., 427, *Farishta*'s Text, p. 320). Shāh Beg represented his father Zâ'u-n-nūn Beg, Governor of Qandahār, who established independence at about that time (see Erskine's *Lives of Bâbar and Humdūn*, I., pp. 347-359). Zâ'u-n-nūn Beg is probably the

Zunû of the present narrative, and his mother, MÂI Begam, may be the Mâh Begam, who was married to Shâh Beg after her first husband's death].

[Another historical character mentioned in the legend is Sohrâb Khân Dodâi, who is represented by Farišta, as having come from Kech-Makrân with his sons Ismâ'il Khân and Fatteḥ Khân, and having obtained from Shâh Hussain Langâh the country between Koṭ Karor and Dhankot (*Farišta's Test*, p. 326, l. 26. *et infra*). Briggs transliterates Duvally for Dodâi (Vol. IV., 388). There was evidently a rivalry between Sohrâb Khân Dodâi and Mir Châkur (*Farišta*, p. 329; Briggs, IV., 390.) Farišta calls Sohrâb Khân in one place a Bohelâ or mountaineer, and in another a Baloch. The legend represents the Dodâis to be descendants of one Dodâ, a Somrâ, who was adopted by the Baloch fraternity after marrying the daughter of Sâhle, a Rind. The sons of Malik Sohrâb, Ismâ'il Khân and Fatteḥ Khân are the reputed founders of the towns of Ḍerâ Ismâ'il Khân and Ḍerâ Fatteḥ Khân, notwithstanding the fact that the rulers of Ḍerâ Ismâ'il Khân were Hot Baloches and not Dodâis. Ḍerâ Ghâzi Khân was held by the Mirânîs, a branch of the Dodâis, till comparatively modern times].

[The above identifications fix Mir Châkur's date, as the beginning of the 16th century A.D., with sufficient accuracy. It seems probable that the Baloches joined the banner of the Turks or Mughals, and were with them when Jâm Nindâ was expelled from Sibi. Thence they gradually spread over the Southern Panjâb, and Northern Sindh, sometimes assisting the Mughals, and sometimes fighting against them. Mir Châkur would seem himself to have obtained a *jâgir* in Uchh on the Satluj, shortly before Bâbar's invasion. The legend represents him as accompanying Humâyan to Dehli, and afterwards returning to Satgarhâ, in the Montgomery District. His tomb is still shown in the neighbourhood, and is marked in the map of the Multân Division (Survey, 1854-56), as lying between the high road from Lahor to Multân and the bank of the Bâvi opposite Sayyidwâlâ, under the name of 'Tukeen Nuwab Chakur ko' (Takia Nawâb Châkur kâ).]

[The characters in this legend are household names among Baloches. Next in celebrity to Mir Châkur comes Nodhbandagh, who holds among the Baloches a similar position to that held by Hâtim Tâi among the Arabs as the conventional hero of generosity. Poems on the exploits of these heroes are frequently recited, and they are used in modern ballads as models for imitation].

## TEXT.

Án wakhtâ ki Balochân Kachî gipta azh kull aulâd Mír Jalâlneghâ Rind Lashârî masthar athant. Lashârî do brâth Nodhbandagh o Bakar mazsin athant. Nodhbandagh bachh Gwaharâm nám bîthâ, Bakar bachh Râmen nám bîthâ. Rindâ Mír Ishâk sardâr ath. Eshî do bachh Mír Hasan Mír Shaihak bîthaghant. Mír Hasan phanch bachh bîthaghant, pheshî Rehân, gudâ Jîand, Muhammad, Brâhim, Mír Hân. Mír Shaihak bachh Mír Châkur ath, ki kull Rindânî Sardâr bîthâ.

Baloch Kech-Makurân theghî laditho shuthaghant, âkhta man Hurâsân. Kilâtâ, Mustangâ, Shâlâ, hawen deh gipta-ish. Ya sâle hamodhâ khutha-ish, gudâ chârî shastâthaghant-ish Kachî gindaghâ, ki 'hamodhâ gwahar khaffî, zawistânâ na

## TRANSLATION

At the time that the Baloches took possession of Kachî the Rinds and Lashârîs were the greatest of all the descendants of Mír Jalâl Khân.\* The chief of the Lashârîs were the two brothers, Nodhbandagh and Bakar. Nodhbandagh had a son named Gwaharâm, and Bakar had a son named Râmen. Among the Rinds Mír Ishâk was the chief. He begot two sons, Mír Hasan and Mír Shaihak. Mír Hasan begot five sons, first Rehân, then Jîand, Muhammad, Brâhim, and Mír Hân. Mír Shaihak's son was Mír Châkur, who became Chief over all the Rinds.

All the Baloches arose and marched from Kech-Makrân, and moved into Khurâsân. They took possession of Kilât, Mustang, Shâl (Quetta), and all that land. There they passed one year, and then they sent spies to see the land of Kachî, for, said they,

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\* An ancestral leader of the Baloches.

gwazainân.' Chârîyân âkhtagant, Sevî, Dhâdar, Gandâva, Mîlah, Jhal e dighar chā iṭho âkhto bāl dathaish. Rind Lashârî gudâ laditḥo hawân deh gipta-ish. Rind sarâ Mîr Châkur aṭh, Lashârîa Gwaharâm. Lashârî er-khapta Mîlahâ, Rind ma Bolân Rindâ âkhta Sohrân, Sevî, Dhâdar. Sevî Jâm Nindâ hâkim aṭh. Mîr Châkur ki âkhta Jâm Nindâ salâmâ, âkhto khuthai, gudâ Châkur zorâ go âñhiyâ phajyâ takht chakhâ nishta.

Gudâ pholâ khuṭṭha Mîr Chakurâ, ki 'Hawen thaî dighâr paidâwârî ohî en.' Jâm Nindâ dasiṭṭha ki paidâwârî ikltar en. Gudâ thî roshcâ Jâm Nindâ salâmâ ki âkhtai, Jâm Nindâ phadâṭho shuṭṭha. Gudâ Rind Lashârî âñ deh wathî khuṭṭha, sai sâl hamedhâ nishtagant. Rindâ gipta Sevî, Dhâdar, Shorân; Lashârîa gipta Mîlah, Jhal, Gandâva. Zamistânâ Kachîâ bîṭṭha-ghant, Âharâ shuṭṭhagant Hurâsânâ.

'The cold is great here, we cannot pass the winter here.' The spies came and spied out Sevî (Sibi), Dhâdar, Gandâva, the Mullâh Pass, Jhal, and all that land, and then returned and made their report. Then the Rinds and Lashârîs marched and took possession of that land, Mîr Châkur being at the head of the Rinds, and Gwaharâm of the Lashârîs. The Lashârîs came down by the Mullâh Pass, the Rinds by the Bolân. The Rinds arrived at Sohrân, Sevî, and Dhâdar. Jâm Nindâ was the ruler over Sevî. When Mîr Châkur came to do obeisance to Jâm Nindâ, having come in he made his salutation, and then seated himself by force beside Jâm Nindâ on the throne.

Then Mîr Châkur asked of him, 'What is the income of this thy land?' Jâm Nindâ explained to him that the income was such and such an amount. The next day when he came again to do obeisance Jâm Nindâ fled away. Then the Rinds and Lashârîs made that country their own, and abode there for three years. The Rinds took Sevî, Dhâdar, and Shorân, and the Lashârîs took the Mullâh Pass, Jhal, and Gandâva. They passed the winter in Kachî, and in the summer they went up to Khurâsân.

Rosheâ Râmen Lashârîâkhta Mîr Châkur shahrâ, Rehânâ gwar er-khapta-î. Râmen o Rehân pha-wathân adaṭhaghant mâḍhinânî sarâ; Rehânâ gwashta, ki 'Main mâḍhin shâghhar en'; Râmenâ gwashta, 'Main mâḍhin shâghhar en.' Guḍâ shart jaṭha-ish. Go philân mochiâ gurânde aṭh, rangâ boreñ, sakîâ lûndaveñ. Gwashta-ish, 'Mâḍhinân thâshûñ; hawân mâḍhip ki guzî gurânda bârth, zarân phadḥi phur khandh.' Guḍâ shafâ Râmen mâḍhin Rindâ ochan bokhto phirenta: shafâ mâḍhinâr gwahar bîṭha. Bânghavâ sanj khuthaghant-ish, galagh thâkhta-ish: guḍâ Râmen mâḍhin gwastha. Rindâ gawâhî dâṭha, ki Rehân mâḍhin gwastha, drogh bastha-ish. Râmenâ zahr gipta, guḍâ shodhâ chariṭho shutḥâ.

An wakhtâ Gohar jatanî, Lashârîâ azh Mîlahâ khashtagheth. Gohar go waṭṭî bagâ âkhto bâut bîṭha go Mîr Châkurâ. Mîr Châkurâ ânhiyâr ma Kacharak nyâstha.

Râmen galagh-thâshî phadḥâ shodhâ chariṭho, thî Lashârî

One day Râmen Lashârî came to Mîr Châkur's town, and alighted at the abode of Rehân. Râmen and Rehân disputed regarding their mares; Rehân saying, 'My mare is the swiftest,' and Râmen, 'Mine is the swiftest.' Upon this they made a bet. A certain tanner had a ram, red in colour and very fat. They said, 'We will race our mares; the mare that comes in first shall win the ram, and the hindmost shall pay its price.' But at night the Rinds untied and threw off the horsecloth from Râmen's mare, so that the mare felt the cold in the night. In the morning they saddled and raced their mares, and Râmen's mare came in first. The Rinds bore witness that Rehân's mare had won, but they lied. Then Râmen was very angry, and mounted and departed thence.

At that time a woman named Gohar, a camel-owner, had been turned out by the Lashârîs from the Mullâh Pass. She came with her herds of camels as a refugee to Mîr Châkur. Mîr Châkur settled her in Kacharak.

Râmen after the horse-racing rode off and assembled other

much khuṭho, Gohar hir gudathaghaṅti. Mir Châkur o Gwaharâm har do pha Goharâ'âshiq aṭṭant, geshtar Châkur neghâ zor aṭṭ-i. Gudâ hirân guditho phadhâ ya rosheâ Châkur âkhto er-khapta Gohar merhâ. Begahâ dâchî ki âkhtaghaṅt, gar-raghaṭṭant; gudâ Châkurâ azh Goharâ phol khutha, 'Dâchî phache garraghaṅt?' Goharâ waṭṭ hâl na dâṭha-ish. • Jateâ gwashtâ, ki 'Râmen Lashârîâ phairi rosheâ hir gudathaghaṅt.' Gudâ Châkurâ zâbr mân-âkhta; shuṭṭha waṭṭî handâ; har-gureâ avzâr shastâṭṭaghaṅt-î. Rind kull much khuṭṭaghaṅt-î, ki 'Miṭûn go Lashârîâ.' Lashârîâ dâhî shuṭṭha ki Rind much bîṭṭaghaṅt. Laditha Lashârîâ, shuṭṭha go Omar Nuhânî. Gwaharâmâ gwashtâ, ki 'Rind go mâ mirîṭṭ; maṅ thaî bantân, tho maṅ phushtâ khan': ki Nuhânî Rind aṭṭ. Omarâ gwashtâ, ki 'Châkur sakeṅ mardēṅ, maṅ dâraghe neṅ; sathe khanânî; kaizân hairâ khaṅth.' Omarâ Kahîrî shastâṭṭaghaṅt-

Lashârîs, and they killed some of Gohar's young camels. Mir Châkur and Gwaharâm both loved Gohar, but her affection for Châkur was strongest. One day after the slaughter of the young camels Châkur came and alighted at Gohar's encampment. In the evening when the female camels came in they were lowing; then Châkur asked of Gohar, 'Why are your female camels lowing?' Gohar herself would not tell him the reason. But a camel-herd said, 'The day before yesterday Râmen Lashârî slaughtered their young ones.' Then rage took possession of Châkur; he returned to his home and sent out riders in every direction. He assembled the whole of the Rinds, saying, 'Let us fight with the Lashârîs.' The alarm went out among the Lashârîs that the Rinds were assembling. Then the Lashârîs marched away to Omar Nuhânî. Gwaharâm said, 'The Rinds will attack us; we are thy refugees; do thou extend thy protection unto us,' for the Nuhânîs were Rinds. Omar said, 'Châkur is a mighty man, and not to be held back by me, I will send him a deputation, perchance he may make peace.' Omar sent the Kahîrîs to him, saying,



i, ki "Châkurâr gwash, 'Ma mîrêṭh go mâ; mâ dî Baloch ûn, tho dî Baloch e; mîragh jawain neñ.'" Châkurâ gwashta, 'Mañ nelân-i; mirân.' Hawen jawâb dathâ-i sathâr. Guḍâ Omarâ gwashta, 'Nî maṛ bi; mîrân-i.' Ânmar Nalî Khaur-dafâ basthaghant-ish, saken jange bîṭha oḍhâ; bhorenṭha-ṭ Rind. "Rind phrushta, havd-saḍḥ maṛ khushta; Mîr Hân dî khushtâ: Mîr Châkur barâvaren mardath. Dombâ hâl ârṭha loghâ, ki 'Rindâ phadâṭha.' Shaihakâ phol khuṭha, ki 'Mîr khushta ki dar-shuṭha?' Dombâ gwashta, ki 'Mîr dar-shuṭha; Mîr Hân khushta.' Shaihakâ gwashta, "'Mîr' mañ Mîr Hânâr gushaghoṭhân."

Châkur pha shikârâ rapta,

Bagâen tharâe wârṭha-i.

Lahze pha sawûdâ nishte:

Dîchî âkhtaghan' danzâna,

5 Shîr pha mâighân shanzâna.

"Say to Mîr Châkur, 'Do not fight with us; we are Baloches, and thou also art a Baloch; it is not good that we should fight.'" But Châkur said, 'I will not allow it; I will fight.' And he gave this answer to the envoy. Then Omar said, 'Now be men; let us fight with him.' They entrenched themselves at the mouth of the Nalî Torrent, and there was a great fight there; they defeated the Rinds. The Rinds gave way, and seven hundred of them were killed, Mîr Hân among them, who was a man equal to Mîr Châkur himself. A Dom (minstrel) brought home the news that the Rinds had fled. Shaihak\* asked, "Is the Mîr killed or has he escaped?" The Dom said, "The Mîr has escaped, but Mîr Hân is killed." Then Shaihak said, "When I said 'the Mîr' I spoke of Mîr Hân."

Châkur went forth to hunt, and he

Ate at the return of the camels.

For a little while he sat down to look round:

The female camels came, stirring up the dust,

5 The milk dripping from their udders.

\* Father of Mîr Châkur, and uncle of Mîr Hân.

- Gwashta Châkurâ Mîrenâ,  
 Wa'pha Goharâ hîrenâ :  
 "Thaî ðâchî phache kêre danzant ?  
 Shîr pha mâighân shanzant ?"  
 10 Gwashta Goharâ durrenâ,  
 Wa'pha Châkurâ Khanenâ :  
 "Maîn hirân wârṭhaghant zahreñ sol ;  
 Maîn hirân waḍh-mîren go khapten."  
 Guḍâ bag-jat Melaveñ gâl-âkhte :  
 15 "Phairî âkhtagant Lashârî ;  
 Shikko saile bor thâshî ;  
 Hir azh maîn khushtagant jukhtîâ ;  
 Shingo garṭhîghant mastîâ."  
 Châkur mañ dilâ grân bîṭha.  
 20 Rinde hapt hazâr lotâc :  
 "Mâ chyâr saḍh ya-tharen warnâ bân ;

- Then spake Châkur the Mîr,  
 Himself to Gohar the fair :  
 "Why do thy female camels stir up the dust ?  
 Why does the milk drip from their udders ?"  
 10 Then spake Gohar the beautiful,  
 Herself to Châkur the Khân :  
 "My young camels ate poisonous shrubs ;\*  
 My young camels fell down through self-slaughter."  
 Then spake out the camel-herd Melo :  
 15 "The day before yesterday the Lashârîs came ;  
 They raced their chestnut (mares) with great delight ;  
 They slaughtered a pair of our young camels  
 Hence they returned in their madness."  
 Châkur became heavy at heart.  
 20 He called together seven thousand Rinds (and said) :  
 "Let us form a band of four hundred youths, equal one  
 to the other.

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\* Sol, i.e., the *prosopis spicijera* or *jand*.

- Dâue dar-shafûn syârali ;  
 Barivagh Khân phaqhâ dragâna."  
 Wâge giptaghant sardâre :  
 25 "Châkur khenaghân khame khan ;  
 Nuhâni hazâr mardân bi ;  
 "Lâlo khushtaghan' Lâshârî !"  
 Guđâ gwashta sar-batâki mardân,  
 'Jâro, jareñ Rehânâ :  
 30 "Barivagh gondalân sâhmenthe .  
 Hindîân ma ; thars ser-dâtthe :  
 Rekh zahranen whardân !"  
 Guđâ Domb langavân shâkârom :  
 "Barivagh Khân thârâ dir nyâdhûn :  
 35 Mâkh-on zahm-janen Lâshârî :  
 Âfo banaf mânah-ân.  
 Hoshagh phinj khanûn âptiyâ,  
 Nind o giud khai sîth bi ?

- Let us issue forth cunningly from the low hills ;  
 Hastening after Barivagh Khân."  
 They caught hold of the chief's bridle (and said) :  
 25 "Châkur, abate your rage a little,  
 The Nuhânîs are a thousand men.  
 They have slain the Lashârîs' brethren !"  
 Then spake out the headstrong men,  
 Jâro and fiery Rehân :  
 30 "You are afraid of Barivagh's arrows.  
 Fear not the weapons, you shall have your fill of them :  
 Sand is a bitter food !"  
 Then said the Domb herald :  
 "We will settle Barivagh Khân far from you.  
 35 We are sword-wielding Lashârîs,  
 We are posted in the water-embankments.  
 If we thrash out the ears between us,  
 Stay and see whose will be the advantage :

- Mûlân pha khai devalî ?  
 40 Sîṭṭha pha khaiâ gon khâtî ?"  
 Go hawen gwashtanân taukheghâ ;  
 Wâg ishtaghan' Sardâre.  
 Chârî khashtaghan' chârânî ;  
 Bol bastḥagbant pahrânî.  
 45 Chârî âkhtaghan' golânî ;  
 Sadḥ loḥ jîdarîyâ dîṭṭhon.  
 Odḥa ma Nalî gaṭâ,  
 Shahr chârîṭṭha Gâjâne.  
 Bag jukṭḥiyen Gwaharâme.  
 50 Bâṅghavâ khutḥen phâsâne ;  
 Pha Gâjân kilât demâ.  
 Bag gudîṭṭhen Gwaharâme ;  
 Dastâ burîṭṭha Sûfâne :  
 Matân Goharâ hirânî,  
 55 Hawen zâlî shûmat o shirrânî.  
 Mel kûch khutḥa Lâshârâ.

- Whose leaders will be victorious ?  
 40 And to whom will the profit belong ?"  
 With the utterance of these words,  
 They let go the Chief's bridle.  
 And spies they sent forth to spy ;  
 And they fixed a word for the watch.  
 45 The spies came spying out the country ;  
 They saw a hundred separate dwelling places.  
 There in the Nalî defile,  
 They spied out the town of Gâjân.  
 A herd of Gwaharâm's camels was sleeping there.  
 50 In the morning they made an attack  
 On the face of the fort of Gâjân.  
 They slaughtered the herd of Gwaharâm's camels ;  
 And cut off the hand of Sûfân (the herd),  
 In exchange for Gohar's young camels,  
 55 On account of this woman's disgrace and quarrel  
 The assembly of the Lashâris marched away.

- Rosh othâne burz bîṭhe,  
 Lashâri khurâ gon-dâṭhe.  
 Rinda lashkara bhâj bîṭhe;  
 60 Mîr Hân ma-phîrâ phirenthe;  
 Go havd saḍh ya-tharen warnâ.  
 "Guḍâ Châkur ghamzamâ gartha,  
 Pha Mîr Hân ghamâ lahmenân,  
 "Pha humbo chotaven Mîrenân:

65 Lahri khaur gawârân gipte.

Guḍâ Châkur dâhîn bîṭho shuṭha Turkân gwar : Turkânî sardâr Zunû nâm aṭh. Bâṅghavâ Lashâri shuṭha go Turkân; labainṭha-ish, ki 'Châkurâ khush.' Châkurâ Turkân gwân'-jaṭha bâṅghavâ. Phallî nâme motabaren Amîr aṭh Turkeghâ. Phulliyâ Châkurâr hâl dâṭha, ki 'Lashâri âkhta, labainṭha-ish Turk.' Guḍâ Châkurâ Turkân gwân'-jaṭha; Turkân gwashta ('hâkurâr :

By the time the sun was well risen they were high up  
 the hill side,

They followed on the Lashâri's track and overtook them.

The army of the Rinds was put to flight;

- 60 Mîr Hân was left dead on the spot,  
 With seven hundred youths each equal to the other.  
 Then Châkur returned in sorrow,  
 Weeping for the loss of Mîr Hân,  
 For the beautiful hair of Mîr :

65 Fasting he took his way to the Lahri Pass.

After this Châkur went as a suppliant to the Turks,\* whose leader's name was Zunû. In the morning the Lashâris came to the Turks, and bribed them, saying, 'Slay Châkur.' In the morning the Turks sent for Châkur. There was a trustworthy Amîr among the Turks, whose name was Phallî. Phallî told Châkur that the Lashâris had come and bribed the Turks. Then the Turk sent for Châkur and said to him.

\* i.e., the Mughals.

"Mard evakhâ ki bî,  
 Hathyâr ki ma bant-î,  
 Ânhiyâr duzhman valainant,  
 Gudâ ânhi thufâkh obachon bant?"

Châkurâ jawâb dâṭha, ki  
 "Dast dil wathî ambrâh bant;  
 Ânhiyâ thufâkh hechî nen."

Gudâ hathyâr giptaghand-ish Châkurâ, mokal dâṭha-î, ki  
 'Tho baro wathî handâ.' Hâthî khûnî gudâ Châkur sarâ ishto  
 dâṭha-ish, 'Bilânî Châkur khushîṭh.' Gudâ hâthî akhto Châ-  
 kurâ nazî bîṭha.

Kshike khaptaghetḥ bâzârâ :  
 Tângâ gipta-î Châkurâ.  
 Gudâ jathâ-î hâthiyârâ.  
 Bîng ki chamburṭha hâthiyâr.  
 Hâthî phadâṭho shuṭhâ.

Châkur dar-shuṭho shodhâ; Turkân gwân'-jaṭha-î, phâraintḥo,  
 mokal dâṭha-î.

"If a man alone be left,  
 If of arms he be bereft,  
 When his bitter foes surround him,  
 Say what help will then be found him?"

Châkur answered thus:

"Hand and heart will help themselves;  
 What need then of other help?"

Then they took his weapons from Châkur and let him go  
 saying, 'Go to your home.' Then they let loose a furious ele-  
 phant on Châkur saying, 'Let Châkur kill it.' Then the  
 elephant came towards Châkur.

There lay a dog in the bazar,  
 Châkur seized it by the leg,  
 And threw it at the elephant.  
 When the dog struck the elephant,  
 The elephant turned and fled.

So Châkur escaped thence; and the Turks sent for him,  
 rewarded him and let him go.

Thi-bare Lashārī Turkān go ākhtaghant, zar bāz dāṭha-ish. Guḍā Phalliṃ Chākurār gwashta, ki 'Aghadī Lashārī Turk labainṭha.' Turk gwān'-jaṭhaghant Chākurār dohmī roshā, ki 'Tho sakeñ mard e mañ Balochān; vḍhā mazāre asten; go mazārā miṛ.' Mazār ishto dāṭha; siḍhā bīṭhaī Chākur sarā. Jaṭha Chākurā mazār go zahmā. Aghadī Turkān phārainṭha Chākur.

Sohmī roshā Lashārī ākhta; labainṭha-ish Turkān; Phalliṃ dī hāl dāṭha Chākurār. Agha Chākur gwān'-janainṭha Turkā sohmi dhakā. Turkān khūb phattainṭhaghant; khūhā sarā kakh phirentṭhaghant. Naryān khūnī āṭha-ish; Chākurār gwashta-ish, ki 'Hawēn naryānā, chaṛ drikain.' Havd bāravān Chākurā naryān drikainṭha thākhta, ma khūhā na khapta-ī, darshuṭha-ī. Aghadī Turkān Chākur pharainṭha.

Guḍā Zunū māṭhār Māī Begumār hāl sar-bīṭha. Gwashta-ī, ki 'Chākur zāt Baloch Sardāren, dukhān ma dai, Zunūār

Another time the Lashārīs came to the Turks and gave them a large sum of money. Then Phallī told Chākur, 'Again the Lashārīs have bribed the Turks.' The next day the Turks sent for Chākur, saying, 'Thou art the mightiest man among the Baloches; here is a tiger; fight with it.' They let loose the tiger and it came straight at Chākur. Chākur killed the tiger with a blow of his sword. Again the Turks rewarded Chākur.

A third time the Lashārīs came and bribed the Turks and Phallī informed Chākur thereof. Again a third time the Turks sent for Chākur. The Turks had a well dug, and over the mouth of the well they strewed reeds. Then they brought forth a savage stallion and said to Chākur, 'Mount this horse, and leap him over this place.' Seven times did Chākur leap and gallop the stallion, but he did not fall into the pit, and escaped alive. Again the Turks rewarded Chākur.

Afterwards tidings of these things were brought to Māī Begam, Zunū's mother. Then said she to the Turks, 'Chākur is the true Lord of the Baloches, do not afflict him more, but

mokal dai ki urd bārth Chākūr saren-bandī khandh.' Zunūā waṭṭi fauj burthā, go Lashārīā mirathā. Lashārīā phadāthā. Chākūr ānhīā randa shuṭṭhā, Rāmen khushta-ī. Phanch-saḍḍh mar Lashārī go Rāmenā khushta.

Lashārī guḍā daraintho shuṭṭhā Gujarātā. Jang Gujarātā hawēr'gā bīṭhā: ki Bangul nāme Lashārī aṭh. Warnāo Gujarāteghā kawāndī baraghetḥ, loḡhā zurthi āraghoṭḥ. Bangulā gwashta hawān mardārā ki, 'Kāhan biyār mani māḍhinār dai.' Ānna ā gwashta, 'Kāhan niyeñ, kawāndant; tharā na deān-ish.' Guḍā jathā Bangulā jābahā thīre, āumar murtho khapta. Ānhi plith brāṭh kull 'ālam dākhī shuṭṭhaghant go bādshāhā, ki 'Hawēr'ga kaum ākhta Baloch, ki mardum dī khushaghant; kawāndān dī charainaghant; dohā phullaghant.' Badshāhā phaujār hukm dāthā, ki 'Mirēṭh go Balochā.' Guḍā Bakarā, (Rāmen phith ki astāṭh) Lashārī much khuṭṭhā:

rather give Zunū leave that he lead forth his army to Chākūr's assistance.' On this Zunū led forth his army and fought with the Lashārīs. The Lashārīs took to flight. Chākūr followed on their tracks, and he slew Rāmen. With Rāmen five hundred Lashārīs were killed.

On this the Lashārīs set forth for Gujrat. And their war in Gujrat was on this wise: there was a certain Lashārī named Bangul. A youth of Gujrat was taking away his sugarcane, carrying and bringing it to his house. Bangul said to him, 'Bring those reeds and give them to my mare.' He replied, 'They are not reeds, they are sugarcane; I will not give them to you.' On this Bangul took an arrow from his quiver, and shot him, and he fell dead. His father and brother and a multitude of men went and complained to the king, saying, 'A tribe called Baloch has come here, and they are such manner of men that they slay men, and graze their horses on sugarcane, and spoil the country.' Hereupon the king gave orders to his army to fight with the Baloches. Then Bakar, Rāmen's father, gathered the Lashārīs together,



jang dâṭha-ish; bādshâh phauj bhorainṭha-ish. Guḍâ gwân'-janainṭha bādshâhâ Bakarâr, phârainṭha-î. Phanjâh naryân bashkāṭha-î; phanjâh khawâh âbreshamî dî dâṭha-î; phanjâh thangavênkâtâr dâṭha-î. Gwashta-î, 'Eṭharâ bashkān, Gandâvagh Mithav deh dî ṭhai jāgîr on, ki tho saken mard e.' Guḍâ Lashâri âkhto nishta Gandâvaghâ, Mithavâ, Jhalâ. Dâṭn Lashâri hamodhâ nishta; Maghassî ṭhi bâz kaum ânhî shâkh ant.

Rind nishta Sevî Dhâḍarâ. Guḍâ Zunû bând khuṭha go Lashâriâ. Ya rosheâ Zunûâr Châkurâ gwashta, ki 'Chaṭî mañ ṭharâ deân, bând bozh.' Lak rūpiâ dâṭha-î. Bând bokhta-î Lasharîeghâ.

Wakhtâ ki Châkurâ Lashâri bând azh Mughalân bokhta, shafâ janân chakhâ pahrâ dâṭha-ish. Guḍâ yashafâ khase go mâiân gandagh khuṭha. Bânghavâ mâiân gwashta, ki 'Hawcñ mard Baloch nayaut, Leghâr ant.' Shâñ wakht ânhî nâm Leghârî bîṭha, ki kaum Leghârî ch'eshiyâ bîṭha. Dohmî shafâ

and gave them battle; and they defeated the king's army. Then the king sent for Bakar and rewarded him. He made him a gift of fifty horses, fifty silken scarves and fifty golden daggers. He said to him, 'These I give to you, and the land of Gandâva and Mithav shall be your *jâgîr*, for you are a mighty man.' Then came the Lashâris back and settled in Gandâva, Mithav and Jhal. Till the present day the Lashâris have dwelt there, and the Maghassîs and many other tribes are branches of them.

But the Rinds dwelt in Sevî and Dhâḍar. And Zunû took women as hostages from the Lashâris. One day Châkur said to Zunû, 'I will pay the ransom, let the hostages go.' And he paid him a *lîlh* of rupees. Then Zunû released the Lashâri women.

When Châkur released the Lashâri women who were hostages from the Mughals, at night he set a guard over the women. One night some one of the guard acted evilly towards the women. In the morning the women said, 'This man is not a Baloch, he is a Leghâr (foul).' From that time he was known as Leghârî, and the Leghârî tribe is descended from him. The

pahrâ bîṭṭha Drîshake. Shafâ haurâ gwarṭha. Guḍâ hawâṇ Drîshak tambû zurtho oshtâṭṭhaghant; khafaghâ nishta-ish mâiân chakhâ. Banghavâ mâiân Châkurâ phol khuṭṭa, 'Doshî chacho en pahrâ bîṭṭha shawâ chakbâ?' Gwashta-ish, 'Doshî Thangaveṇ Rind aṭṭant.' 'Shân roshâ Drîshak, 'Thangaveṇ Drîshak' khanantî.

Guḍâ aghadî Châkurâ miṛaṭṭha go Zunû. Zunû waṭṭ Châkurâ khushta, urd bhorainṭha-i.

Wakhtâ ki Rind Lashârî jang phawathân khanaghatant, rosheâ Châkur akhto khapta Gohar halkâ ya-avzariyâ. Guḍâ Gwaharâm sadḥ avzârânî go âkhtâ. Goharâ gwashta Mirâr, 'Maroshî Gwaharâm go tho miṛîṭṭh; tho chaṛ baro.' Châkur chaṛiṭṭha, guḍâ ghoṛo rikhta pha dimâ Gwaharâmeghâ. Sarâ ki bîṭṭha gon-khaptaghanti. Rosh er-khapto shuṭṭha. Guḍâ Dilmalikh Rindâ gwar âkhto Gwaharâm mihmân bîṭṭha. Dilmalikh sakyâ bhâgyeṇ marde aṭṭ. Sadḥ gurâṇḍ khushta-i mehmânî khuṭṭha-i. Sadḥ gwâlâgh dên ârtho phirentṭha-i.

next night Drîshak was on guard. In the night rain fell. Then that Drîshak stood holding up the tent and did not let it fall on the women. In the morning Châkur asked of the women, 'Last night what sort of guard was there over you?' They said, 'Last night there was a Golden Rind.' Since that day they call the Drîshaks 'Golden Drîshaks.'

After this again there was war between Châkur and Zunû. Zunû himself was slain by Châkur, and his army defeated.

While the Rinds were at war with the Lashâris, one day Châkur happened to come to Gohar's village, riding alone. Then came Gwaharâm with a hundred horsemen. Gohar said to the Mir, 'Gwaharâm will fight with you to-day; ride away.' Then Châkur rode off and the band of Gwaharâm's horsemen pursued him. He was ahead but they came up to him. Just then the sun set. Then Gwaharâm went and became a guest with Dilmalikh Rind. Dilmalikh was a very wealthy man. He slew a hundred sheep and entertained them. He brought a hundred sacks of corn and threw them down there. Then when

Gudâ gozhd ki grâstha-i, sadh thâlî lâfâ hawân sadheñ gurân-dânî dumbagh yakhe yakhe mâu-khutha-i. Sadh chûrî sweth-ganeñ har yakhe dumbagh chakhâ tumbitho ishta-i. Gudâ Gwaharâmâ gwashta, 'Gind, Lashârîân, Rindânî kirrân.' Lashârîân jawâb tharentha, ki 'sadhew gwâlaghân dî mâ phujân, sadh gurând dî mâ khushûn, ya handâ sadh swo'-ganeñ chûrî azh mâ pajdâ na bî.' Gudâ Dilmalikh âkhta pha Gwaharâm ninda-ghâ. Gwaharâmâ gwashta, ki 'Dilmalikh, tho sadh chûrî ashkoh ârtha?' Gwashta-i, 'Lohâre mâu birâdhar en. Shazh mâhâ manân phanjâh chûrî khârîth dâth, mâu leawe ânhiyâr bandân deân. Hawân phanjâh Rindân bahr-khanûn deân. Oî shazhmâhî er-khuthaghiyâth, bahr na khuthaghâñ, dohmi phanjâh dî âkhta, gudâ sadh phawânkâ bîthaghant.'

Gudâ Dilmalikh Rindâ zurtha shart, mâl theglâ barainthî; gudâ bîtha horghen. Rosho âkhta Rinde halkâ mihmân bîtha. Halk-wâghâ edhâ niyâth; logh-bânukhâ thaghard dâtha.

he had boiled the meat, he served up the tails of the hundred sheep on a hundred dishes one by one. And he brought a hundred white-handled knives and left one sticking in each sheep's tail. Then said Gwaharâm, 'Behold, O Lashâris, the dwellings of the Rinds.' The Lashâris answered and said, 'We can produce a hundred sacks of corn, and we can kill a hundred sheep, but we cannot show in one place a hundred white-handled knives.' Afterwards Dilmalikh came to visit Gwaharâm. Gwaharâm said, 'Dilmalikh, whence did you get those hundred knives?' He answered, 'I have a sworn-brother who is a blacksmith. Every six months he brings me fifty knives, and I give him a camel in exchange. The fifty knives I distribute among the Rinds. The last six months' knives were still lying by me, I had not distributed them when the next fifty came in, thus I had a hundred altogether.'

After this Dilmalikh Rind gambled, and lost all his wealth, and became empty. One day he came and put up at the village of a certain Rind. The master of the village was away, and the good wife gave him a mat to sleep on. The owner's

Guḍā māḍhin halk-wāzhāe basthageth. Māiā Dilmalikhār gwashta, ki 'Dāsā bar, māḍhin sāngā rem bur biyār, ki shuḍhī en māḍhin.' Rem ki buritho ārṭha-ī dast bīthaghant-ī hon; rem dī hon bīṭha. Bānghavā Dilmalikh shuṭha. Māt gindi ki rem khapta. Māḍhinā na wārṭha, ki remā hon mām-ākhta-ghant. Halk-wāzhā ki ākhta māiā hāl dāṭha-ī ki rem hon bīṭha. Halk-wāzhā gwashta, ki 'E mar Dilmalikh en ki doshī mihmān bītho rem buritha!'

Guḍā Dilmalikh hawēn sha'ar jaṭha.

Shartān malūkheṇ Dilmalikh  
Azh khonagh o kivarān burtha  
Brāṭhī payāfēn meravān,  
Dīmān Rindī deravān.

- 5 Rinde jane 'Nākho' khanant.  
Dāsān ma dastān deant,  
Remā malūkheṇ Dilmalikh

mare was tied up there. The good wife said to Dilmalikh, 'The mare is hungry, take this sickle and cut some grass and bring it for her.' When he had cut and fetched the grass his hands were bleeding, and the blood came off upon the grass. Next morning Dilmalikh departed. The good wife saw the grass lying there. The mare would not eat it, for there was blood on the grass. When the master came home the good wife told him how there was blood on the grass. Then he said, 'It was Dilmalikh who was last night the guest and cut the grass!'

Then Dilmalikh made this song :

- By gambling famous Dilmalikh  
Through malice and spite has been driven  
From the encampments of his noble brethren,  
From the assemblies and abodes of the Rinds.  
5 The Rind women call him 'Uncle.'  
They put sickles into his hands,  
And famous Dilmalikh goes forth

- Burî pha resheñ dâddavân.  
 Nî bilân manî phâdî-mozhaghî,  
 10 Thâseñ rikef o doravî ;  
 Ma phîsheñ sawâsân zom girant.  
 Manân kadro kumethânî nayath ;  
 'Mâ dâthân pha sunyeñ pheshaghân.  
 'Bhedî rangî bayân !

Guđâ Gwaharâmâ gwashta Dilmalikhârâ, 'Biyâ, Lashârî bî, tharâ zarân mâlâ bâz deân.' Dilmalikhâ phaso dâtha, ki  
 "Rindâ Hudhâ Lashâr na khant.  
 Musalmân Hindû na bî ;  
 Trag na zirî Kâfirî."

Yabare Haivtân, Jâro, Nodhbandagh, Mîr Hâu nishto kalâm khuṭṭha e'r'gâ, ki Haivtânâ gwashta, ki 'Khase dâchî go mañ bagû âwâr bî mañ khasâr tharâna na deân-i.' Jâro-â kalâm

- To cut grass for galled jades.  
 Now I give up my long boots  
 10 And my brazen stirrups,  
 And the sandals of dwarf-palm leaves make my feet  
 swell.  
 My understanding was not worthy of the bay (mares) ;  
 I have given them in exchange for a barren amusement.  
 Their story is in the coloured ankle-bones !\*

Then said Gwaharâm to Dilmalikh, 'Come now, become a Lashârî, and I will give you much money and cattle.' Dilmalikh retorted thus :

"God does not make a Rind into a Lashârî.  
 A Musalmân cannot a Hindû become,  
 Nor wear the cord of Heathendom !"

Once upon a time Haivtân, Jâro, Nodhbandagh and Mîr Hâu were sitting together, and each made a vow thus : (and) Haivtân said, 'If any one's camel gets mixed up with my herd I will not give it back.' Jâro's vow was this, 'I will kill any

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\* i.e., the ankle or knuckle-bones used for gambling.

khut̤ha, ki 'Ân ki mañ rishâ dast lâi, khushân-i; ân ki Haddehâr khushîth, âñhî dîkhushân': ki Haddeh birâdar aṭh-i. Noḍḥbandaghâ kalâm khut̤ha, ki "Zarân mañ dast na lân; suwâlî khâi chîe loṭi, deân-i, 'Na' na khanân." Mîr-Hânâ kalâm khut̤ha, 'Ân ki Rinden zâlâ mañ go mashkâ geñdân, âñhiyâr mañ molide bashkân.'

Ya roshe go Hudhâ biṭha leṛave Châkuregh Haivtân bagâ go âwâr biṭha. Haivtânâ sogav khut̤ha, gwashta-i, 'Tharâna na deân-i.' Rind much biṭhaghant, ki 'Mâ miṛûn go Haivtânâ; Châkur leṛo na daûn-i.' Châkurâ gwashta, ki 'Er'geñ leṛo chandî bhorainṭhaghan mazârân; er'geñ suwâlîân burṭhaghant. Mâ na miṛûn; bilân bârth-i.' Gudâ thî roshe biṭha Lashâriâ âkhto bag jathâ Châkure. Châkur khunî biṭha bag dimâ, burtho gon-dâṭha-i. Rind o Lashâri mañ-waṭhân miṛaṭhaghant; phrushta Rind. Rind ki tharṭha, Haivtân khunî biṭha Châkurâ

one who touches my beard with his hand, and whoever slays Haddeh him also will I slay : ' for Haddeh was his sworn-brother. And Noḍḥbandagh's vow was this, "I will never touch money; and if a petitioner comes and asks anything of me, I will give it to him, I will not say 'No.' " Mîr Hân's vow was this, 'If I see any Rind woman carrying a water-skin I will present her with a slave-girl.'

One day, as God willed, a camel of Mîr Châkur's got mixed with Haivtân's herd. Haivtân kept it and said, 'I will not give it back.' The Rinds gathered together saying, 'Let us fight with Haivtân; let us not give him Châkur's camel.' But Châkur said, 'Many such camels have been killed by tigers; many such have been given to those who asked for them. Let us not fight, let him take it.' Again another day it happened that the Lashâris came and carried away a herd of Châkur's camels. Châkur pursued after the herd and overtook them. The Rinds and Lashâris fought together, and the Rinds were-beaten. When the Rinds returned after Châkur, Haivtân set out in pursuit: he over-

phadhâ, gon-dâtha-i: go Lashâriâ mirâtha, bhorentâ-i Lashâri, bag zitha-i, burthâ-i wathî loghâ. Rind sambartha, ki 'E bag Châkureghen, mâ na daññ Haivtânâr.' Agha Châkurâ gwashta, 'E hawân bagen, doiman baraghañhant-i. Nî ki Haivtânâ zithaghañt, bilân Haivtânâ gwar bant. Roshe harbâo main kârâ lâfâ ravant. Azh doimanâ main brâthân gwar jawânthar ant.'

Jâro hâl hamesh en, ki Châkur dî Jâro dî rosheâ nishtaghañt kachehriâ. Châkurâ dâiâr gwashta, ki 'Jâro bachhâ zîr biyâr.' Dâiâ Jâro bachhâ ârtha. Châkurâ gwashta dâiâr, ki 'Zîr dai Jâroâr kutâ.' Jâroâ gwashta, 'Dâi! main neghâ mayâr-i.' Châkurâ gwashta, 'Na, dâi, bar dai.' Guḍâ ârtho dâtha dâiâ Jâroâr man kutâ. Guḍâ chhorav levâ khanâna dast Jâroâ rishâ mân-âkhta-i. Jâroâ bâuzrâ gipta bachheghâ kâtâr khashto, jathâ-i bachhâ man sarenâ, khushtha-i. Gwashta 'Biyâ, dâi, nî bar-i, Châkur bilân khush bî.'

took the Lashâris, fought with them, defeated them, took away the herd from them and brought it back to his home. Then the Rinds prepared to fight, saying, 'This is Châkur's herd, let us not give it to Haivtân.' But again Châkur said, 'This is the same herd that my enemies were carrying off. Now that Haivtân has recovered it, let him keep it. Some day no doubt it will be of use to me. It is better that my brethren should have it than my enemies.'

This is the story of Jâro, that one day Châkur and Jâro were sitting in the assembly. Châkur said to the nurse, 'Bring Jâro's son here.' The nurse brought Jâro's son. Then Châkur said to the nurse, 'Put him in Jâro's lap.' Jâro said, 'Nurse, do not bring him near me.' But Châkur said, 'No, nurse, bring him.' So the nurse brought him and set him on Jâro's knee. Then while the boy was playing his hand touched Jâro's beard. Jâro seized the child's arm, drew his dagger and plunged it into his loins and killed him. Then he said, 'Come now, nurse, take him away; let Châkur be happy.'

Aghadi Châkurâ gwashta Haddehârâ, ki 'Tho Jâroâ rîshâ dastâ lâ; tharâ kî khushîth, guḍâ waṭhâr dî khushîth, kalâm drogh bîth-î, râst bîth-î.' Roshe Jâroâ Haddeh mâdhn thâkh-tagbant. Haddeh mâdhn gwashta, gwashtiyâ dast lâitha-ish Jâro rîshâ. Sai chyâr mâh gwasthagbant; guḍâ Jâro Haddeh dî gon-gikhta, Shâho dî gon-gikhta, (ki waṭhî gohârâkht-aṭh). Shthagbant galagh bastho, drashke bunâ waptagbant. Nî ki Haddeh whâv shuṭha, guḍâ Jâroâ gwashta Shâhoârâ, ki 'Jane zahmâ Haddehârâ.' Jaṭha Shâhoâ zahm, Haddeh khushta-î. Jâroâ gwashta, 'Nî khadâ phatṭe, phûrân-î.' Guḍâ gwashta-î, 'Nî do mardî khadê bî ki Haddeh manân dost aṭh.' Nî ki Shâhoâ khad phatṭha, guḍâ Jâro jaṭha zahm Shâhoârâ, khushta-î. Hardo phûrithagbant, tharṭha waṭhî handâ. Haddeh ki tharṭho niyâkhta Châkurâ gwashta, 'Haddeh ki gâreâ mai shu'ar shaghân janân-î.'

Châkur Shaihak gushî; Jâro rîshânî giragh rosh gushî; Haddeh khosh gushî :

Again, Châkur said to Haddeh, 'Touch Jâro's beard with your hand. If he kills you he must kill himself also; we will see whether he breaks his vow or keeps it?' One day Jâro and Haddeh were racing their mares. Haddeh's mare won, and in passing he touched Jâro's beard with his hand. Three or four months passed, and then Jâro took with him Haddeh and Shâho, (who was his own sister's son). They went out and tied up their horses, and lay down under a tree. As soon as Haddeh went to sleep Jâro said to Shâho, 'Slay Haddeh with your sword.' Then Shâho struck Haddeh a blow of his sword and killed him. Then Jâro said, 'Now dig a hole and we will bury him.' He also said, 'Let it be a hole large enough for two men, for Haddeh was my friend.' As soon as Shâho had dug the hole Jâro struck him with his sword and killed him. He buried them both and returned to his home. When Haddeh did not return with him Châkur said, 'I will make a song taunting him because Haddeh is missing.'

Châkur son of Shaihak sings, about the day of touching Jâro's beard, of the slaughter of Haddeh he sings:



- O Mughal sanj khañ naryânâ,  
 Âhûâ sher gûmbazenâ.  
 Zen trunden Ârabîyâ,  
 Thank nazîkheñ biginâr ;  
 5 Dàn mañ khârân hiyâle.  
 Rind mañ khoheñ kilâtant,  
 Khushtagheñ Rindân galo nest :  
 Hardo demâ jân dârî.  
 Lev chitoy kharoân  
 10 Jâro dî kârch kâtâr jukhtaghiyâ.  
 Go nyân-bandân jaḥhiyâ,  
 Brinjaneñ rish giptaghiyâ,  
 Haddehâ pha zor gipta.  
 Guḍâ Jâro Jalamb gushî : Châkur phasave dâtḥ gushî :  
 Gozh de, o khandeñ Mazîdo,  
 O Mazîdo, bange hâleñ ;  
 Bange hâl o bâz khiyâleñ.

- O Mughal, saddle your steed,  
 As swift as deer or tiger.  
 Saddle your fiery Arab,  
 And bring him close to me ;  
 5 That I may tell you my thoughts  
 The Rinds are my hills and forts,  
 But for a slain Rind there is no way open .  
 On both sides his life is shut in.  
 Because he stood up in sport  
 10 Jâro slew him with his companion.  
 With knife and dagger he slew them both,  
 Because his curled beard was touched,  
 Because Haddoh seized it roughly.  
 Then Jâro son of Jalamb sang ; in reply to Châkur he  
 sang :  
 Listen, O smiling Mazîds,  
 Listen to this strango tale ;  
 This strange tale in many words.

- 5 Drogh ma bant, Châkur Nawâveñ  
 Drogh ma bant, ki drozhi na bai ;  
 Drogh azh dathânâ darrâ bî.  
 Azh zawânâ bai sharrenâ.  
 Râsten, o Mîr mangelhâni.  
 Râsten, o Châkur Nawâveñ.  
 10 Mañ brinjanen rîsh giptaghîyâ.  
 Azh mâ p'hawen sâhe giptan,  
 Azh wathî gudî miyârân,  
 Azh khenaghiâni shaghânâ,  
 Roshe Haddeh o Shâho bidîtha  
 15 Dîr loghan mañ dighâren.  
 Gon aṭhi sândeñ khamâne,  
 Jâbaho phur azh thanga,  
 Thegh nokh sâj barûkh aṭh,  
 Kârch kâtâr jukhtaghîyâ ;  
 20 Go nyân-bandâ jathiyâ.

- Speak not falsely, O Châkur Nawâb ;  
 5 Speak not falsely, that you be not held a liar.  
 Let falsehood be outside your teeth.  
 Be noble with your tongue.  
 Be true, O exalted Mîr.  
 Be true, O Châkur Nawâb.  
 10 My curled beard was seized.  
 By this my life was taken from me,  
 For my own double shame,  
 For this malicious insult,  
 One day saw both Haddesh and Shâho  
 15 In their homes away in the earth.  
 He had with him his bow,  
 His quiver filled with gold,  
 His sword with new scabbard.  
 He was slain with his companion ;  
 20 Both of them with knife and dagger.

Pha dil kâma khuth o khisht.  
 Haddeh tîlhâna niyâkhta,  
 Phophul o hîrân warâna,  
 25 Gwar janân chyâr-kullaghenâ,  
 Gwar Châkur durren gohârâ,  
 Gwar Banarî nek-zanenâ,  
 Thankhen amzâne na nishta.  
 Haddehâ phol ma dighârâ :  
 Haddeh dighârâ du marden.

Nodhbandagh Lashâri kissav ohhoi bîtha. Nodhbandagh Châkurâ gwân'-jatho hurjin zare phurkhutho dâtha-i. Hurjinâ sheri phalawâ tung khuthaghant, ki zar darkhasth, Nodhbandagh dast lâth-ish. Chastho Nodhbandagh rawân bîtha, mādhin chakhâ hurjin dâtha. Shutha-i juzâna, zar raptaghant rishâna: dast nalâsth-i, zar thewaghâ rikhto shuthaghant. Demâ jangale sâkûre chinagheh. Nodhbandaghâr lottha-ish, "Nodh-

For their hearts' pleasure they were killed and left there.  
 Haddeh never came home returning  
 Eating betel and cardamoms,  
 To the women in their four-sided huts,  
 25 To Châkur's fair sister,\*  
 To Banarî, best of women,  
 Nor sat with her in close embrace.  
 Seek for Haddeh in the ground :  
 Haddeh is in the ground in a double grave.

The story of Nodhbandagh Lashâri is as follows. Châkur once sent for Nodhbandagh and gave a pair of saddle-bags full of money. In the bottom of the bags he made a hole, so that the money might drop out and Nodhbandagh might touch it. Nodhbandagh threw the bags across his mare's back and rode away. As he went on, the money kept dropping out, but he did not touch it, and the whole of the money dropped out. In front of him was a band of women gathering tamarisk-galls. They said to Nodhbandagh, 'O Nodhbandagh, your name

\* Haddeh was married to Banarî, sister of Mîr Châkur.

bandagh, thaî nâm ni Zar-zuwâl bîth; mâr ohîe dai." Nodhbandaghâ gwashta, "Shâ maîn mâdhin randâ zurthiyâ baraweth, har ohî shâr phakar bî, zîreth, bareth." Mâian zurtho much khuthaghant-i, burthâ-ish. Shedh-demâ Nodhbandagh nâm Zar-zuwâl bîthâ. Guḍâ Nodhbandagh brâthân âqhi sarâ zahr gipta, gwashta-ish, "Nodhbandagh, tho wathî thewaghen mâl bahr-khane; ohîe bil dai, nawân go tho mâl chî na bî." Guḍâ Nodhbandaghâ phasawe hawen sha'ar jaṭha.

Kungurân, o kungurân !

Kungur jareñ brâhondaghân !

Gâle gazirân âvurṭha :

Aiv pharâ haisî sarâ.

5 Choshâ mañ gindân zâhirâ,

Zulm pharâ be-dâdḥihâ.

Drust dafâ rîsh âvurṭha ;

Nâmard rîsh jahl khutha,

Khond o khuriyân gwâh-khutha,

is now Gold-scatterer ; give something to us.' Nodhbandagh said, 'Follow in my mare's track, and pick it up, and take away whatever you need.' The good women picked up and collected the money and carried it off. Thereafter Nodhbandagh bore the name of Gold-scatterer. Then Nodhbandagh's brethren were very angry, and they said to him, 'Nodhbandagh, you will divide the whole of your property ; leave something, or you will become quite destitute.' Then Nodhbandagh answered them, and made this song :

O mankind, mankind !

Foolish generation of men !

The misers have uttered a speech :

They have laid an offence upon my head.

5 So I see manifestly,

They have injured an innocent man.

All men wear beards on their faces ;

But the unmanly wear their beards below,

They show them on their knees and heels

- 10      Change avur gaukh phadhā.  
           Mardā hawen vās na khuth,  
           Beronaghen mar gwar janān,  
           Choshen ki chūrf kukkuren  
           Jant-i nasoā ma sarā.
- 15      Nindith grehī phagurā,  
           Āhān ki khashī phar dasā.  
           Go mā sakhien meraven,  
           Go mā bakhlien jheraven,  
           Jherant hanchosh gushant,
- 20      Sutā karīrā res-deant.  
           “ Māl na bī pha Nodhbandaghā !  
           Phul na zāī ma mausimā !  
           Shazh māho phuren nokh sarā  
           Zāith niyārī khuraghān.”
- 25      Nī nādhān āthant jauren badhān.  
           Zī pha shaghānā na khāfān.

- 10      And some on the nape of their necks  
           No man has ever undergone such disgrace,  
           As a man dishonoured among the women,  
           Striking them as a hen does her chickens  
           When she strikes them on the head with her beak.
- 15      But a man sits near a woman, and weeps,  
           And brings forth deep sighs from his mouth.  
           With me the generous assomble,  
           With me the violent quarrel  
           They quarrel, and thus they say,
- 20      Turning away their faces from me,  
           “ Nothing will be left with Nodhbandagh !  
           Phul\* will not bring forth in due season !  
           In six months at full moon  
           She will not bring forth, nor bear a foal.”
- 25      Now foolish were my bitter foes !  
           Nor am I liable to the taunts of yesterday.

\* Phul is the name of Nodhbandagh's mare.

- Agh mâ phaso phostî khuthên,  
 Mâl cho mughemâ melathên ?  
 Cho munkirâ yak-jâh khutha ?  
 30 Mâl Muhammada zir-aîh,  
 Haft-sadh hasht-sadh goramâ,  
 Bag girdagheû be-shon aîhant.  
 Shartân na dâtha hizhbare,  
 \* Bheûî rangoi bâyan.  
 35 Azh mâ na zîtha kâtulân :  
 Bungâh o grânen lashkarân.  
 Dâtha bi nâme Kâdirâ,  
 Bi momin o whânindaghân,  
 Barâ asilen dârgurâ.  
 40 Sohâ larisân warân ;  
 Biyâyant ghâzi whazh-dilâ,  
 Whazh-dil manî nâm giraut.

- If I were skinning my sheep and goats,  
 How many of the greedy would there assemble ?  
 Of the stingy how many would be gathered together ?  
 30 I possessed the wealth of Muḥammad.\*  
 Seven or eight hundred herds of cattle  
 And herds of camels without number were grazing  
 round about.  
 I have never gambled at any time,  
 Nor is their story in the coloured ankle-bones.  
 35 Cheats did not take them from me,  
 Nor the assembly of mighty armies.  
 But I gave them away in the Creator's name.  
 I gave them to pious men and reciters of the Qurân,  
 And to the poor dwelling in the wilderness.  
 40 At morning-tide they eat their fill,  
 The warriors of the faith come with glad hearts,  
 With glad hearts they take my name.

---

\* i.e., enormous wealth.

- Dâdî na lekân châdharâ,  
 Khes go khawâh o jâbahâ,  
 45 Mîrî mazaiñ thape lurâ :  
 Eshâna Ghâzî barant.  
 Sârî kafochî sai-sađhî,  
 Phar yak shafâ osâraghâ,  
 Sohî bi swâlî ân-burîha ;  
 50 Domb gushokhen langavân.  
 Jawânen sarî Rablâ lavân,  
 Shughrâ hame gâl khanân.  
 Choshen suwâlfe miyâñh ;  
 Biyâñh o ma lotî amrishâ,  
 55 Ki "baufâ go hâñhîne khasha."  
 E dâdanî chîe niyâñ !  
 Khaule manân cho Omarâ,  
 Cho Omarâ khaule manân.  
 Man bashkaghe band na bân :

- In giving I take no count of sheets,  
 Of scarves, silken overcoats or quivers,  
 45 Or of my wide-wounding sword Mîrî :  
 These the Ghâzîs carry away.  
 A striped shawl worth three hundred (rupees),  
 Worn for but one night,  
 In the morning is taken away by the asker,  
 50 By a Domb, a singing minstrel.  
 Good men praise God,  
 And render thanks to him for this.  
 But let not such a petitioner come to me ;  
 Let no one come and ask me for my wife,  
 55 And say, 'Bring forth pillows and a lady fair.'  
 For of such gifts there are none to be had !  
 A promise is to me as to Omar,\*  
 As to Omar is a promise to me.  
 I will not be stopped from giving :

\* 'Umar, the companion of Muḥammad.

- 60      Band bîaghe marde niyân.  
           Har chi ki khâf ash Kâdhirâ,  
           Sadh ganj be-aiv darâ,  
           Zîrân pha râsten Chambavâ,  
           Barân avo karch sarâ,  
 65      Nî bahr khanân go hâdhirâ.  
           Nelân khanân pha phadhâ;  
           Gudâ manî brâth bingaven,  
           Brâzâkht o brâth mângenvân,  
           Kahar bant âptiyâ girant,  
 70      Mirât milk johaghâ,  
           Nodhbandaghâ mâl sarâ!

Phadhî roshâ Châkurâ Dombé shastâtha-f, ki "Baro Nodhbandaghâr sha'ar khân; gudâ Nodhbandagh ash tho pholâ khant, 'Tho chí loté?' Tho hawên suwâlâ khane, ki 'Jar harchî tha-fjinde, thaî zâle, thaî loghâ, kullâ manân dai.'"

Dombâ shuthosha'arkhutha Nodhbandaghârâ; Nodhbandaghâ

- 60    I am not a man to be stopped.  
       Whatever comes to me from the Creator,  
       A hundred treasures without blomish,  
       I will take with my right hand,  
       I will cut with my knife,  
 65    I will deal out with my whole heart.  
       I will let nothing be kept back;  
       For then my young brothers,  
       My nephews and my grieving brethren,  
       Would quarrel among themselves,  
 70    As to the partition of my inheritance and wealth,  
       And regarding the property of Nodhbandagh!

Next day Châkur sent a Dombé, saying, "Go to Nodhbandagh and recite a poem to him; then he will ask you what you want. Upon this make this request, 'Give me all your own clothes, and all your wife's clothes and all the clothes that are in your house.'"

The Dombé went and recited a poem to Nodhbandagh, and



pholkhutha-i, 'Domb! tho chí loṭe?' Dombâ gwashta, 'Wâzhâ! Maîn suwâl hamesh eâ, ki jar ki thaî jindegh-ant, thaî zâleghe-ant thaî logh-ant, kullâ manân dai.' Nodhbandaghâ gwashta, ki 'Tho wathî phushtî manân dai, maû wathî jaran kullân tharâ deâû.' Domb phushtî gipto khotagh khutha-i; neme wathî jânâr khutha-i, neme zâlâr dâṭha-i; kullân jârân ki loghâ aṭhant Dombâr dâṭha-i: logh azh jarâ i horg bîṭha. Shafâ waptaghant loghâ hardo. Nemshaf bîṭha le-ave âkhto Nodhbandagh logh demâ jhukitha go bârâ phajyâ. Zâlâ gwashta, ki 'Lerave maîn logh gallâ jhukithagheñ, bâr dî chakh en-i.' Nodhbandaghâ gwashta, 'Tho dafâ baro, bo gir-i. Bo thauzh khâith-i, kharo khan, bil-i; kutûrî bo-en-i, guḍâ manân gwân' jan, maû bâr bozhân-i, ki Huzûrâ dâṭha-i.' Bo ki gipta zâlâ, katûrîeghe-en-i. Guḍâ Nodhbandaghâ bâr bokhta dîṭha-i theghî jarâû dokhtiyâ thâṭhiyâ bâr lâfâ mân ant, mardeghoñ zâlegheñ. Wathî dî khutha-ish, zâlâr dî dâṭha-ish. Bânghavâ kachehrâ âkhta

Nodhbandagh said, 'Dom, do you want anything?' The Dom said, 'My lord, my petition is this give me all your own clothes, and all your wife's and all that are in your house.' Nodhbandagh said, 'Give me your sheet, and I will give you all my clothes.' He took the Dom's sheet and divided it. With half he clothed himself, and half he gave to his wife: then he gave all the clothes that were in the house to the Dom, so that there were none left in the house. It was empty. At night they both lay down in the house to sleep. At midnight a camel came and sat down before Nodhbandagh's house with its load. The good wife said, 'A camel has stopped at our door, and there is a load upon it.' Nodhbandagh said, 'Go to its mouth and smell it. If it has a sour smell, make it rise and let it go: if it has a sweet smell, then call me to take off its load, for Heaven has sent it.' The good wife smelt it, and it had the smell of musk. Then Nodhbandagh opened the bales, and saw that they contained garments of every sort for men and women, all sewn and made up. So he clothed himself and gave of them to his wife. In the morning he came to

Châkuregh. Châkurâ gwashta, ki 'Nodhbandagh, tho be-shakk Zar-zuwâl e.'

Mîr HÂN kalâm kissav hame-r'gâ en. Zâl dîḡhaganti go mashkâû, havd-gist molid bashkâṡha-î. Ya roshe Rindân gwashta, 'Tho havd-gist molid bashkâṡha-î; demâ khase ki ginde go mashkâ kharâ gîr de, molidâ ma bashk.' Shedḡ-demâ gudâ khar bashkâṡhagant-î: kharâni shumâr nenî chikhtar bashkâṡhagant.

Châkurâ sî sâlâ go Lashârîâ jang khutḡha. Gudâ pha-wathân Rind Lashârî hair khutḡha. Châkur shahr Sevi aṡh, hamodha kilât joritha-î. Sîsâl phadhâ zahr gipto Sevi ishta-î, laḡitha Sindh phalwâ. Ân rosh ki Sevi khishta, hawen sha'ar Gwaharâmâr phasave dâṡho gwashta-î.

Bilân mar-lawâshen Sovi

Gauren sadhâni margâvi !

Jâme Nindavâ bhattiyâ.

Sai roshân Baharâm neghâ.

Châkur's assembly. Châkur said, 'Nodhbandagh thou art without doubt the Gold-scatterer.'

And the story of Mîr HÂN is on this wise. He saw the Rind women carrying water-skins, and gave them seven-score of female slaves. One day the Rinds said to him, 'You have now given one hundred and forty slave girls: henceforth when you see any woman carrying a water-skin give her a donkey and not a slave-girl.' So from this time forth he gave them donkeys, and there is no counting the number of donkeys he gave.

Châkur's war with the Lashârîs lasted for thirty years. After this the Rinds and Lashârîs made peace together. Châkur's town was Sevi, and he built a fort there. After the thirty years had passed in his wrath he left Sevi, and marched towards the Indus. On the day he left Sevi he made this song in answer to Gwaharâm.

I will leave man devouring Sevi !

Curses on my infidel foes !

For three days shall Jâm Nindâ from his oven

(Distribute bread) in honour of Bahrâm (slain).

- 5        Sisâi uvt o uzhmârâ  
        Jân-jebhavân jangiyâ :  
        Thegh azh balgavâ honenâ ;  
        Chotân cho kamândî boghân,  
        Jukhtân na nashant lârenâ.
- 10       Warnâyân du-mandîlenâ  
        Lad ma deravân na rusthant :  
        Ârifeñ phithî sar-sâyân :  
        Misk ma barûtân na mushtant :  
        Whard dumbaghân meshânî :
- 15       Karwâlî sharâb sharr joshant !  
        Shâhân pha nishân yakhe nest !  
        Drustân wârthaghân hindiyân :  
        Theghân pharâhân ziverenân :  
        Shartân dâthaghân shîmenân :
- 20       Bachakî lawar lânziyâ !  
        Gwaharâm muzheñ Gandâvagh :
- 5       For thirty years, for ever, shall there be war  
        With the men of giant size :  
        Nor shall my sword be clean from blood-stains ;  
        I will bend it like jointed sugarcane,  
        So that through crookedness it will not go into the  
              sheath.
- 10       The youths wearing two turbans  
        Do not rise up from their dwellings to sport :  
        They dwell in the shadows of their fathers :  
        They rub no musk on their moustaches :  
        Their food is fat-tailed sheep :
- 15       They boil strong liquor in their stills !  
        There is not one bearing the marks of a ruler !  
        They have all eaten their weapons :  
        The broad swords are bitter to them :  
        They have gambled away their heads.
- 20       They have childrens' sticks in their hands !  
        Let Gwaharâm stay in dusty Gandâva :

- Singhe ma zirih phirent̃ha !  
 Mâchiya lawashta lanjâith̃ ;  
 All o Wali druh-dârâñ,  
 25 Bag girdagheñ be shoneñ ;  
 Yâki kilâta beroneñ,  
 Hâgh kâvalî Turkânâñ,  
 Rind bâragheñ borânâñ.  
 Gwabhârâm azh dude hande bî ;  
 30 Ne gor bî ne Gandâvagh.

Châkur ki Seviâ dar khapta Sangsîla Syahâf dagâ rawân  
 bîtha. Sangsîla nazikhâ khohe sarâ otak khutha-î, shodhâ  
 Sevi phalawâ ditha-î. Dañ maroshî Châkur-mârî nâm-en-î.  
 Gudâ laḍiṭha Châkurâ shamodhâ, Haivtân tharṭho shuthâ,  
 nishta Linî. Rind gwastha demâ: gudâ Haivtânâ jang khutha  
 go Rindâ. Rind ki Multânâ âkhta, gudâ Mîr Châkurâ gwashta,  
 'Khasê eñ ki tharî ro jang jhandâ zîrîth̃ Haivtânâ ?' Khasâ  
 waldî na dâtha-î. Gudâ Mazârî Sardâr Bâḍhêlâ gwashta, 'Mâ

- A stone thrown into a well !  
 Mâchi has drunk blood ;  
 All and Wali are traitors.  
 25 The camel herds wander unclaimed ;  
 The rebels' fort is deserted,  
 Reduced to earth by tyrannous Turks,  
 And Rinds on high bred mares.  
 Gwabarâm will be driven forth from both places ;  
 30 He will own neither grave nor Gandâva !

When Châkur went forth from Sevi he travelled by way of  
 Sangsîla and Syahâf. Near Sangsîla he halted on a certain  
 mountain, and thence looked towards Sevi. Until the present  
 day this mountain is called Châkur-mârî (Châkur's palace).  
 Thence Châkur marched onwards, but Haivtân left him and  
 returned and settled at Linî. The Rinds passed on, and  
 Haivtân made war upon them. When the Rinds arrived at  
 Multân Mîr Châkur said, 'Is there anyone who will return  
 and raise the standard of war against Haivtân ?' But no one  
 replied. At last Bâḍhel, Chief of the Mazârîs, said, 'I will

zirân jang jhandâ.' Mazârî azh Tulumbâ thartho âkhta, gwashitho shuṭṭha Gorîâ Chaupânâ: Mazârîâ jang khuṭṭha hamodhâ go Haivtânâ.

Mîr Châkur Shaihak nâme bachb ath. Châkurâ Bijar gwân'-jansinṭha, Shaihak dî gon-dâṭha-i, ki 'Baroeth, Shaihakâ Str khane, biyâeth.' Gudâ emar shuṭṭho bokhtaghant Haivtân halk mazikhâ. Haivtân hirentho hardo Bijar di Shaihak dî khushta-ish. Bijare mazain rish ath. Rish buritho Bijare chaunî khuṭṭaghant-i Haivtânâ. Shaihak pahlî sihân jatṭho sajjî khuṭṭaghant-i. Gudâ Haivtânâ waṭṭi rish sâinthaghant, ki 'Cho ma vî ki main rish burant chaunî dî khanant-i.'

Mîr Châkur ân wakhtâ nishtaghetṭ Satgharâ. Bâdḥelâ avzâr shastâthghant phamodhâ, bal dâṭhaghant-i Châkurâr, ki 'Tho lashkarâ biyâr, Haivtân Linîâ nishtaghen' Gudâ Châkur o Mîrâ lashkar khuṭṭho âkhta Multânâ. Gudâ Bâdḥel thî avzâr shastâṭha. Sitpurâ tretthagant, Châkurâr hâl dâṭha-i kî Haivtânâ Linîâ nishtaghen. Gudâ chikṭha-ish lashkarâ,

raise the standard.' Then the Mazârîs returned from Tulumbâ, and passed on to Gorî and Chaupân, and there they made war upon Haivtân.

Mîr Châkur had a son named Shaihak. Châkur called Bijar to him, and sent Shaihak with him saying, 'Go and arrange a marriage for Shaihak, and return.' So they went, and encamped near Haivtân's village. Haivtân attacked and defeated them and slew both Bijar and Shaihak. Bijar had a very long beard. Haivtân cut it off and made himself a swish (for flies) of it. And Shaihak's ribs he stuck on spits and made roast meat of them. Then Haivtân shaved off his own beard, 'Lest,' he said, 'they cut off my beard also, and make a swish of it.'

At that time Mîr Châkur had settled at Satgharâ. Bâdḥel sent a horseman there and gave the news to Châkur saying, 'Haivtân is at Linî, bring up your army.' Then Châkur and Mîr collected their army and came to Multân. Then Bâdḥel sent another horseman. He met them at Sitpur and told Châkur that Haivtân was still at Linî. Then they led up the

mân rikhta-ish ; Haivtân jindâ phadâṭha, bâzen mard khushta-i, shahr lutṭha-i. Haivtân dīmâ ghoṛo rikhta. Guḍâ Haivtân drikh-dâṭha ma gaṛ lāfâ, ki nām Gogaṛ aṭhi ; hamodhâ khapto murṭha. Gwârân Sargānī er-khapto shuṭha gaṛ lāfâ ; Haivtân saghar buritho aṭha-i, Châkurâr dâṭha-i. Khopar buritho mazhg khashto, guḍâ khopar nughra marhainto Châkurâ bhangav pyâlo thâinṭha-i. Guḍâ Bijar o Shaihak hon gipto tharṭho âkhta Châkur Satgharâ. Bâz Rind tharṭho âkhta Derav dehâ, demâ n. shuṭha. Deravâ Dodâi nishta, ki asul azh Doda Sâtha-Somrâ bīṭha-i. Dodâ hâl hamesh aṭh, ki Sâhle Rindâ ânhiyâr waṭhī jinkh sirâ dâṭha : shânhiyâ Dodâi bīṭha.

Akhtaghâ Dodâ 'sh-ângurâ pâhrâ,  
 Sukhtaghiyâ go dakhtagheñ rahnâ :  
 Sâhleâ dast ma chotavâ shipta,

army and took the place by storm. Haivtân himself fled, and many men were killed, and they plundered the town. The horsemen pursued after Haivtân. The Haivtân leapt into a chasm, the name of which is Gogaṛ, and there he fell and died. Gwârân Sargānī went down into the chasm, and cut off Haivtân's head and brought it and gave it to Châkur. Châkur cut the skull and took out the brains, and then had the skull mounted in silver, and made a *bhang-cup*\* of it. Then, having avenged the blood of Bijar and Shaihak, Châkur turned again to Satgharâ. Many Rinds returned to the land of Derâ (Ghâzi Khân) and would go no further. At Derâ lived the Dodâis, who were sprung from Doda of the Sâtha-Somrâ tribe. Dodâ's story was this. Sâhle Rind gave him his daughter in marriage, and from him the Dodâis were descended.

Dodâ came from the other side,  
 All burnt up with patched rags on him ;  
 Sâhle laid his hand upon his hair

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\* See Vol. II., p 290.

Phusagh azize nighâh dâshta.  
 Sâhleâ dramânî Mudho dâtha,  
 Pha jan sângâ mar Baloch bîtha;  
 Daur Mudhoâ gwar Dodavâ dîtha.

Mîr Châkur wakhtâ Dodâi Sardâr Sohrâv ath. Châkurâ anhiyâr gwashta, ki 'Ânmar ki tharî khâi tho go anhiyâ mir.' Gudâ Dodâi go tharaghen Rindâ miratha. Ân Rind ki dema shuþha go Châkurâ bahr bahr bîthaghant, ân Jaghdal bîthaghant, ânki thartho âkhtaghant Baloch bîthaghant. Châkur gwastha demâ, Dilliâ shuþha Hamâû Bâdshâh go, ânwakhtâ ki Dillî jatho gipta-ish. Gudâ Mîr Châkur azh Dilliâ thartho, nishta Satgharâ; hamodhâ murþha. Ziârat didâin hamodhâ ant-i.

And saw in him an excellent son.  
 Sâhle gave him the fair Mudho  
 And for the woman's sake the man became a Baloch;  
 And with Mudho Dodâ obtained wealth also.

In Mîr Châkur's time Sohrâv was the Chief of the Dodâis. Châkur said to him, 'If any men come back, fight with them.' So the Dodâis made war on the Rinds who returned. Those Rinds who went on with Mîr Châkur have become divided and are now Jatts; but those who returned remained Baloches. Châkur went on to Dilli (Dehlî) with King Humâyûn, when he marched down and took Dillî. After that Mîr Châkur returned from Dillî, and settled at Satgharâ, and died there. His tomb is still there.

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## No. XXXVI.

### ISMÂ'IL KHÂN'S GRANDMOTHER, AS RELATED BY A BARD FROM JĀLANDHAR.

[According to the bards this tradition is familiar to all the people of Jhang and the neighbouring modern town of Maghiānā.]

[The story given here bears a close relationship to that given at pp. 177-181 of this volume, and is evidently meant to account for the care taken of the tomb of Hīr and Rānjhā near Jhang by the grandmother of the present Siyāl Rāis (Chief) Muḥammad Ismā'il Khān of Jhang, an act against the traditions of her tribe. The story of Hīr and Rānjhā is explained at p. 177 *ante*, and needs no further comment here.]

[Hakīm Jān Muḥammad, to whom the bards attribute the story, has been found to be still living. He says that it was Ismā'il Khān's mother, and not grandmother, to whom the stranger appeared, and that this occurred shortly before the commencement of the British rule in the Panjāb (1849 A.D.). He says also that he was present on the occasion and was then 18 years of age.]

[The family of the Siyāl Chiefs of Jhang is an old and illustrious one, but it first comes into prominence with the 18th Chief Walidād Khān, who consolidated its fortunes. He died in 1747 A.D. and was succeeded by his nephew 'Ināyatullah Khān, a man as able as himself, but overshadowed by the then rising Sikh power. He died in 1787 and was succeeded successively by his two sons Sultān Mahmūd Khān and Salūb Khān. They both came to an untimely end before 1790, when their relative Kabīr Khān who had married the widow of Salūb Khān and daughter of 'Umar Khān Siyāl, succeeded. He came of the line of Jahān Khān whose children had been ousted by Ghāzi Khān, grandfather of Walidād Khān, in the 17th century. This Chief was a man of mild character, and in 1801 abdicated in favour of his son Aḥmad Khān, who was succeeded successively by his sons 'Ināyat Khān in 1820 and the present Muḥammad Ismā'il Khān in 1839. After the days of 'Ināyatullah Khān the fortunes of the family sank to a very low point, from which they have been partially recovered by the loyalty of Muḥammad Ismā'il Khān to the British Crown.]

[The grandmother then of the present Chief was the wife of Kabīr Khān and daughter of 'Umar Khān, and is the heroine, so to speak, of this legend.]

#### TEXT.

Shahr Jhang vicch Jān Muḥammad Hakīm barā hai nāmī,  
Is peshe de kārān us dī izzat karen tamāmī.  
Darveshon se eh raghat rakhtā, haigā sidhā sādā.  
Ik riwāiat baiān kare, jo kahī sī is de dādā.



- 5 Ik musāfir ethe āiā, dasdā nek o kār;  
Kise se bin pūchhe-gachhe pahunchā Khān de ghār.  
Samāil Khān di dādī, yāro, is wakt si jīūndī.  
Dar par ā āwāz kartī, oh āī nīūndī nīūndī:  
Bolā : " Main hān hājī, Māī, haj te hun main āiā :  
10 Tere pās snehā sunke Hīr Rānjhā dā lāiā.  
"Chār wariān dā arsā guzrā main sā haj nūn giā.  
Ik tūfān jo āiā dāḍhā, jahāz sādā phat pīā.  
Aur Allāh de fazal wa karam te eh sabab ban giā :  
Ik takhtā de utte bandā baiṭhā hī rah giā.  
15 Do roze de, Māī. kaṇḍā takhtā pahunchā.  
Bāhir āke sāns le ā, na āgā pichhā sonchā.  
Jānde jānde mainūn, Māī, ik jhuggī nazar āī :  
Jeh de vichh bābū dekhiā, na dekhi koi māī.  
Khair, pichhe ik buḍḍhī āī, mamtā vichh oh mātā  
20 Kahne lāgī : ' Jam jam āiā, karam kitā, tūn dātā.'  
Dūdh pilāiā, khidmat kītī, puchhiā sārā hāl.  
Chir de pichhe buḍḍhā āiā, mahiān dā rukhwāl;  
Oh nūn sārā hāl sunākar, phir bolī oh nārī;  
' Eh hī merā hī khasam Rānjhū, main hān Hīr bichārī.'  
25 Kuchh dinān main othe rahiā, ārām buhut sā kitā.  
Dūdh dahī dī kamī nā, kaī main āiā chā pītā.  
Haj dihare nere āe, main hoiā udāsi :  
Rānjhā mainūn puchhan lāgū : ' Tahil nūn hoī khāsi ?'  
Main kahiā : ' Lāhaulwalā !\* kyā zikar es dā, wālī ?'  
30 Haj te mahrūm hān rahiā ; eh merī hur hāli.'  
Bolā : ' Tūn vī rakh tasalli, main vī haj hai karnā.  
Donoṅ kaṭṭhe haj karānge, āheṅ kyūn hai bharnā ?'  
Panjvīn othoṅ turke donoṅ jā pahunche Arfātān.  
Haj kitā ikatṭhā, donoṅ phir ā gae apne bātān.  
35 Chand roz de bād, jo mainūn hub-i-watan dokh dīnā.  
Yūsaf jehī nūn watan na bhūliā, main hān kaun kamīnā ?  
Khushī nāl un donoṅ uthoṅ mainūn rukhsat kariā.  
Rānjhe merā hatth pakar, chhanā kandhe lā dhariā.

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\* An abbreviation of ' *Lā haula wa lā kūrata illā b'illāh*, there is no strength or power but in God : ' an expression denoting horror.

- Chalte vele Hirā eh bolī : ' Jhang Shahr vichh jānā :  
 40 Merā eh snehān jāke Khānān ghar pahunchānā.  
 Asī tuhādī kī ganwāiā, sādīo bhālo pio ?  
 Roze tuhādī barkat paist, sādī badī chhaḍ dīo.  
 Har Jumerāt chirāgh jalāo sādē rozā jāke :  
 Bārān nidhān nau sidhān hosān tuhādē ghar din rāte.'"  
 45 Buddhī Māt us hājī nūn jo kuchh baniā dinā ;  
 Chirāgh jalāne us ne, yāro, zimme apne līnā.  
 Thorē der na guzrān, pāt jagir milī bahuterī.  
 Yā roṭī dī nāfat se, yā izzat hoī changerī.\*

## TRANSLATION.

In the City of Jhang there is a well known Physician  
 (called) Jān Muḥammad,  
 Whom all respect for his profession.  
 He cherishes religious mendicants and is a simple and  
 straightforward man.  
 He tells a tale that he heard from his grandfather.

- 5 Once a traveller came here, who seemed an honest man ;  
 Without asking (his way) of any one he went straight  
 to the Khān's (Chief's) house.  
 At that time Samā'il Khān's† grandmother was alive, my  
 friends.‡  
 He made a cry at the gate and she came and bowed  
 her head.  
 And he said : " I am a pilgrim, Mother, and have return-  
 ed from the pilgrimage (to Makkā),

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\* The bard here wound up his poem with eight lines devoted to personal abuse of the present Chief Muhammad Ismā'il Khān of Jhang, apparently because the Chief had not treated him with the consideration he thought fitting on some occasion. The lines are therefore omitted. It is a common practice for bards to vent personal spite in this way, and it is their power of doing so that has made them so powerful a body in Indian life.

† That is, the present Chief Muhammad Ismā'il Khān.

‡ Addressed to the audience.

- 10 Bringing thee a message from Hîr and Rânjhâ.  
 Four years ago I went on the pilgrimage (to Makkâ).  
 A violent storm arose and my vessel was wrecked.  
 By the grace and mercy of God I found this means  
 (of escape):  
 I sat on a plank and was saved.
- 15 In two days, Mother, the plank reached the shore.  
 I came out (of the sea) and took breath and had no  
 hope (in the world).  
 As I was walking along, Mother, I saw a hut:  
 In which I saw a good-man, but saw no good-wife (with  
 him).  
 But presently an old woman came, and respectfully the  
 good-wife
- 20 Said: 'Welcome, welcome, thou hast done us a kindness,  
 kind sir,'  
 She gave me milk and did me service and asked after me.  
 Presently an old man came, a keeper of buffaloes,  
 She told him all my story, and then she said:  
 'This is my husband Rânjhâ and I am poor Hîr.'
- 25 Some days I spent there in great comfort.  
 There was no lack of milk and curds and I had my fill.  
 As the opportunity for the pilgrimage was passing away  
 I became sorrowful;  
 Whereon Rânjhâ asked me if he lacked anything in his  
 service.  
 Said I: 'God forbid! who said so, my lord?'  
 30 I have missed the pilgrimage; this is my trouble'  
 Said he: 'Be at ease, I too must make the pilgrimage.  
 We two will make the pilgrimage together, so why  
 heave sighs?'  
 On the fifth day, we went thence and reached mount  
 'Arafât.\*  
 Doing the pilgrimage together we two returned to our  
 own country.

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\* The sacred hill near Makkâ.

- 35 After some days I had a desire to visit my home.  
 Yûsaf\* did not forget his home and I am but a poor mortal !  
 With kind courtesy they both gave me leave to depart thence,  
 Rânjhâ seized my hand and placed a cup beside me.  
 And when I was going Hîr said to me : ' Go to the City of Jhang,
- 40 And carry this message for me to the house of the Khân,† (and say) :  
 ' What harm we have done you, our brethren and parents?  
 Daily will your prosperity increase, if you will give up abusing us.  
 Do you light lamps every Thursday at our shrine,  
 And the twelve riches and the nine blessings‡ will be yours day and and night.' "
- 45 The old Lady§ gave the pilgrim all she could afford ;  
 And took upon herself to light the lamps, my friends.||  
 Before many days had passed (the family) obtained a great feof.  
 From a lack of bread they obtained great wealth.¶

\* Allusion to the Biblical (which is also the Musalmân) story of Joseph.

† *i.e.*, to Kabir Khân, grandfather of Muhammad Ismâ'il Khân.

‡ A Hindû notion

§ *i.e.*, The Nawâb's grandmother above mentioned.

|| See line 7 above.

¶ The reference is to the great poverty of Ismâ'il Khân's family in the latter days of the Sikh rule and its acquisition of wealth soon after the advent of the British.

## No. XXXVII.

### THE BRACELET-MAKER OF JHANG, AS RELATED BY A BARD FROM JĀLANDHAR.

[The object of this is, like the last story, to glorify the shrine of Hīr and Rānjhā near Jhang. The writer professes to tell the "true tale" of Hīr and Rānjhā and passes adverse criticisms on those of his predecessors, giving a valuable, though by no means a complete, list of them. It is, however, evident that his version is not by any means the "true tale," and there are signs of his mixing up the story of Hīr and Rānjhā with the equally famous, if not more important, Siyāl tale of Mirzā and Sāhibān].

#### TEXT.

*Qissa Hīr Rānjhā Musannifa Ḥāfiz Aḥmad  
Mutawattan-i-Jhang.*

Allāh Pāk dī hamd karūn, jo ḡhaddā hai Sattār :  
Fazal karam se apne bhijā Nabī, karīm mukhtār.  
Darūd bhajūn phir Hazrat utte, nāle Chārūn Yār.  
Āl suhābān pe rahmat bhajūn : berā ho jāe pār.

- 5 Hamd niyat de bād, muhibbo, matlab wal hun āwān.  
Hīr Rānjhe dā kissā kahkar, man vichh khushī manāwān.  
Makbil ne ik Hīr banāi, aisā zor lagūā,  
Jāhil Rānjhe mūrakh Jatt nūn ālim ākh dikhāi !  
Wāris Shāh dī Hīr jo vekhī, aisi pāt phāi !
- 10 Hīr Jattī dī sifat karī, in jaisī ho shahjāi.  
Hīr Rānjhe dā kissā, yāro, haigā bahut mashhūr,  
Par oh de banāwan kārān log rahe mazīr.  
Roshan Shāh ne Hīr banāi, ishk hajar dā johrā :  
Mān betī dā jhagrā hai, kuchh kissā nahīn achherā.
- 15 Asal hāl hai in kū, yāro, main bayān hān kardā,  
Sabhi gallān chhod-chhūḍ-ke, asal mutālib pharḍā.

- Takht Hazārion Rānjhā tūriā, Khiwōn chālī Hīr.  
Dariyā Chinā te mel ho gūā, ban gae shakar shīr.  
Ghar vichh apne sāt le āi, mān nūn bolī : " Māi,  
20 Māhīnān dā charwāhā le āi ; is vichh shak na kāi."  
Mān bechārī angunhārī Chūchak nūn kah dītā :

- “ Eh nûn tusi hun kâman rakh lo, muft Rabb kamm kitâ.”  
 Chand' dinân de bād, sahī yâro, eh phûl sâ khiliâ.  
 Hîr Rânjhâ dâ mel bhî, logo, bahut achhâ hai miliâ.
- 25 Roṭī de parwâ na rakhdâ, khâve dûdh malidâ.  
 Dîl dîân khushîân mânan lagâ, khil gae haiñ didâ.  
 Rânjhâ bhî hun chaubar hoiâ, Hîr hoī muṭiâr.  
 Belâ vichh oh manjân karde, koī na rokanhâr.  
 Didâ ne phir chughali mârī : “ Ai Chûchak dī nâr,
- 30 Rânjhe nûn tûn nasar na jāneñ, terī dhī dâ yâr !”  
 Mân piû bhrâwân châchiân sochiâ eh ilâj ;  
 “ Hor na chârâ koī bandâ kariye eh dâ kâj.  
 Kheriân vichh, jo bhâf os de, unhân vichh hai Shidâ :  
 Oh de nâl sagâf karke khoe rog niṭī dâ.”
- 35 Shide nâl biyâhī Hîr, to Rânjhâ harân hoiâ :  
 Bâlâ Nâth dâ chelâ banke mundre kan paroiâ.  
 Shahti de wasîle kâran Kheriôn Hîr nikâlī ;  
 Sândal Bâr vichh lendâ phiriâ, Ganjâ Bâr vichh dâlī.  
 Uthe hī ik sher babar châ, Rânjhe par ghurâiâ :
- 40 Rânjhe ne tad jân hîlke, oh nûn mâr mukâiâ.  
 Hîr eh dī mardī vekhke hor vī sidke hoī.  
 Dîl o jân te wârī jândī, kadhī kallī na hoī.  
 Chherwe pichhe Shidâ lâiâ Kâbulâ mel châ hoe.  
 Hâkim de Darbâre jâkar Kherâ bahutâ roe.
- 45 “ Sâdī zûl nasâ le âiâ ; badâ sakhat hai zâlim.  
 Sûdī nâr diwâ de sânuñ, Allâh kitâ Hâkim.”  
 Hâkim ne iusâf de rû se Shide Hîr dilâf.  
 Rânjhe nûn châ kaidī kitâ, pairân berī pâl.  
 Lagī âg Kâbule tâñ, jal giâ âdhâ shahr.
- 50 Lokân jâ fariyâdī hoe : “ Barâ kitâ taiñ kahr :  
 Fakîr dī aurat Jatt nûn dittī ; aisâ kahr machâiâ,  
 Jis de kâran Âdalī Shahr nûn khagistar karwâiâ !”  
 Hâkim ne fariyâd eh sunke Shide se ran chhîñf ;  
 Rânjhe nûn phir kaidon chhadke Hîr eh nûn de dîñf.
- 55 Hîr Rânjhe tân khushîân karde, des apne nûn ṭurde ;  
 Kherē mâre ranj gham de ho gae jaise murde.  
 Shide ne is hasrat hī meñ âpne âp ganwâiâ :  
 ‘ Hîr Hîr’ hī kahdâ, yâro, asal des nûn dhâiâ.

- Eh donoñ jad pabunche Jhang vichh, Siyālāñ matā matāiā :
- 60 "In donoñ ne kul sādē nūñ dāgh bahut hī lāiā,"  
 Rāñjhe nūñ phir kihā ākar : "Takdīroñ nahīñ chārā.  
 Je tū jang le āveñ watanōñ nikāh parhāve, yārā."  
 Rāñjhe eh bishārat sunkar taraf Hazāra chaliā.  
 Hīr nimāñī dākam Siyālāñ kitā ātā daliā :
- 65 Hīr Jattī to asar zahar se jāñ ba Hakk ho gai,  
 Rāñjhe ne hatth uthākar bahut bintī kī :  
 "Yā eh nūñ Tū zindā karde, yā mainūñ de mār !  
 Tainūñ sab āsāñ hai, Rabbā ; tūñ kādir ghaffār."  
 Kahde hain ki kabar phat gai, Rāñjhā is meñ warīā ;
- 70 Jis tarāh Hazrat Yūnis shikam machhī vichh warīā.

- Rozā in kā haigā, yāro, Maghiāne de pās.  
 Māghe de dīn melā hondā ; dekheñ ām o khās.  
 Tīn darwāze is roze de khulle hainge, yāro ;  
 Kheriāñ wal dā band darwāza hukum hoiā Darbāro !
- 75 In donāñ nūñ wālī jāñke, log niāzāñ mande.  
 Jumerāt nūñ jāveñ utthe kāl log ban ban de.

- Ik kissā hai, main ne apne kanne suniā, yāro ;  
 Tuhāde āge ākh sunāwāñ, khālī az inkāro.  
 Ik shakhs sā, bandā Rabb dā, Chūrīgar mashhūr.  
 80 Maghiāne vichh rahindū sā, par lā waldīoñ ranjūr.  
 Har Jumerāt nūñ jāndā, rozā kardā bahut pukārā :  
 "Allāh, mainūñ betā diēñ, barkat insachiārā !"  
 Chār pāñch Jumerāt jo us ne īn bintī kī,  
 Hātīf ghaib ne do lākoñ dī : eh bishārat dī.
- 85 "Chhoṭe dā nāñ Alī Muhammad, baḍe dā Rāñjhā  
 rakheñ.

- Ālim āmil donoñ honge, raushanī kareñge akheñ."  
 Fazal karm se Allāh Kādir donoñ putr hoe.  
 Ālim fāzil lāṭāñī se, sattāñ pāñī dhoe.  
 Barā bhāī to mar chukā hai, chhoṭā hai maujūd.  
 90 Ālim āmil pāiā us nūñ, khalak rakhe mahmūd.  
 Budḍhā haigā nawwe sālā ; chehrā bahutā chamke  
 Allāh dī ibādāt kāran, jaisā kundan chamke !

## TRANSLATION.

*The Story of Hîr and Rânjhâ by Hâfiz Ahmad of Jhang.*

I praise the Holy God, the great Forgiver,  
That of His mercy and compassion sent His Prophet, His  
gracious agent.

Next I salute the Prophet and the Four Friends.\*

I pray for peace upon all his descendants; may they  
obtain salvation.

- 5 After praise and salutation, my friends,† I come to my  
story :

By reciting the tale of Hîr and Rânjhâ I shall be happy  
in my mind.

Makbil wrote a (story of) Hîr of such a violent kind,  
That he turned that ignorant and boorish Jatt Rânjhâ  
into a learned man !

When I saw Wâris Shâh's Hîr, such a muddle I found  
it !

- 10 He praised Hîr so that he made the Jatt Hîr into  
a princess.

The story of Hîr and Rânjhâ is well known, my friends,  
Yet people have been unable to write it.

Roshan Shâh has made a (song of) Hîr, full of love :  
But it is a (mere) quarrel between mother and daughter  
and no proper tale.

- 15 Their true story is as I tell it, my friends,  
Leaving out all the embellishments and sticking to the  
real facts.‡

\* The 'Four Friends' of Muhammad are 'Ali, 'Abû Bakar, 'Usman, and 'Umar.

† i.e., the audience.

‡ This is wrong; Hîr was a Siyâl: see p. 177 *ante*.

The author here enumerates the various favourite rescensions of the story of Hîr and Rânjhâ. That of Wâris Shâh, (see page 187 *ante*), I was told by a Mân Jatt gentleman of standing, is considered to be one of the purest Panjâbî works extant: or to use his words 'no one—not even a Panjâbî—can say he understands Panjâbî until he has read Wâris Shâh.'



Rānjhā left Takht Hazārā and Hīr came from Khiwā.\* They met on Chināb's banks and mingled as sugar and milk.

She took him to her house and said to her mother :  
"Mother,

- 20 'It is (only) a buffalo-herd that I have brought: have  
no doubt of this."

Her wretched sinning mother said to Chûchak:†

"Take this man as thy servant, God hath done our  
work (for us) for nothing."

After some time, my good friends, he blossomed as a  
flower.

The meeting of Hīr and Rānjhā, friends, was a happy  
meeting.

- 25 He gave up bread and took to milk and sweets.  
His eyes were gladdened with the gladness of his heart.  
Rānjhā now became lusty and Hīr a ripe maiden.  
They enjoyed each other in the wilds and there was  
none to stay them.

- Then Didāt‡ told tales (and said): "O wife of Chûchak,  
30 Don't think that Rānjhā is a servant, he is thy daughter's  
lover!"

Then mother and father and uncle thought of a remedy  
(and said):

"There is no other means of stopping this business.  
Among the Kherās,§ her brethren, there is one Shidā :  
Betroth the girl to him and her pain will go."

- 35 Hīr was married to Shidā and Rānjhā became troubled,  
And becoming a follower of Bālā Nāth he put rings  
into his ears ||

\* Takht Hazārā, Rānjhā's home, is in the Gujrānwālā district. Khiwā near Jhang is connected with the other Siyāl tale of Mirzā and Sāhibān and is here introduced by mistake.

† Her husband and Hīr's father.

‡ Hīr's uncle according to the bard, but see p. 177 *ante*

§ The Kherās are a section of the Siyāls at Rangpūr in the Muzaffargarh district.

|| i.e., he became a Kanphaṭṭā Jogī and a follower of Gorakh Nāth See *ante*, p. 435ff.

- With the help of Shahtî\* he took Hîr away from the  
 Kherâs,  
 And wandering across the Sânda Bâr† he put her into  
 the Ganjâ Bâr.‡
- There a tiger growled savagely at Rânjhâ,  
 40 And Rânjhâ keeping his presence of mind slew him.  
 Hîr, seeing his prowess, became all the more enamoured  
 of him.
- She loved him heart and soul and could never be separated from him.
- Shidâ followed up the runaway and overtook him at  
 Kâbulâ.§
- The Kherâ (Shidâ) went and wept in the Court of the  
 Rulers (of Kâbulâ, saying) :
- 45 "He hath come (here) with my wife, the great oppressor.  
 Give me back my wife, for God hath made thee a Ruler."  
 The Ruler did him justice and gave back Hîr to Shidâ.  
 Rânjhâ he made a prisoner and put fetters on his feet.  
 Kâbulâ caught fire and half the city was burnt.
- 50 The people went (to the Ruler) and complained (saying) :  
 "Thou hast committed a great injustice,  
 In giving the *faqîr's* wife to the Jatt ; || and hast committed  
 such injustice,  
 That the City of Âdalî¶ is in flames !"
- When the Ruler heard this complaint he took the woman  
 from Shidâ,  
 And releasing Rânjhâ from prison he gave him Hîr.
- 55 Then Hîr and Rânjhâ with gladness went to their home.  
 But the Kherâ (Shidâ) in his grief and misery became  
 as a corpse.

\* Shidâ's sister.

† This is a table-land in the Jhang district.

‡ In the Montgomery district.

§ This appears to be meant for Kot Kamâlîâ in the Montgomery district.

|| Shidâ was however a Siyâl.

¶ This also appears to be meant for Kot Kamâlîâ in the Montgomery district, but may mean Kot Addû in the Muzaffargarh district. See the next story, *passim*.

Shidâ was (like unto) dying of his grief,  
And calling out 'Hîr Hîr,' my friends, he returned to  
his home.

When the pair reached Jhang the Siyâls made a plan,  
(saying):

60 "These two have put a great stain on our family."

So they went again to Rânjhâ and said: "There is  
no remedy against Fate,  
And if thou wilt bring a procession from thy house we  
will perform a marriage, friend."

When Rânjhâ heard this good news he went to (Takht)  
Hazâra.\*

And the Siyâls (as it were) ground the wretched Hîr  
to flour:

65 And Hîr the Jât† from poison gave her life to God.

Rânjhâ lifting up his hand, prayed much (to God and  
said):

"Either do Thou bring her to life, or slay me!  
All things are easy to thee, O God, mighty and  
merciful."

It is said that the grave (of Hîr) opened and Rânjhâ  
went in,‡

70 As Yûnis entered into the whale's belly §

Their shrine is near Maghiânâ, my friends.

The fair (in its honour) takes place in February; high  
and low attend it.

There are three doors to the shrine which are open, my  
friends;

But the fourth towards the Kherâs|| is shut by the order  
of the Court (of God)!

\* His home in the Gujrânwâlâ district.

† See above, line 10.

‡ See p. 178 *ants.*

§ This is the story of Jonah in the whale's belly, common to  
Christians, Jews, and Musalmâns.

|| Compare p. 178 *ants.*

- 75 Holding these two as saints the people make vows to them.

The people of many forests go there on Thursdays.

A tale have I heard with my own ears, my friends,  
Which I tell to you, as it is not to be gainsaid.

There was a man, a servant of God, known as a Maker  
of Bracelets.

- 80 He dwelt in sorrow in Maghiânâ, as he had no offspring.  
Every Thursday he went to the shrine and cried aloud :  
" O God, grant me a son, by the blessing of these  
holy ones !"

Four or five Thursdays he had prayed thus,

When the invisible angel (within) gave him happy  
news of two sons (to be born to him and said) :

- 85 " Call the younger 'Ali Muhammad and the elder Rânjhâ.  
They will be pure and holy and the light of thine eyes."  
By the grace and mercy of Almighty God two sons  
were born.

Exceeding pure and holy, washed seven times with the  
water (of grace).

The elder brother is dead, but the younger is still alive.\*

- 90 Pure and holy they find him and so the people praise  
him.

He is an old man of ninety years with a bright face,  
shining

By the grace of God, as gold doth shine !

---

\* 'Ali Muhammad is still living in Maghiânâ and has erected a mosque there. He has a great reputation for learning and holiness. His brother Rânjhâ is said to have lost his intellect from over-study of the *Hâfis-i-Jamâl*.

## No. XXXVIII.

### THE MARRIAGE OF HÎR AND RÂNJHÂ, AS RELATED BY SOME JATTS FROM THE PAṬIĀLĀ STATE.

[This song relates only half the story of Hîr and Rânjhâ, carrying us to the point where Rânjhâ gets possession of Hîr, and omitting the latter half relating to the murder of Hîr, though this is the most important part of it, and is the portion which has given it such fame.]

[There is nothing to add to the notes already given at page 177 of this volume to generally explain this story. The object throughout is to give a factitious value to Rânjhâ by making him out to be a wonder-working *faqîr* of the type of the greater saints, and rendering the record of his doings as fabulous as possible. The existence of a shrine to Hîr and Rânjhâ at Jhang probably accounts for this.]

[The story being well known to the audience the allusions in it are obscure, and the dialogues most abruptly introduced; which last characteristic has made it—without reference to the rough dialect in which it is composed—a difficult one to render without a guide.]

#### TEXT.

##### *Rûg Hîr Rânjhâ.*

Abbal Nâûn Allâh dâ lenâ : dâjâ dos Muhammad Mîrân :  
Tijâ nâûn mat pitâ dâ lenâ, unhân dâ chungâ dûdh  
sarîrân :  
Chauthâ nâûn an pâni dâ lenâ, jis khâvo man banhe  
dhîrân :

#### TRANSLATION.

##### *The Song of Hîr and Rânjhâ.*

Firstly, I take the name of God ; secondly, of the Great  
Muhammad, the friend (of God) :  
Thirdly, I take the name of father and mother, on  
whose milk my body thrive :  
Fourthly, I take the name of bread and water, from  
eating which my heart is gladdened :

Panjmān nāūn Dhartī Mātā dā lenā, jis par kadam takī-  
mān :

- 5 Chhewān nāūn Khwājā Pīr dā lenā, jhul pilāve t̥haṇḍe  
nīrān :

Satwān nāūn Gurū Gorakh dā lenā, patal pūje bhojan  
khīrān :

Aṭhwān nāūn Lālānwāle dā lenā, bande bandān de t̥ore  
tabaq janjīrān.

Ghar Maujū de Rānjhā jamiā; ghar Chūchak jamī Hīrān.  
Rai mil pagambarī matā matāiā, sāhā joṛā Panjān Pīrān.

- 10 Panj Pīr; chhewān Miyān Rānjhā; satwān Hazrat Miyān  
Mīrān.

Fifthly, I take the name of Mother Earth, on whom  
I place my feet :

- 5 Sixthly, I take the name of Khwājā (Khizar), the Saint,\*  
that gives me cold water to drink :

Seventhly, I take the name of Gurū Gorakh (Nāth),  
whom I worship with a platter of milk and rice.

Eighthly, I take the name of Lālānwālā,† that breaketh  
the bonds and the chains of the captives.‡

Rānjhā was born in Maujū's house and Hīr in Chūchak's.  
The prophets took counsel together and the Panj Pīr  
were rejoiced.

- 10 There are the Five (great) Saints; the sixth is Miyān  
Rānjhā; the seventh is the Holy Miyān Mīr.||

\* See *ante, passim*.

† A title of Sakhi Sarwar.

‡ The extraordinary mixture of Hindū and Musalmān belief in the  
above verses is characteristic of the poem, and is kept up throughout it.

§ See *ante*, Vol. II., p. 373.

|| Shekh Muhammad, better known by his titles of Shāh Mīr and  
Miyān Mīr, flourished as a saint at Lāhor between 1550 and 1635 A.D.  
His fame principally arises from the fact of one of his disciples, Mullāh  
Shāh, having been the spiritual adviser of Dārā Shikoh, the able son  
of the Emperor Shāh Jahān (flourished 1615-1670). Miyān Mīr has  
given the name to the now well-known Military Cantonment near  
Lāhor.

Rânjhâ jame, te sâdî ho gai sar-se sab parwârî.  
 Pharkê chhanân, bhâjî pherî, khul gai rasat bazârî.  
 Kam kêr Maule kujh nahî likhiâ : mahî nâl bihârî.

- Dhur Kashmîrôn Mugaletê â gae, â gae ba râ Khudâe.  
 15 Nau hath dâ gattâ tre hath chhubbî Miyân Rânjhê  
 jimî\* khichâi.  
 Hornân nûn jimîn nahnân âfân, Rânjhê nûn dab te kâhi.  
 Kahe : " Khuârî, dâtî, rambâ ditte, Nikkû, Lohâr de sâi;  
 Din chahde nûn merâ khurpâ ghar de, terî mihinat  
 rakhdâ nâî."   
 Kahe : " Bagâwân, bôtî mârân, jimîn banâwân niân."  
 20 "Chal, manâ, chal kariye, phakîrî sâdâ rahan, malokân  
 dâ nâhîu."

Rânjhâ was born and all the household rejoiced.  
 Taking the cups the presents were made with the  
 market-full of food  
 God wrote no labour (in his fate) : he was to be happy  
 with (tending) buffaloes.

The Mughals came from far Kashmîr by the order of  
 God.

- 15 Laud was given to Miyân Rânjhâ, nine links and three  
 chains.  
 Others got good land, Rânjhâ got tares and weeds.  
 Said (Rânjhâ) : " O Nikkû, thou chief of Blacksmiths,  
 make me an axe, a sickle and a hoe.  
 Let me have the hoe by daybreak and there will be no  
 delay about thy wages."  
 Said he, " I will ply (the hoe), clear the weeds and  
 make the land arable."  
 20 (Said Rânjhâ) : " Come, my heart, I will go and be-  
 come a *faqîr*, I am not happy here."

- Baiṭhe Rānjhe nūn garmī ho gai, Lālī bhābī holi māri.  
 Takht Hazārā Rānjhā ṭuriā, pahilī rāt kukhī.  
 Ghar tān khānde dūdh malālān, ṭuk nā lajde beh.  
 Dharke sonde lef sirānān, āj bāsā āiā bich keb.  
 25 Dāde Rabb kol ujar nā koī, Lekh likhāī eh !

- Adhī rāt Pīrān dā belā. "Tūn keṛe bakht\* dā rāhī ?  
 Lambī dāhī†, khunḍiān monchān, baghal heṭh bichhāī.  
 Bhālī chāhe ithon āsan chak le, dhaulāī khāke na jāin."  
 "Tainūn, Kājī," boliā Rānjhā, "Sachī ākh sunāī.  
 30 Dharmasālā masilān, Kājīā, baniān dharm dā bānān ;  
 Āe sādḥ nūn rahan nā deve, kāphirā be-imānān.

As Rānjhā sat (at his work in the field) he became hot,  
 and Lālī, his brother's wife, laughed at him.

Rānjhā left Takht Hazārā, and the first night he found  
 trying.

At home he had cream and milk, now he could not  
 even get stale leavings.

He had had a bed and pillows to sleep on, now he dwelt  
 on the sand.

- 25 He could make no complaint to the Great God, for Fate  
 had written it so !

It was midnight at the time for the Saints.† "Why  
 art travelling at this hour of the night ?‡

Long thy beard and long thy moustaches and thy  
 bedding under thy arm.

If thou seek thy good go hence, or be pushed out."

"O Qāzī," said Rānjhā, "I tell thee truth.

- 30 Inns and mosques, O Qāzī, are built for religious use,  
 And thou wouldst turn away a saint, thou infidel and  
 without faith !

\* For *waqt*.

† i.e., ghosts - but see above, line 9.

‡ This is a conversation between Rānjhā and some Qāzī on his way  
 from Takht Hazārā.



Rakhîñ roje, parhîñ namâjâñ, tangdâ alaf Kurânâ ;  
 Âe sadh nûñ rahan na deve, kaphirâ be-îmânâñ !  
 Takht Hazârâ main bâbal dâ chhadî ; mân chhadî sab  
 ritî :

- 35 Sukh vasse eh nagar, kehî rain phakîrân nûñ bitî !"  
 Gabrûân ne ÷ukre ânde, ÷handî lassi pîtî :  
 " Jug jug jî, tusîñ gabrû, ithe rain phakîrân nûñ bitî !"

" Sajje jandiâ, khabbe ho jâ, sajje pair na pâñ :  
 Ithe kubbhe bhainke chher\* mahî dâ, sajje pain balâñ.  
 40 Âpe khañtâñ, âpe karâwâñ, ghar tûñ baheke khâñ.  
 Rattâ palang, saped nihâlî, shauk de nâl banâñ."

Thou keepest fasts and sayest prayers and knowest the  
 words of the Qurân ;

And thou wouldst turn away a saint, thou infidel and  
 without faith !

I have left Takht Hazârâ of my fathers ; I have left  
 my mother and all my customs :

- 35 May the city prosper where stayed the *faqîr* for the  
 night !"

The youths brought him bread and cold butter-milk :  
 (Said he) : " Live for ever, ye youths, with whom the  
*faqîr* stayed for the night !"

" O thou wanderer to the right,† go to the left, put not  
 thy feet towards the right .

For hither to the left the lions roar and to the right are  
 horrors.

- 40 I live upon my own earnings, do thou come in and eat  
 with me.

My red bed and my white bedding do I gladly share  
 with thee."

\* For *sher*.

† This next conversation on the road to Jhang is between Râñjhâ and  
 Lûnân, the heroine of the tale of Pûran Bhagat ; for which see *ante*,  
 Vol II., p. 387ff. She is only introduced here as a well-known personage.

“Takht Hazârâ main bâbal dâ chhadî, bîr chhadê kukainde.

Kisî aghetê, kisî pichhetê, bikhat sâre nûn painde.”

“Ik gall âkhân, âkh sunâwân, sach dî âkh sunâi.

45 Dhiân meriân dhûndî bhattâ, putr karan kamâi.  
Do dhiân ghar kuâr putrâ, dohân nâl biyâh karâi.  
Tainûn kasam Kurân de, merî jorî bhang na pâi.”

“Ik gall âkhân, âkh sunâwân, sach dî âkh sunâi.

Puttân teriân se khûh na liwâwân, tobdâ patânân nâi.

50 Bhali châlunân, pichhâ nûn murî jâ, dhanlâ khâke na jâi.  
Eh to Rânjhâ Jhang Siyâl nûn jâungâ, tere rakhan dâ nâi.”

“Jal bichh Lûnâi, main thal bichh Lûnâi, main Lûnâi talîân sâre:

Jithe Lûnâi main pair dhardî, dharti mardî bhâre.

Âj dî rain sâde kaṭ jâ, nagarî bas jâ sârî.

“I have left Takht Hazârâ of my fathers, and have left my weeping brethren.

Sooner or later troubles fall upon us all.”

“One thing I say to thee and I tell thee truth.

45 My sons are earning well and my daughters take them their food to the fields.

I have two virgin daughters in the house and I will marry them both to thee.

I adjure thee by the Qurân not to spoil this match.”

“One thing I say to thee and I tell thee truth.

Thy sons shall dig me nor wells nor ponds.

50 If thou seek thy good go back, or I will push thee away.  
I am Rânjhâ and am going to Jhang Siyâl and thou shalt not stay me.”

“On water I am Lûnâi, on land I am Lûnâi, I am Lûnâi the haughty:

Where I Lûnâi place my feet the earth trembles.

Spend the night with me that the city may prosper.

- 55 Tere khâtir main ithe â gal, kadhî mandiron nikaltî nâñ.  
 "Ik gall âkhân, âkh sunâwân, sach dî âkh sunât.  
 Sawâ man kache main ðode, pindâ bhang dâ oṛâk nâñ.  
 Sawâ ser fahim\* dâ, ikko mâwâ dârû dî pindâ sarhât.  
 Burî mahî dâ dâdh main pindâ, chûrî khândâ ghî khand-  
 wâlî."  
 60 "Gadîân-wâlio, lad lo gadî, âtân-wâlio bhât:  
 Baughîân-wâlio tund aharâb de mere pe jâo dhaular dî  
 râññ.  
 Ik lakkh lage, tâñ main do lakkh de deân; mihinat  
 kiel dî rakhdî nâññ.  
 Nagarî merî Râñjhâ â giâ, â giâ pûrâ sâññ."  
 "Takht Hazârion main, Râñjhâ, tur piâ, Maujû Jatt dâ

- 55 For thy sake have I come here, that never (before) left  
 my palace."  
 "One thing I say to thee and I tell thee truth.  
 I take a *man* and a quarter of poppy juice (daily) and  
 drink an endless quantity of *bhâng*.†  
 I take a *ser* and a quarter of opium‡ and a whole cup  
 of wine at a draught.  
 I drink the milk of brown buffaloes (only) and eat  
 cakes of sugar and butter."§  
 60 "O carters and camel-drivers, take up your loads:  
 O porters, take cups of wine to my palace.  
 If your wages be one *lakh* (of rupees) I will pay two  
*laks*: I will keep nothing back.  
 Râñjhâ hath come to my city: a holy saint hath come."  
 "I, Râñjhâ, am come from Takht Hazârî, the son of  
 Maujû the Jatt.

\* For *afim*, opium.

† See Vol. II., page 290. A *man* and a quarter would be over a hundredweight; of course a fabulous amount

‡ i.e., 2½ lbs, enough to last a confirmed opium-eater six months.

§ All this is meant to show that he would be a very expensive guest.

- 65 Jadh main Rānjhā, panjān baras dā hoiā magar manjhī  
de lāiā.

Bārān baras manjhān chārīān, sir bāpe de rāj kamāiā.

Mar gae pitā, tāt pai gae kajte, bhātān dagā kamāiā.

Main ton, Rānjhā, Jhang Siyāle nūn jāogā, nahīā haṭdā  
terā haṭāiā.

Pichhe ranān bhātān chhaḍiān, Lālī nūn bahut piārā."

- 70 "Mārān dāngān, ghaṭṭān aṣī, turat uṭhā deān phāī.

Ik lakkh māngiā, main do lakkh lāiā ; mihināt kisī dī  
rakhī nān.

Nāl sukhān de jhūtā kītā, umar sārī chhaḍdī nān.

Tere khātir main ithe ā gaī, mahilān bāhir nikaldī nān."

"Bhājjan dāngān, ṭūṭan rassi ; phakīr nahīn phāī chaph-  
ādi."

- 65 When I, Rānjhā, was five years old I was put to mind  
buffaloes.

Tending the buffaloes for twelve years, I live upon my  
father like a king.

When my father died I fell into trouble and my brethren  
cheated me.

I, Rānjhā, will go to Jhang Siyāl and will not be stayed  
by thee.

I have left many women behind me and Lālī\* loved me  
much."

- 70 "I will beat thee, I will bind thee, I will hang thee up  
at once.

They asked one *lākh* (of rupees) and I gave them two  
*lākhs* ; the labour of none (of them) was unpaid for.

Thou hast gone back on thy word and all thy life I will  
not let thee go.

For thy sake did I come here, that never (before) left  
my palace."

"Thy sticks will break and thy ropes will snap ; thou  
canst not hang the *fāqir*."

---

\* See above, line 21.

- 75 "Hâsi bahâne men taṭṭhâ kṭā ; tân lad le âi, yârî."  
 "Bhajji phirdi bichh masānīān, ultī jhagre bāndī.  
 Pichhān murke, vekh le ; terī dhaular jaldī jāndī !"

"Ik gall ākhān, ākh sunāwān, sach dī ākh sunāi.  
 Pirān bhijīā, chalke ā giā, ā giā tere tāin.

- 80 Panj ser dūdh dī lor ban gai, main wāfar mangdā nāin."  
 "Panj ser dūdh bheṭ Pirān de denā, āvin gawānā  
 nahin."

Aggion Rānjhā boldā : "Tainūn ākh sunāi :  
 Bakrān terīān pai jā pethā, bheṭ nā rah jāe kaī.  
 Bichh bān de mar jān lele, ghar mar jā buddhī māi.

- 85 Ran mar jāe, tūn raṇḍā ho jāe, nigar-sigarī āe !"

- 75 "It was in laughter and fun that I upbraided thee ; so  
 load up thy bags, my friend."  
 "Thou art like a mad-woman wandering in the burning-  
 grounds and quarrelling foolishly.  
 Turn thy head and see : thy palace is on fire !"

"One thing I say to thee and I tell thee truth.\*  
 The Saints have sent me and I have come to thee.

- 80 I want five *ser*† of milk and nothing more."  
 "I have to offer the five *ser*s to the Saints and have  
 no more to waste."

Then said Rānjhā : "I tell thee :  
 Thy goats shall die and none of thy sheep shall escape.  
 Thy lambs shall die in the fields, and thy old mother  
 at home.

- 85 Thy wife shall die and thou shalt be a widower and  
 shalt be ruined !"

---

\* This conversation is between Rānjhā and a householder on the way to Jhang.

† In India liquids are measured by *weight* : a *ser* is about a quart.

- Panj Pīr, chhewān Rānjhā, kallar goshat lāf :  
 Kālī kambal mohgān-wālī Pīrān heṭ bichhāf.  
 Baheke Rānjhā banjālī bajāwandā, Darge kūk sunāf.  
 Āp Indar ne sun lī banjālī, bhūrī mahī arson āf.  
 90 Sabr sabūrī de, bare ghaṭ līe, bhūrī pasmeṭ āf.  
 Fahīlī dhār Rānjhe ne Dhartī Mātā nūn de, līe dūjī  
 kūsī pāf.  
 Bhar bhar chipiān dindā Pīrān nūn, Pīr pī pī dīn doṭīn :  
 "Jān, Rānjhā, tainūn Hīr bakhshī Makke Madīne  
 tān."
- Takht Hazārā Rānjhā turīā, hoke turīā nit ānā :  
 95 "Na koī ān siān mere, nā koī shahr thīkānā !"

- The Five Saints and the sixth Rānjhā took counsel  
 (together) in the wilds :  
 And beneath the Saints was spread a black blanket  
 full of holes.  
 Rānjhā sat and played on the flute and the sound of it  
 reached to the Court (of God).  
 Indra heard the flute and sent a brown buffalo from  
 heaven.  
 90 He had patient<sup>ee</sup> and took a large pitcher and the  
 buffalo gave milk \*  
 The first spirt Rānjhā gave to Mother Earth, and the  
 second went into his cup.  
 He filled cups and gave to the Saints and the Saints  
 drank and gave their blessings, (saying) :  
 "Go, Rānjhā, Hīr hath been given thee from Makkā  
 and Madīnā."†  
 Rānjhā left Takht Hazārā in low spirits ;  
 95 (And said) : "I have no friends now, nor do I know of  
 any (friendly) town !"

---

\* Which he had failed to get from the householder.

† i.e., by the Prophet Muhammad.

Pattan rât Rânjhe nûn a gai; lardâ dang nidânâ:

"Ba râ Khudâe de bere pâ de, Ludanâ, main Jhang Siyâlân nûn jânâ."

"Adhî rât, Pîrân dâ velâ: tûn kere bakht dâ râhî?

° Eh dâ halkî kâlî bagdî, lendî dūr himânî:

100 Gausân kutbân dî akal gauwândi, terî tâkas laghan dî nân.

Haṭke jhâr muṇḍâ lambâ pai jā, sawere lakhke jān.

Chhattis baje sur jad kîte, bichh birûn dâ bâjâ bajâiâ:

Biche turiân, biche bharkân, biche nâch karâiâ.

Biche uthe bolan kokrâ, biche mor bulâiâ:

105 "Ba râ Khudâe de bere dho de, Ludanâ; koi gaush kutb chaph âiâ."

"Gaush kutb dâ velâ eh nahîn, chor uchakke phirde.

Night overtook Rânjhâ at the ferry\* and the sting of sorrow entered him: (said he):

"For God's sake, O (ferryman) Ludan, give me a boat, for I have to go to Jhang Siyâl."

"It is midnight and the hour for the Saints: † why art travelling at such an hour?

This river runneth violently and runneth afar:

100 It frighteneth holy men and saints and thou shalt never cross it (now).

Better stay now and lie down under a bush, and cross in the morning."

(Rânjhâ) played the 36 tunes‡ and played in the wilds: On pipes and then on drums and then he made the (creatures) dance.

And then the cock crowed and the peacock screamed:

105 "For God's sake, Ludan, give him a boat; he is some holy man or saint."

(Said Ludan): "This is no time for saints and holy men, but for thieves and pick-pockets to roam.

\* Over the Chinâb: he is now fairly started on his road.

† See above, line 26.

‡ See Vol. I., p. 176.

Biche machh, biche murgâbiân, biche nâkâ ghûrde :  
Gaush kutb je hondâ Makke dâ, inhon beṛe painde dhur  
de.

- Inhân jhiân maroṛewâlê main bâhle dekhe tharḍe.”  
110 Sube sâr fajar dâ belâ : “Tûn kidharôn â giâ natṭhâ?  
Hatth vichh kuṇḍhî, muṇḍhe bhorâ, sir baliâ dupatṭhâ.  
Hornân nadiân bahan changerî, Chândal dâ bahan  
ubatṭhâ:  
Kachiân kandân nûn gârat kardî, pakkiân deke siṭḍî  
dhakkâ.  
Machhâ kachhâ oṛak hai nahîn, bich sansâr dâ chhattâ.  
115 Tere khâtir beṛî dho lîe ; kyûn dubtâ, gâfiliâ Jattâ ?”  
“Ghar mâ-piân de lâ, ladkiân, sâḍe palle Luḍan pâiâ !  
4 Ghar mûrakh de bâsâ ho giâ, ro ro janam gaṇwâi.

Large fish and water-fowl and crocodiles roam (the  
river) :

If he were saint or holy man of Makkâ\* he would find  
a boat for himself.

I have seen many a vain fellow like him.”

- 110 It was the hour of early morn ; (said Luḍan) : “ Whence  
art come along ?

A staff is in thy hand, a blanket over thy shoulder, and  
a kerchief on thy head.

Other rivers flow gently, but the Chândal† boils along,  
Sweeping away the mud walls and throwing down the  
brick ones.

There are endless fish and tortoises in the world.

- 115 I have a boat ready for thee ; but why drown, O heed-  
less Jatt ?”

(Said Rânjhâ) : “ I that have been loved and petted at  
home have (now) Luḍan for my lord !

I am dwelling in the house of a fool and am throwing  
away my life in tears.

\* i.e., a real one.

† The Chinâb.



Mâ-piân merân de kus bas nahîn, nâiân Bâhmanân dagâ kamâiâ.

Khund jā bere, phat jā chappā! Sānûn Khwājā vichhon lâl pāiâ."

120 " Bhajā bhajā main, Ludaṇ, ā gīā, ā gīā unchī kerī.

Kahe : kisi de chharīān mūngān ? Kahe : magre lag gīā herī ?

Gunnī mārke achhī le jā, uchhal dherī terī.

Ik le jā, ik chhad jā, dhakke de rahande Ludaṇ de dhere."

" Bhajā bhajā ā gīā, Ludaṇān, ā gīā unchī kerī.

125 Nā kisi chharīān mūngān : nā magre lag gīā herī.

Je tūn putr mallāh dā, Ludaṇān, bhajke phar le berī.

Dovīn rahan mubārik tainūn, ehnān se jān chhurā le merī.

It was no fault of my parents, but the barbers and Brāhmans deceived me.\*

May thy boat sink and thy oars break ! I have found a ruby from Khwājā (Khizar)."+

120 " I, Ludaṇ, have come quickly, have come to the lofty bank.

Say : hast stolen any one's cattle ? Say : is any one pursuing thee closely ?

Make thy choice (of the boats) and take the good one according to thy desire.

Take one and leave one, that Ludaṇ's house may not be ruined."

" Quickly hast thou come, O Ludaṇ, hast come to the lofty bank.

125 Neither have I stolen any one's cattle, nor is any one close behind me.

If thou be a (true) boatman's son, Ludaṇ, quickly get the boat.

Mayest thou be happy in both (worlds), that savest my life in this one.

\* i.e., into hopes of a wife in Hir.

† i.e., out of the river.

Rattā palang, saped nihālī;—kis umrā dī berī ?  
Zarrā ik Ludanān, mainūn so lain de, rah jā jān sukhālī  
merī."

- 130 Baḍḍī deke Rānjhā so gīā, banke dharam de bhāī.  
"Unche dhaular Siyālān-wālie kolī Maṇḍī kherī : •  
Rattā palang, saped nihālī, Hīr Siyāl dī berī.  
Dhī Chūchak dī, bahin Pathān dī, ran phirdī ishk dī  
gherī.  
Chhej utte panchhī langh jā, Jattī jān gāwā de merī !"  
135 Deke baḍḍī Rānjhā so gīā, Ludan nūn bhang piyā lī.

Suttī paī nūn supnā ā gīā, kinne pāndī ne chhej lūtāve.  
"Ākhān sachī, ākh sunāī, eh gall nā mere man bhāve.

The bed is red, the bedding white ;—what noble's boat  
is this ?

Let me rest a moment here, O Ludan, that I may be  
at ease."

- 130 Rānjhā gave him a bribe, and, becoming his sworn  
brother, went to sleep (on the bed).

(Said Ludan): "There is a lofty palace of the Siyāl's  
near the Kherā's\* Quarter.

The red bed and the white bedding and the boat are  
Hīr's, the Siyāl (lady).

Daughter (she) of Chūchak, sister of Pathān, a very  
maiden of love. •

If a bird fly over her bed (Hīr) the Jatt woman will take  
away my life !"

- 135 But Rānjhā gave a bribe and went to sleep, and made  
Ludan drunken with *bhang*.

As (Hīr) lay asleep she had a dream that some one  
had ruined (lain down on) her bed (in the boat).

(Said she): "I tell thee truth, I tell thee that this will  
not leave my mind.

---

\* A division of the Siyāl Tribe.

Râtîn mainân supnâ â giâ, kâlâ nâg darâve.”

Âkhe tân: “Mainân Rânjhâ milân; nahîn, tân kabar chatârî.

- 140 Kholke patrî das de, Tulsîâ, jo terî patrî bich likhiâ âve.”

“Patrî kholân, khol sunâwân, sach dî âkh sunâwân:

“Chhejî terî sahû terâ son giâ; jhûth kadhî na lâwân.”

Bal mil safân mattâ matâi, Phattî tâli charhâi.

“Son Bîrân de; kasam Kurân de; jhûth boldî nân.

- 145 Chhejî terî sahû terâ so giâ; main sach dî âkh sunâi.

Tân chalke phar lo Ludân malâh nân; waddî leke, chhej lutâi.”

Dil dariyâ samundaron dūngâ: kaun dilân dî jâne?

I had a dream in the night; a black snake\* came and frightened me.”

Then said she: “I must meet Rânjhâ, or I shall go into the grave.

- 140 Open thy books, O Tulsî,† and see what is written in thy books”

“I open my books and I tell thee truth:

Thy lover hath slept on thy bed; I will tell thee no lies.”

The maids met together and consulted, and sent Fattî‡ up a tree.

(Said she): “I swear by the Saints;§ I swear by the Qurân; I tell no lies.

- 145 Thy lover hath slept on thy bed; I tell thee truth.

Go and seize thou Ludân the boatman, that hath taken a bribe and destroyed (the honour of) thy bed.”

The heart is deeper than seas and rivers: who knoweth the heart?

\* i. e., something evil.

† The family Brâhman of these Muhammadans! It is not uncommon however for Panjâbî Muhammadan tribes to consult Brâhmanas in this manner.

‡ One of themselves.

§ See Vol. II., p. 377.

- Biche berf, biche chappâ, biche banjh muhâne !  
 Chaudân Tabak bande bich bas gae, tambû wângo tâne !  
 150 Je koî thâth dilân dî bujhe, har dam khushîân mâne !

“Nange pinde choṭān māriān, merf hundi nain uimān.  
 Jihān choṭān tan mere kīān, tere ik lage tāt jāne !  
 Landiān, lamiān, chhail jawānān, soñ gae chhej cham-  
 belī.

- Suttā hī, tāt jāg pio, chugalān phal chamelī.”  
 155 Āiā Sāwan, Hīr de dil parchāwan, pannī chhadīān sikhān.  
 Kannān maṇḍā balohe sondhe, jholī āntī hakikān.  
 “Kī ho giā jhaṭ mān chhej so giān ? Kī lag gai lāj  
 sarikān ?

- It hath boats and oars and boatmen within it !  
 The Fourteen Quarters\* (of the World) are in it, stretch-  
 ed like a canopy !  
 150 Who knoweth the dictates of the heart will be happy  
 every moment !

“Thou striketh a naked† body and my eyes are weary  
 If one such blow as thou givest me were to reach thee  
 thou wouldst understand !

O wicked, tall and handsome youth, thou hast lain on a  
 jasmine bed.

As thou hast lain, awake now and pluck the jasmine  
 flower.”

- 155 Sāwan had come and Hīr's heart inclined (to love) and  
 the herbs began to spring.‡  
 Beautiful were the rings in her ears and bracelots on her  
 arms.

(Said Rānjhā) : “What if I lay on thy bed awhile ? Dost  
 fear shame from thy family ?

\* Muhammadan notion.

† i.e., a defenceless body : this conversation is between Hīr and Rānjhā.

‡ The rainy month of July-August and the season of love to Northern Indian ideas

- Terī sādī mundān dī yārī, dastān sandiā likān.”  
 Jhang Siyālē ārū pakke, bāgīā mīṭṭhiān dākhān.  
 160 Hīr kahindī: “Rānjbā, tūn sach ākh: kī sāk lagdiān  
A. A. 1. 133  
 “Jadōn, Rānjbā, main ghar Indar de sigā, tūn pātar  
 banke āī.  
 “Jadōn main, Rānjbā, Nāmānand ban giā, tūn main  
 Gorkhān parnāī.  
 Jadōn main, Rānjbā, Radhe Kishn sigā, tū Brikhbhān  
 dī jāī.  
 Phir tūn, Rānjbā, main Takht Hazārā jamiā, tū Chūchak  
 Mihār dī jāī.”

- Like the lines on the palm (of the hands) thou and I  
 have been lovers from the beginning.”  
 The peaches were ripe in Jhang Siyāl and the sweet  
 grapes in the gardens.  
 160 Said Hīr: “Rānjbā, tell me truly: what is the relation-  
 ship between us?”  
 (Said he): “When I, Rānjbā, was in the house of Indar,  
 thou wast a maiden there.  
 When I, Rānjbā, was Nāmānand,\* thou wast my wife  
 Gorkhān  
 When I, Rānjbā, was Rādhā Kishn,† thou wast Brikh-  
 bān’s daughter.  
 And then when I, Rānjbā, was born in Takht Hazārā,  
 thou wast born to Mihār Chūchak.”‡

\* i.e., Rāmānand, the mediæval reformer of the 15th century, and the founder of the Bhagats or Hindū reformers.

† Rādhā was the wife or mistress of Kṛishna, and Vṛishabhānu was her father. Rādhā Kishn joined together as in the text is a common modern synonym for Kṛishna, as Gaurī Sankar is for Śiva. This pairing of the deities, male and female, is carried to a climax in the Hari-hara or half-male and female god sometimes depicted in Vaishnava temples.

‡ All these are allusions to their respective former births under the doctrine of the transmigration of souls.

- 165 "Dāhṛī ā gaī, paṭṭe rakḥā hē, kis bidh rahā kawārā ?  
Ike nānak hīnān, ike tūn dādak terā hīnān, ike tūn bhāṭān  
nūn nahīn piārā :

Ike tū mān kujhājī ne janiā ; nahīn, tūn lāl kharīdan-wālā.  
Inhīn gallān bichon āgun tainṭū, tūn tālon rah giā

"Muñh dahṛī, sir paṭṭe rakḥā hē, nahīn main phirdā  
kawārā.

- 170 Nānak unchā, merā dādak unchā, unchā Takht Hazārā.  
Nā mān kuchājī ne janiā, bhāṭān nūn bahut piārā.  
Sat bharjāṭān, ghar kaṭak ranān dā ; main lāl kharīdan-  
wālā.

Ghar Chūchak dī Hīr sun lī, main oh dā baran-wālā.  
Mandī changī dā lāgū nahīn, Lālī nūn bahut piārā."

- 165 "Thou hast a beard and thy hair is grown, how art thou,  
still a bachelor ?

Either thy mother's or father's relatives are low people  
or thy brethren love thee not.

Either thou art born of an inferior mother, or thou art  
a dealer in rubies \*

In some way there must be a fault in thee that thou art  
a bachelor."

"There is a beard on my face and hair on my head, but  
I am no bachelor.

- 170 My mother was well born and my father well born and  
lordly is Takht Hazārā.

I am not born of an inferior mother and am much loved  
of my brethren.

I have seven sisters-in-law and many women at home ;  
I am a dealer in rubies.

I have heard of Hīr in Chūchak's house and her will I  
marry.

I set not my heart on good or bad (women) and am  
much loved by Lālī."†

\* i.e., a rich man

† His sister-in-law : see above.

- 175 Chand sūrij chārḥon rah gae, lū tārān di āi.  
 Chhaparān bichon pānī sūkh gae, bele sūkh gae ghāi.  
 Āp Muhammad janj chārhiā, Brahmā bedī gadāi.  
 Ralke hūrān mangal gāvīān, parīān mehndī lāi.  
 Panjān Pīrān ne kalime parḥ līe, Khājā bhare ogāhi.  
 180 \* Hīr Rānjhā dā melā ho gā, phirīān Rabb rajāi.

" Ik, Bābal, main māhi āndā, Jatt manjhi chār le āve.  
 Jis manjhi nūn khondā lāndā, kattā māl na jāve.  
 Agge māhi ikki chārḥde, oh kallā chār le āve.  
 Sūrat māhi dī chandar bargī, us dī tāt jhallī na jāve.

- 175 The sun and moon ceased to rise and the stars to shine  
 forth.  
 The water dried in the ponds and the grass dried up in  
 the wilds.  
 Muhammad formed the marriage procession and Brah-  
 mā (!) set up the posts (of the marriage canopy).  
 The maids of heaven sang songs of rejoicing and fairies  
 brought the henna.\*  
 The Panj Pīr performed the ceremony and Khwājā  
 (Khizar) was witness.†  
 180 Hīr and Rānjhā met together and God was favorable to  
 them.

(Said Hīr): "Father, I have brought a neatherd, a Jatt,  
 to graze the buffaloes.  
 Whichever of them he touches with his staff will surely  
 bear a (cow-) calf.  
 Hitherto thou hast sent out 21 neatherds; this one will  
 graze them alone.  
 The beauty of the neatherd is like the moon and his  
 habits shall not depart.

\* For staining the bride's hands

† These lines are meant merely to convey a general idea of magni-  
 ficence.

- 185 Ik mâhî dî tâb burî hai, bhaṭṭā Hîr se dhuwawe.  
 Âpe chûve, Âpe rîrke, Âpe dûdh jamâve."  
 "Jehṛā, Hîre, 'taîn mâhî ândā; majjî kere sahe dî  
 chāre?  
 Addî Rānjhā dî rāj karaindî, khûṇḍe dî maṭak bharî.  
 Tîn pāu ghî paṭṭhiān nūn maldā, choke jimṭā nūn  
 jāve.
- 190 Dand Rānjhā dî sone dî mekhān : kidiān majjî chāre?  
 Jinnî ghariān phir giā lar, dū basde bûhe ujāre.  
 Ehān de paṭṭe kadhî nā basde, phirde dwāre dwāre.  
 Adhî rāton merā mûngā chaṛhdā, inhoṇ sote nūn rain  
 bhāve.  
 Bhālî chāhe lar chhoṛ de chāk dā : sānūn agle mâhî piāro."
- 185 The neatherd hath one bad habit, that Hîr must take  
 him his food (to the fields).  
 He will himself draw, curdle and set the milk."  
 "O Hîr, the neatherd thou hast brought: will he  
 graze any one's buffaloes?\*"
 Rānjhā's heel hath the signs of royalty† (on it) and he  
 hath a mighty staff.  
 Three-fourths of a year of ghî he puts on his locks, which  
 fall to the ground.
- 190 Rānjhā's teeth are pegs of gold: whose buffaloes shall  
 he graze?  
 The houses that this youth shall visit will be ruined.  
 His work shall never prosper, but he shall wander  
 (begging) from door to door.  
 My cattle graze at midnight, but he passes the night in  
 sleep.  
 If thou wishest thy good let the youthful servant go:  
 I am pleased with my former neatherds."

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\* Being too noble for such work.

† This is the "lotus mark" mentioned at p. 336, Vol. II.



- 195 "Ghar baiṭhe sardârî kariye, ṭurke banne nakâre.  
 Kukhoñ haule kinf, Hîre, parbat joḍe bhârî.  
 Râthoñ de put chāk sadâ le; chāk honde kaun bichâre ?  
 Bîr Pathân tainûñ ghusse honde, tere put ne mihine mâre.  
 • Ohhaḍ de pallâ, mur jâe ghar nûñ, asî urîye hans bichârî.  
 200 Râjî hoke mainûñ ṭor de, jâke raliye bhâichâre."  
 "Ik gall tainûñ âkhân, Rânjhe, sachî âkh sunât.  
 Je tû rahe, tâñ rahûngî; nâ, jâñ tere tâñ."

Chûchak kahindâ âkhdâ, sachî âkh sunât :

"Sûn le, Rânjhe bhât, is bâron merî mahîân hank le,  
 dâjî hank le gâtî."

- 205 Sattar Khân, bahattar umro, Hîr Chûchak ne Rânjhe nûñ  
 pharât.

- 195 (Said Rânjhâ) : " At home I was a nobleman, but going  
 abroad I am become of no account.  
 O Hîr, thou hast made me lighter than a straw, that was  
 as heavy as a mountain.  
 Tho son of noblemen is called a servant ; and how  
 helpless is a servant.  
 Thy brother Pathân is wroth with thee, and thy father  
 doth reproach thee.  
 Let go my robes that I may go back home, and let me,  
 the helpless swan, fly away.  
 200 Let me go of thy own free will, that I may mingle with  
 my brethren."  
 " I tell thee one thing, Rânjhâ, and I tell thee truth.  
 If thou remain I will remain, or I will go with thee."

Saith Chûchak and he speaketh truth :

" Hear, friend Rânjhâ, drive the buffaloes from this pad-  
 dock and the cows from the other."

- 205 Before 70 Khâns\* and 72 nobles Chûchak betrothed  
 Hîr to Rânjhâ (saying) :

---

\* i. e. , leaders of the Siyâls.

“Jab lag jîve, mâl hai mâhî dâ; taiû te mar gac nâbar  
nâhî.

Je te te koî Hîr khoî tore, bich Dargâh deân ogâhî.”\*  
Jadoû Rânjhô nûn eh gall âkhtî, hak lîân majjî te gâhî.

“Bâbal tere, Hîre, oh dhan dindâ, jerâ chariâ torâ  
râtî.

- 210 Paṭ diân kîṭ, toṭâ diân rassî; majjî hai baḍî kamzâtî.  
Sappân nâl hai majlis merî, sherâṛ nâl jamâtî.  
Tûn toṇ soî rang mahil bich, sânnûn nibar deân nahîn  
râtî.”

“Hatth bañhke karân bintî, tainûn sachî âkh sunâ.  
Ik pâse merâ Chûchak bâbal, ik pâse Tullî mâṭ.

“As long as thou shalt live she is thine, and when thou  
art dead she will not deny it.  
If any one tear Hîr from thee I will bear witness  
(against him) in the Court (of God).”  
When Rânjhâ was told this he drove off the buffaloes  
and the cows.

(Said Rânjhâ) “Thy father hath given me, O Hîr, cattle  
that will only graze at night.

- 210 They pull out their pegs and they break their ropes,  
these buffaloes are very vicious.  
My company is with the serpents and my friendship  
with the lions.

Thou sleepest in the painted palace and I cannot pass  
the night.”

“With joined hands I beseech thee and I tell thee  
truth.

On one side of me (sleepeth) my father Chûchak and on  
the other side my mother Tullî.

\* For *gurâht*.

- 215 Ik pâse bîr Pathân sondâ, kol sondî Koḍî bharjâi.  
Chher majjî chal bele nûn, main din charhde nûn âi."

"Manjhi âiân, merâ chāk nahîn âiâ, kehre rangân bich  
rattâ ?

Nâ mainî katiâ, nâ kaḍḍhâ kasidâ, deko â gai Rânjhe  
nûn bhâtâ.

- Muthân bharke jad dekhâ sî, mere Rânjhe dâ pipdâ tattâ.  
220 Nau mahiân sukh Sultân dî deân, daswân chhadân kattâ :  
Terou lāke lungî deân, sir dâ dewân sâf dupattâ :  
Innî baksân\* us nûn, jerâ koî Rânjhe nûn kar de achhâ.  
Jerâ koî Rânjhe nûn rāje kar de, asin hāji o Makkâ.  
Hîr Siyāl, main tohen dub gal, jadoñ de liâ berî nûn  
dhakkâ.

- 215 On one side sleepeth my brother Pathân and near him  
his wife Koḍî.  
Drive the buffaloes to the forests, I will join thee at day-  
break."

"The buffaloes have come, but my servant hath not  
come ; in what pleasures is he joying ?†  
Neither have I spun, nor have I plied the needle, but I  
am come with food for Rânjhâ.

When I shampooed my Rânjhâ I found his body hot.

- 220 Nine buffaloes do I vow to (Sakhî Sarwar) Sultân, and  
the tenth shall be a (cow-) calf.

I will give him my skirt and the kerchief from my head :  
To him will I present them that shall make my Rânjhâ  
well.

For him that shall make my Rânjhâ happy, will I be a  
pilgrim to Makkâ.

I, Hîr of the Siyâls, was ruined for thee, when thou  
(Rânjhâ) didst push off thy boat.

\* For *bakhsân*.

† From here to line 264 is a lament by Hîr.

- 225 Manjhi āiān, chāk nahīn āiā, bele bich kharī palammān.  
 Talān jhassōn, dast maṛōrān, merā nij bhātān kammān.  
 Jāndī joban, bahinde pānī kinuī nahīn ghatīā bannān.  
 Bāhar jāven bābal Chūchak jhirke, ghar āven Tullī am-  
 mān.  
 Jāven masīte Phattū Kājī jhirke, dar bich chāchā Kaidū,  
 langān.
- 230 Tanjan bich kuṛiān jhirakdiān, bich vī galī de ranān.  
 Dhulke merā joban bich rāhīn pai gīā, mainūn disdā  
 obhā kammān.  
 Je jānān mainūn kajiā painge, to nij Siyāle jammān !  
 Manjhi āiān, chāk nahīn āiā, manjhi nūn kis bidh talle ?  
 Āj Rānjhe ghar Hir de nahīn āiā, khabar nahīn bich  
 bele.

- 225 The buffaloes have come, but my servant hath not come,  
 and I search for him in the forests.  
 I will rub his feet and knead his hands, that is my  
 favorite.  
 My youth is fleeting and none can stay the flowing  
 waters.  
 When I go abroad my father Chūchak scoldeth, when I  
 return home my mother Jullī.  
 When I go the mosque Fattū the Qāzī scoldeth and at  
 home my uncle Kaidū, the cripple.
- 230 The maids jeer at me in the spinning place and the  
 women even in the lanes.  
 My youth declining hath gone far away and seemeth  
 afar off.  
 Had I known that I would fall into such trouble I would  
 never have been born among the Siyāls !  
 The buffaloes have come, but my servant hath not come :  
 how have the buffaloes come ?  
 To-day Rānjhā hath not come to Hir's house and there  
 is no news of him in the forests.

- 235 Dûdhân-wâlê dûdh sambhâle, Gurûn ne sambhâle chele.  
 Hîr hathnî, muhâwat Miyân Rânjhâ ; mainûn jûn bhâve  
 tûn palle.  
 Yâr yâron kolon bidhiâ mangde, jûn Gurûn se chele.  
 Châron nain kattâ-baddâ ho gae, dhâlon son sele.  
 Bele bich phirdî dî lungî pât gal, bhaj gal sîhî tele.
- 240 Ab de bichhrye kadî milenge, hovenge sababon de  
 mele !  
 Suniye, Khwâjîâ Bâbâ, jandiâ merâ châk tere sâmbhe.  
 Sap na lare, sher nâ bhenke, chor nâ charhe lāmbe !  
 Âiâ Sâwan, dil purchâwan, Dhartî chhadîn sîrân.  
 Nadhiân nûn bar mape de lie, tainûn Hîr nûn Panjân  
 Pirân.
- 235 Milkmen watch their milk and Gurûs watch their dis-  
 ciples.  
 (I) Hîr am an elephant, and Miyân Rânjhâ is my driver :  
 thou canst use me as thou wilt.  
 Friends take leave of friends, as Gurûs do of their dis-  
 ciples.  
 Our four eyes met, as spear against shield.  
 Wandering in the forests my kerchief is torn, and ripped  
 up is my red scarf.
- 240 If the separated meet again, happy will be the meeting !  
 Hear, O saintly Khwâjâ,\* my errant servant is under  
 thy care.  
 Let no snake bite him, no lion frighten him, no thief  
 trouble him !  
 The rain† have no and my heart rejoices and the  
 Earth brings forth.  
 Parents shall find husbands for their maids and the  
 Panj Pir for Hîr.

\* Shekh Faridu'ddîn Shakarganj, the great saint of Pâk Pattan and patron saint of the Siyâls, commonly also called Bâbâ Farid.

† The season of rejoicing to Indian women

- 245 Sunīye, we nālīān, qathīā bhālīā : kyūn būṭe patdā kāhīn ?  
 Shahr dariyāwān dī rīsūn kardā, tūn tul chhapre de nāin ?  
 Aisī pattan manjī langīān, aisī pattan gāīn.  
 Aisī pattan Miyān Rānjhā langh gīā, merā Hir nadhī dā  
 sāīn.  
 Je phakaron dī doā lag jāe, tainūn phir bagegā nāhīn.  
 250 Sarpar Hīr ne Rānjhe nūn milnā, bhāven jān jāve ajāīn.  
 Rain andherī ; galīān chīkar ; bijlī lasak qarāve.  
 Dhartī Mātā mainūn bel nahīn dindī ; maithon ambar  
 chahā nahīn jāe.  
 Khabbe jāven sher bahakdā, sajje basīr khāve :  
 Sarpar Hīr ne Rānjhe nūn milnā, jān Kājir\* nūn bhāve.  
 255 Mulk Rabbānā paīke so gīā, mainūn lāīān tattī nūn  
 sānghān.

- 245 Hear, O thou stream, I know thee well : why dost thou  
 throw down the trees ?  
 Dost rival the great rivers, that art not even equal to  
 the ponds ?  
 Such a ford can buffaloes cross, such a passage can cows.  
 Such a ford can Miyān Rānjhā cross, the lord of Hir, the  
 maid.  
 If a *fuqīr* curse thee thou shalt no longer flow.  
 250 Hīr shall surely meet Rānjhā, though she lose her life.  
 The night is dark and the lanes muddy and the light-  
 ning frighteneth me.  
 Mother Earth giveth me no cover and I cannot climb  
 to the heavens.  
 If I go to the left lions frighten me, if I go to the right  
 serpents bite me :  
 But Hīr shall surely meet Rānjhā, if God be favourable.  
 256 God's earth doth sleep, but I the wretched am pierced  
 with the arrows (of grief).

Dâdhoiwâla dâdh sambhâle, Shahreñ miliân bângân.

Milnâ hai tû mil par, Rânjhiâ ; nahîn, merî jân nikal chaliân chângân.

Sap shî mainûn khân nûn âwande, pâni diân charh gîân kângân.

260 'Manjhî manjhî sab koi âdhâ, manjhî han hûrân pariân.  
Sing manjhî de balbal khûnde, pat par sawândiân thaliân.

Dâdh manjhî de sharbat mithe, ghiû misri di ðaliân.

Bâhir jân jî sahâwan, ghar âwan to galiân.

Â, Miyân Rânjhâ, chaupat khele, khasmon nûn khâdiân kheriân.

Âshak te mâshûkân diân gallân bich jag de turîân."

The milkmen have collected the milk and the cry  
(to prayer) resounds through the city.\*

If thou wilt meet me, Rânjhâ, meet me, or my life will  
depart in tears.

Serpents and lions come to destroy me and the waters  
have risen on high.

All call them buffaloes, but the buffaloes are spirits  
and fairies.

260 The buffaloes' horns are beautifully curved and their  
buttocks fat.

The buffaloes' milk is sweet as sugar and the butter as  
sugar-candy.

(Going out they beautify the fields, coming home the  
lanes.

Come, my Lord Rânjhâ, let us play at *chaupur*,† and  
let the buffaloes go home.

The story of lover and beloved is known throughout  
the world."

\* i.e., it is morning.

† See Vol. I., p. 243 ; and Vol. II., p. 282.

- 265 " Mâri jon zât chākān dī, bad boi mandī āve.  
 Kī tūn kisi dī gāndhī lūṭī, ākho tūn Hīre kulāve ?  
 Bukal kholke dikhā, Rānjhā, tainūn mushk chandan dā  
 āve."  
 Bukal Rānjhe de bich Hīr sī, je Rabb paṛdā pāve.  
 " Mâri jāt sādī banāudā, tainūn sharam na āve ! "
- 270 Nā main kisi dī gāndhī lūṭī, nā hai merī Hīr kulāve.  
 Chandan rukh Kashmīron dūb piā, bahan piā haṛāve :  
 Kheke manjhī chandan nāl, langhdiān mushk manjhī te  
 āve."  
 Jad bukal kholke dikhā lī Rānjhā, pichon Hīr nazar na  
 āve !  
 Rānjhā jatī Maujū dā boṭā, Rabb oh dī sharam rakhāvo !

- 265 Said Pathān : " A low sot are servants and bad to the  
 smell.\*  
 Hast thou stolen some sweet perfume, or is Hīr em-  
 bracing thee ?  
 Raise up thy arm, Rānjhā, for thou dost smell of  
 sandal-wood."†  
 Hīr was under Rānjhā's arm, but God hid her.  
 (Said Rānjhā) : " Thou dost call me a low man and hast  
 no shame ! "
- 270 I have stolen no sweet perfume, nor is Hīr embracing  
 me.  
 A sandal-tree had been cut in Kashmīr and floated  
 down the river :  
 The buffaloes (in crossing it) ran against the sandal-  
 tree and the scent stuck to the buffaloes."  
 Then Rānjhā raised up his arms and there was no sign  
 of Hīr !  
 And God preserved the virtuous Rānjhā, the son of  
 Maujū, from shame !

\* The story progresses, and Pathān, Hīr's brother, tries to catch Rānjhā with Hīr and fails.

† i.e., sweetly.



- 275 " Akhân sachî, âkh sunâwân, tainûn sachî âkh sunâf :  
 Eh le apnâ bhugal bhûrâ, eh kharfân han manjhi dî  
 gâîn.  
 Tuhâ nûn daulatmandân nûn châk bahutere, sânân  
 châkarân nûn bahutere thâîn.  
 \* Ude hans, ude nahîn bhande, udke jân surgân de tâîn.  
 Pânân dî bârî nûn râkhe bahutere, bhawarân de phûlân  
 de tâîn.
- 280 Bîr Pathân mainûn mihino mâreñ, merâ rahinâ mubârik  
 nâîn.  
 Hîr, oh dî yârî lâwan, sher jagâwan, nâg jagâwan kâlî.  
 Siron dharon dî bâjî lag gai, tûn chal nahîn jândâ châlî."  
 Pat pat sitdî nûnqîân, kes makhan dî pâî.  
 " Iko lag gai, tû chhoḍî jândân, kache mâhî, bâbal Chûchak  
 bâlî !"
- 275 (Said Rânjhâ to Hîr): " I speak the truth and I tell  
 thee truth :  
 Take thy brown blanket and the cow-buffaloes that are  
 standing (waiting).  
 Ye rich can find many servants, and we servants many  
 a place.  
 The flying swans cannot be stayed, and fly to the  
 heavens.  
 The betel-fields have many a keeper and flowers many  
 a bee.
- 280 Thy brother Pathân doth threaten me and it is not well  
 that I remain.  
 O Hîr, to fall in love with thee is to awaken lions and  
 black snakes.  
 It is a stake of heads and bodies and thou dost not know  
 how to play."  
 She tore the hair of her head and her locks nurtured on  
 butter (and Hîr said) :  
 " Thou wretched neathord, thou wouldst desert the  
 daughter of Chûchak at the first reproach !"

- 285 " Kaidû oh dâ âkhân, sachî âkh sunâwân, tainûn âkh sunâi.  
 Makkon turke hâjî â giâ; â giâ, Rânjhe, tere tâin.  
 Tîn din mainûn bhûke nûn ho gae, kite rotî hath na âi.  
 Wâste Rabb de rotî mainûn châk de, tûn jîve jagûn tâin.  
 Makkion turke hâjî, Kaidû, â giâ Rânjheûn tâin."
- 290 " Bich ujâr de langar bhaldâ ? Ithe kin ne deg charhâi?  
 Atthoû pahroû mainûn rotî âwandi, hân Chûchak Mihar dâ mâhî.  
 Je tûn bhuṭṭa bhûkâ, pai jâ Siyâlân dî râhî."  
 " Adhî nâlon chappâ de de, pinnî nâlon bhorâ.  
 Awal pun sâri dâ kar de, agle jug dâ dohrâ."
- 295 Jad Rânjhe sawâl Kaidû dâ suniâ, palle Kaidû de chûrî pâl.

- 285 Saith Kaidû,\* " I speak truth and speak it to thee.  
 I am come a pilgrim from Makkâ, O Rânjhâ, to thee.  
 Three days have I been hungry and had no bread at all.  
 Give me bread for God's sake, thou servant, and mayest thou live for ever.  
 I, Kaidû, am come a pilgrim from Makkâ to Rânjhâ."
- 290 " Who can light a hearth in the wilds ? Who can put a cauldron (on the fire) here ?  
 I am the neatherd of Mihar Chûchak and get my bread once in the eight watches.  
 If thou art very hungry take thy way to the Siyâls."  
 " Give me half of half a piece or a quarter of a piece (of sweetmeat).  
 Give me first all the bread, that thou mayest win double in the next world."
- 295 When Rânjhâ heard Kaidû's speech, he put some cakes into Kaidû's wallet.

Loke chûrf Kaidû tur piâ, âke Siyâle vich dinde dbâi :

“ Hîr tâu Rânjhâ main bich bele de dekhâ, jhûf boldâ nâhîn.

Hîr loke Rânjhâ chalâ jâo, lâj Siyâlân nân lâin.”

\*Eh gall jadoû Siyâle no sun lî, Hîr Kâjî de parline pâl.

300 “ Eh karam bich Siyâlân de nâhîn ; tû pai jâ mâpiâû de râhîn.

Samajh siyânâ ban jâ, Hîre, pai jâ Kheron de râhîn.

Khera tainûn biyâhko le jâwange, rassî pâwange bâhîn.

Joro Rânjhe dâ mân kârdî hai, oh chûk nahîn kisi tâhîn.”

Phattû Kâjî Hîr nân samjhâtâ : “ Bich tû Balishton Dozakh nân na jâin.”

305 “ Sun, we Kâjî pâk namâjî ; tainûn kahinde huin,  
‘ Miyân ! Miyân !’

Taking the cakes Kaidû went and cried out amid the  
Siyâls

“ I have seen Hîr and Rânjhâ in the forests, and I tell  
no lies.

Rânjhâ will take away Hîr, and there will be shame to  
the Siyâls.”

When the Siyâls heard this, they sent Hîr to be taught  
by the Qâzî.

300 (Said the Qâzî to Hîr) : “ This is not like the Siyâls :  
follow thou the way of thy parents.

Be wise, O Hîr, and go the way of the Kherâs.

The Kherâs will take thee away in marriage and will  
bind thine arms with a rope.

The Rânjhâ on whom thine heart is set is but a worth-  
less neatherd.”

Said Fattû, the Qâzî, to Hîr : “ Go not from Heaven  
to Hell.”

305 (Said Hîr) : “ Hear, O holy Qâzî ; men call thee, ‘ Lord,  
Lord !’

'Miyân' khalkat Rabb Sachê nûn kahindî, jerâ rizak  
dindâ sab jiyân !

Hîr, main Dhartî; merâ hal Miyân Rânjhâ, nit uth  
mârdâ sîmân.

Post hoke, merî haddî rawan gîâ, oh de pîte bîj na jîwân.  
Khoke Rânjhe te Kheriân nûn dindâ terâ kyûnkar'bagdâ  
hîân ?

- 310 Je tainûn Kherô bahut piâre, Kâjîâ, dolî bich pâ de apnî  
dhiân !"

"Samajh siyânî chhaḍ de takabbar, pakar halomî ban  
jâ Kheriôn dî bândî.

Sombî rūpâ nâl lâvin jarânâ, Kherô chhaddî korî chândî.

Sir ton nangî, pairon so nangî, hâl fakirân de jândî.

Teri tûṭî jûṭî, pâṭî lungî, pairân dî gard sir nûn jândî.

- 315 Unche dhaular Sîde de sunhari chhajjî, utho pawan  
hulârî khândî.

And men call the True God 'Lord', that giveth sus-  
tenance to all !

I, Hîr, am the Earth, and Miyân Rânjhâ is my plough  
that ever plougheth.

Like opium he hath entered my bones, and I cannot live  
without drinking (him).

How can thy heart brook that thou take me from  
Rânjha and give me to the Kherâs ?

- 310 O Qâzî, if thou so lovest the Kherâs, give them thy own  
daughter in marriage !"

"Be wise and give up thy pride, and be humble, and  
be the maid of the Kherâs.

Thou dost attach thyself to false silver and leavest the  
true silver of the Kherâs.

Thou wilt become as a *faqîr* with bare head and naked  
feet.

Thy shoes will be worn out and thy skirt tattered and  
the dust of thy feet will fly to thy head.

- 315 In the lattices of the lofty palace of Sîdâ the cool air plays.

Chhaḍko Kherân nûn pallâ Rânjhe dâ pharḍî haiñ, Bahish-  
ton Dozakh nûn jâñdî."

"Sun, we Kâjî pāk namâjî, kâgij lîkhâ bagge :

Ag lag jâo terâ ghar, jal jâo balan kitâbân sabbe !

Put mar jâe, nûh ranḍî bah jâe, tere âve jâñ de agge !

- 320 Hakk Rânjhe dâ Kheron dindâ ; tere bhâ kabârân nûn  
lagge !"

"Âkhân sachî, akh sunâwân, main dewân, Kâjî, dohâî.

Hîr mere to parhî nâhîn, oh mero parhâñdî nâhîn."

Panje Khere kattho ho gae, takiâ majlis lî.

Ik kahinde haiñ : " Hîr dâ sâkhâ Mabbû Sunâre nûn do  
do ; oh dî daulat kammî nâ kâî."

- 325 Ik kahinde haiñ : " Hîr dâ sâkhâ Adalî Râjâ nûn do do ;  
oh dî hai baḍî bâdsbâhî."

To leave the Kherâs and to seize the skirt of Rânjhâ is to  
go from Heaven to Hell."

"Hear, O holy Qâzî, that writest on the white papers :

Fire seize thy house and burn all thy books !

May thy son die and his wife be a widow and thy  
daughter suffer !

- 320 Thou givest Rânjhâ's right to the Kherâs · fire burn  
thy grave !"

(Said the Qâzî to the Siyâls): "I tell you truth, and  
I, the Qâzî, claim your protection.

Hîr listeneth not to me, nor can be mad : to listen."

The heads of the Kherâs gathered together and held  
a meeting.

Said one : "Give Hîr in marriage to Mabbû, the Gold-  
smith, that hath no lack of wealth."

- 325 Said another : "Give Hîr in marriage to Râjâ Adalî,\*  
that hath a great empire."

Chûchak kahindâ: "Hîr dâ sâkhâ Rânjhe nûn de do,  
jerâ ghar sâde dâ mâhi."

Kaidû kahindâ: "Hîr Kherôn de do; main sachî âkh  
sunâi."

Itni gall majlis bich ho gal, Hîr dî kitî Sîdo Khero  
nûn kumâhi.

"Charhdîân nadiân paindîân lashkân, meriân ankhîân  
Rânjhe diân dukhâiân.

330 Jân jân manjhi de magari phirdâ, dukhdi dîn sawâiân:  
Pardestiân de dukh kaun bande, bâz apnî mâiân?

Nâ main liân rok rupae, na ginko liân chhamâiân.

Siyâlân vichh âke kî dhan katthiân? Lakh badiân sarâiân?

Tainûn biyâhke le jâo Sîdâ, main kyûnkar râlân bhâlân?

335 Kin tere hatth gââ bandhâ? Kin terî mehndî lî?

Said Chûchak: "Give Hîr in marriage to Rânjhâ, the  
neatherd of my house."

Said Kaidû: "Give Hîr to the Kherâs; it is truth that  
I say."

When this had been said at the meeting, Hîr was  
betrothed to Sîdâ, the Kherâ.

(Said Rânjhâ): "The strong currents of the rivers have  
risen and the eyes of me, Rânjhâ, are troubled.

330 They are greatly troubled, as I wander after the  
buffaloes.

Who shall know the trouble of a stranger, but his own  
mother?

Neither did I take any money, nor did I receive any  
pay.

Have I gathered any wealth by coming to the Siyâls?

But I have endured a thousand reproaches!

When Sîdâ takes thee away as a bride, how shall I meet  
my brethren?"

335 (Said Hîr) "Who shall bind on the marriage bracelets?  
Who shall stain thee with henna?"

Kideghar tainûn biyâhan jânâ? Kida banwangâ jamâi?"

"Mohanâ Bâhman mere gââ bândhâ: Phattî Nâin ne mehndî lâl.

Ralke kufân ne butnâ lâit, het Rânjhe de chauki dhâi.

Ghar Chûchak de biyâhan jânâ; main banân Siyâlân dâ jamâi.

340 "Bârân baras unhân dî manjhî chârân, main ginke nahîn li chhamâi.

Lagî si kachahri Chûchak Mihâr dî, jad mainûn Hir pharâi.

Hun koî Hir khoe luf, tân bich Dargâh de diên dohât."

Sâth suhelîân katthân holân, janj dekhan Sîde dâ âi.

Tîn tîn tangalî kanne Sîdâ, sir lungî balî malâhî.

345 Ankhoi kânâ, sir te ganjâ, jorî bandî nahîn.

"Main tân mâl Rânjhe dâ, jerâ sâde ghar dâ mâhî."

Into whose house shalt thou marry? Who shall make thee a son-in-law?"

"Mohan, the Brâhman, shall bind on the bracelet; Fattî, the Barber's wife, shall bring the henna.

The maidens shall anoint me with oil and place the (marriage) throne beneath Rânjhâ.

I will marry into the house of Chûchak; I will be the son-in-law of the Siyâls.

340 Twelve years have I grazed their buffaloes and have taken no pay.

It was in the assembly of Mihâr Chûchak that Hir was given me.

If any one take her away now I will complain to the Court (of God).

Sixty maidens collected to see the marriage procession of Sîdâ.

Sîdâ had three rings in his ears and a large turban like a boatman.

345 He was one-eyed and bald-headed and no match for (Hir)." (Said Hir): "I belong to Rânjhâ, the neatherd of our house!"

- “ Sir par tamak patâr Kheriân rakh lîâ terî prît de mâre.  
 Takht Hazârâ bâbal dâ chhorâ, chhode bîr piâre.  
 Lâlî bhâbhî rondî chhadî, jin urde panchhî mâre.  
 350 Us Lâlî nûn parbat rondî, asî mânas kaun bichâre?  
 Putr pathân de asî châk sadâle, châk honde kaun bighâre?  
 De jawâb, mûr jâ gharon nûn, jâke raliye bhâlchâre.”  
 “ Pairân bâj nâ sonde thamân, hathân wâj nahîn kariân.  
 Putrân wâj mâwân nahîn sondiân, daulat diân bharîân.  
 355 Bhâîân bâj bahinân nahîn sondiân, pañd uðekeñ kharîân.  
 Kanthân bâj nârân nahîn sondiân, bhâwân hondîân hûrân  
 pariân.  
 Rânjhe bâj main Hîr nahîn sondi, bhâwân lakh Kheriân  
 dî faujân charhiân.

- (Said Rânjhâ): “ For thy sake I put the drum and the  
 goods of the Kherâs on my head.  
 I left Takht Hazârâ of my fathers, and my beloved  
 brethren.  
 I left my brother's wife Lâlî, that kills the flying birds  
 (with her glances).  
 350 The (stony) hills would weep for Lâlî, and what am I  
 that am a man?  
 I, the son of nobles, am called a servant, and who careth  
 for a servant?  
 Dismiss me that I may go home and mingle with my  
 brethren.”  
 (Said Hîr): “ Without feet anklets are useless, and brace-  
 lets without arms.  
 Mothers are useless without sons, though covered with  
 wealth.  
 355 Sisters are useless without brothers, that wait beside  
 the roads.  
 Women are useless without husbands, be they spirits or  
 fairies.  
 I, Hîr, am useless without Rânjhâ, though thousands of  
 Kherâs surround me.



Je mukh mûrâ Rânjhe yâr, ton hâliâ Dozakh bich  
sariân.”

“Rerû rukh bich gun nâ koî, phirde bhawar piâse.

360 Barân baras taiñ manjhi charâñ, hun deke dher  
dilâse!

\*Takht Hazârâ bap dâ chhoîâ, ronde chhadê mâpe.

Bhâî bîr piâre chhadê, chhadê tâi châche.

Rânjhâ, hans Allah dâ, galiân bich ruldâ, Sîdâ kâg nûn  
bahâvegi pûse.

Jin hatten ghio khand khilâ, kinne chhâb nabin deni  
bich kâusi ?

365 Oh din chote kar, jis din bele bich âwandî si âpe.

Tû charh gai Sîde Kherê dî dolî : asî jinâ kede parwâr  
se ?”

Hîr âkhdî Rânjhe nûn : “Tûn sâde sir dâ sâñ.

If Rânjhâ turn away his face I suffer as in the midst of  
Hell.”

(Said Rânjhâ) : “There is no good thing in the *rerû\**  
tree, and the bees roam about it thirsty.

360 For twelve years thou madest me graze buffaloes and  
now thou givest promises !

I left Takht Hazârâ of my fathers and my weeping  
parents.

I left my dear brethren and my uncles.

Rânjhâ, the swan of God, is wandering in the lanes,  
while Sîdâ, the crow, is called to thy side.

The days were when thou didst feed me with sugar and  
*ghî* and put no curds into my cup ;

365 Remember, too, the day when thou didst come of thyself  
into the forests.

When thou goest in marriage to Sîdâ, the Kherâ, with  
whom shall I dwell in solace ?”

Said Hîr to Rânjhâ : “Thou art the lord of my head.

---

\* The *acacia leucophloea*.

Ohî jâke manjhîân châre ; ohî châre gâîn.

- 370 Bârî mahîne Kherê kaṭ lain de, tervîû mahîne tere khol âî.  
Mainûn kasam Kurân de ; main dharam dolândî nahîû."

Hîr nûn torke Rânjhâ muṛ piâ, Siyâlân vich murî bajâî.  
Jadoû Rânjhe de bajî murî, kaṭhî ho gai kul lukâî.

"Agge tain bajâî Hîr kamî bhûl gai, hun bhûlnâ kisi ne  
nâîû.

Khâlî kyûn pûr bajâwandâ, bâlakiâ ? Takht Hazâre nûn  
jâîû !"

- 375 Siyâlân ton tur piâ Rânjhâ, lagâ Takht Hazârâ dî râhîn.  
Lâlî kahindî, "Chalo, suholio, ral dekhen chaliye sâdo  
debar ne bahutti ândî.

Khûh de utte lîâ utârâ, piṇḍ na barî sarmândî.

Go and graze the same buffaloes ; go and graze the  
same cows.

Let me spend twelve months with the Kherâs and in  
the thirteenth month I will come to thee.

- 370 Let me take an oath on the Qurân : I go not back on  
my word."

Leaving Hîr Rânjhâ returned and played his flute among  
the Siyâls.

When Rânjhâ played his flute all the people collected,  
(And said) : " Before, when thou didst play (on thy flute)  
thou didst deceive the foolish Hîr, now thou dost  
deceive no one.

Why dost play the 'flute, boy ? Better go back to  
Takht Hazârâ !"

- 375 Rânjhâ left the Siyâls and took the road to Takht Hazârâ.  
Said Lâlî : " Come, my maids, let us go together to see  
the bride my brother-in-law hath brought.

She must have stayed at the well, too shy to enter the  
village :

Kâri jaisi patli, nau nau jhhoti khândi !  
 Akkân vichh mewe bhâldi, tor tor phale khândi.  
 380 Dhi Chûchak di, bahin Pathân di, Jatti kawâri torke  
 ândi."

"Hîr khusi te kajji pai gai, Lâlo ; tain kyân boli lai ?

Sine sang lagi phalâdou\* hathen âp di lai.

Ohhadke Hîr nûn murke âit tere tain.

Chela ho jawân Gorakh Nâth dâ, Takht Hazâre murke  
 âwân nâhin."

385 "Nain nigârâ lâlân bich rang mahil de bharde.  
 Hoti chhâre, dand badânâ, riwâro jabâ de phirde.  
 Atiân-jatiân maroân-wâle main bahle dekh le tharde.  
 Je terâ chit kardâ Takht Hazâre, â jâ ; nâhin, mo'e  
 murde."

"Pattâ mâr, phakiri kariye, Allâh de log sadâo.

One-eyed and so slender, that she bends down nine  
 times !

She finds fruit in the *ak*† plant and plucks and eats it.

380 The daughter of Chûchak and sister of Pathân, the Jatt  
 maiden is brought here."

(Said Rânjhâ) : "Lâlo, Hîr hath been torn from me,  
 why dost thou tease me ?

Thou dost thrust a spear of steel into my breast.

Leaving Hîr I am come back to thee.

I will become a follower of Gorakh Nâth and come back  
 to Takht Hazârâ no more."

385 "The glory of thine eyes hath entered the palace.

Thy lips are dates, and thy teeth pomegranate seeds,  
 and thy speech sweetmeats.

I have seen many proud men like thee brought to ruin.  
 If thou dost regard Takht Hazârâ come or go back."

"We should slay our pride and become saints and be  
 called the people of God.

\* For *fauldâ*.

† The *ak* is a poisonous plant, *asclepias gigantea* these two lines are  
 ironical.

- 390 Utte dhiraj de âsan karke kis nûn hâl sunâe ?  
 Lâlî wandî lâl nahîn bandî, bhâven sattar âb charhâe.  
 Lâlân dî lâlî kadhî nahîn jândî, bhâwân sattar bhasham  
 ralâe.  
 Be-aslân de asal nahîn bande, bhânwen sattar ilam  
 parhâe.  
 Hansân de bache kâg nahîn bande, bhawân rūî lî bahâe.  
 395 Tâzî dî aswârî karke, terâ tātû dâ kî sarâhî ?  
 Bē-kadaron dî yârî kolon je tūt jāe, tân lakh pāe.”

Sûbeh sâr phajar dâ velâ Rânjhe Tille dâ rah pachhâî.  
 Jûn jûn Tillâ nere âwandâ didâ don sawâî !  
 Bhenkan sher, chaniû na oh nûn dehdâ ; Rânjhâ boldâ  
 nahîn bulâî.

- 390 Sitting on the seat of patience we should not complain ?  
 Carats\* will never be rubies, though washed in 70  
 waters :  
 The redness of the ruby will never depart, though  
 rubbed in 70 ashes.  
 The base will never be noble, though thou try 70 plans.  
 The cygnet will never be a crow, though it stands  
 upon a dunghill.  
 395 He that rides an Arab horse, will he admire thy pony ?  
 When unrequited love is gone a lākḥ (of rupees) is  
 gained.”

It was the hour of early morn when Rânjhâ found the  
 road to (Gorakh Nâth's) Tillâ.†  
 As he approached the Tillâ its glory increased !  
 The lions roared and he could not see the hill, nor  
 spake Rânjhâ when called.‡

---

\* The lâlî is a small red seed used in weighing precious stones.

† In the Gujrânwâlâ District.

‡ As he was so frightened.

400 Aukhi ghâtî, bakrâ paindâ; Rânjhe sambhâlke pair takâiâ.

Astâ Mastâ Jogî baiṭhe; Rânjhe ne dohân nûn sîs niwâiâ.

Panj rupae, tân pânân dâ berâ, pahilî bhaint̃ charhâiâ.

"Maujû dâ put, main Matte dâ potâ, jog lain nûn chalke âiâ.

Kan phârke mundrân pâ deo, mainûn charḥ jâ rūp sawâiâ."

405 "Mâpiân jhirkî kî? Tûn rizak bhonâ, Jogîân dî koll lag kharoven?

Chaubî hazâr sâns hî tainûn hâsil koî nâ hoven.

Jis banjâre nûn ghâtâ â gîâ, so banjârâ roven.

Chelâ ban chalân Gorakh Nâth dâ, Chaudhar Takht Hazârâ dî khoven."

Tille utte Gorakh baiṭhâ, Gorakh badâ asâni\*.

400 The way was difficult and the road was steep and Rânjhâ walked with care.

Astâ and Mastâ, the Jogîs,† were sitting there, and Rânjhâ bowed his head to them.

He offered them five rupees and betel leaves‡ (and said):

"I, the son of Maujû and grandson of Mattâ, am come to take the saintship.

Bore my ears and put in the rings, that my beauty may increase."

405 (Said they): "Have thy parents scolded? Is thy living hard, that thou art standing by the Jogîs?

Of 24,000 (departed) breaths thou canst not recall one.

If a merchant suffer loss that merchant weeps.

If thou become a disciple of Gorakh Nâth thou wilt lose the Chiefship of Takht Hazârâ."

Gorakh sitting at his Tillâ was very gracious.

\* For aḥadnî.

† Followers of Gorakh Nâth.

‡ A customary present.

- 410 " Kan phârke mere mundrân pâ de, sâli de mîrgânî.  
Nagari sârî chîtke le âwân, ghat dewân dhûân te pâñî.  
Hor ohele sab urle parle, maiñ, Rânjhâ, châk madâmî."  
" Kanak bharoli, ghio ghar, ghar mânî duniyâ dî bhog.  
Dekh bagânân tarimtâñ, hañ bihâ jādân rog.
- 415 Jadân, bâlakî, karegâ phakîrî, ab mukhrâ nâ hog?  
Âkh Gorakh dâ mâñ le, aukhâ kañhân hai jog."  
" Takht Hazârûñ maiñ chalko â gî, sun le, Gorakh  
Sâñ.  
Maujû dâ put, maiñ Matte dâ potâ, mainûñ ruliâ hoîâ  
bhale nâññ.  
Jog dâ khilat gal mere pâ do, sir mункe soñ banâññ.
- 420 Hatth bañhke kardâ bintî, mainûñ charnân apno lâññ."

- 410 (Said Rânjhâ) : " Bore my ears and put in the rings and  
give me the deer-skin cloak.  
I will beg through the whole city for thee and tend thy  
fire and water.  
Thy other followers are here and there, I, Rânjhâ, will  
ever be thy servant."  
(Said Gorakh) : " There is gold and *ghî* in thy house,  
and thou dost enjoy at home the pleasures of the  
world.  
Gazing on straggling women thou art bringing misery on  
thyself.
- 415 My son, when thou hast become a *faqîr*, thy face will  
not be as now.  
Hear the words of Gorakh, the saintship is a difficult  
thing."  
" Hear, my Lord Gorakh, I am come from Takht Hazârâ :  
I am the son of Maujû and the grandson of Mattâ, think  
me no wanderer.
- Put the garment of the saintship round my neck and  
shave my head.
- 420 With joined hands I pray and place my head at thy  
feet."

"Ajmat\* nâon kahar dâ dhakkâ, aukhî hai ghât  
phakîrî.

Ropâû tekriâû bich bâsâ sâdâ ; sâ te kehe mangdân Gur-  
pîrî ?

Kan phârke mundrân pâ deân lahû dî bag jâe tatîrî.

\*Kâlîâû keshân bich bhasham ralâ deân, terî chhadungâ  
nâ garmîrî.

425 Mâmâ ne pakîâû, putân no khâdiâû ; koî nahîn shahr  
jagrî.

Bhûnîn sonâ to dhûnîn tapnâ ; nahîn koî palang pal-  
ghanîrî."

Tille uttou Rânjhâ utarîâ, Gorakh dâ nâdh churîâ.

Nawân Nâthân de akkh bachâo, Rânjhâ Nâî Chandal nûn  
dhîâ.

Bich bareî de nâdh dabiâ, oh de utte âsan bichhîâ.

"The name of greatness bringeth blows, and the saint-  
ship is a difficult path.

I live among the stones and potsherd :—is this the  
Saintship thou dost want from me ?

If I bore thy ears and put in the rings, the drops of  
blood will fall.

If I rub ashes into thy black locks, I shall destroy the  
pride.

425 Mothers cook and sons eat, but I have no cities and lands  
(to give thee).

I sleep on the ground and warm myself at the fire :  
I have no bed and covering."

Rânjhâ descended the Tîllâ and stole Gorakh Nâth's  
conch.

Escaping the eyes of the Nine Nâths Rânjhâ went to the  
Chândal (Chinâb) River.

He buried the conch in the sand and made his seat  
above it.

- 430 Dharti Mātā dī sompā kittī, Khwājā Pir dhyāiā.  
 "Eh tāt nādh tustī kisī nūn denā nāhīn, je koī Jogī  
 āiā."  
 Nādh dubke Rānjhā mupā Gorakh dī dhūtī nūn āiā.  
 Gorakh ākhdā : "Bachā, yārān chorān dī mat na jāndī,  
 bhawān satar hoī siānā.  
 Pakkā dhām merā thaṇḍā ho gīā, bīte bakhat biāhnā.  
 435 Nausai chappī paī kharke, bhūkān Jogī mar gīā kamlānā.  
 Ithoñ nādh pharānī, bālakiā, je koī tukrā khānā."  
 "Choriān te badnāmīān dindā ! Tere akhal thikāne nāhīn.  
 Takht Hazāre dā Chaudharī, koī mainūn evīn kamīn  
 jāne nāhīn."  
 Kānpā chelā ākhdā : "Sunēn, Gorakh Sāhīn,  
 440 Nādh terā Rānjhe Jatt ne churāiā, kinī sadh ne churāiā  
 nāhīn.
- 430 He gave it into the care of Mother Earth and meditated  
 on the Saint Khwājā (Khizar and said) :  
 "Give not up this conch to any one, if a Jogī come for it."  
 Burying the conch Rānjhā returned to Gorakh's fire.  
 Said Gorakh : "My son, the plans of libertines and thieves  
 withstand not, however wise they be.  
 The cooked food is becoming cold and the time for  
 eating is passing away.
- 435 Waiting with 900 bowls the helpless Jogīs will die of  
 hunger.  
 Bring the conch\* here, my son, that they may eat their  
 food."  
 "Calling me a thief and bad names ! Thou hast lost  
 thy senses !  
 I am the Head of Takht Hazāra, think me no low man."  
 Said Kānpā, the follower : † "Hear, my Lord Gorakh,  
 440 Rānjhā, the Jatt, hath stolen thy conch : no one else  
 hath stolen it.

\* By which to call them.

† But see Vol. II., p. 16 ff.



Nādh tere nūn bareṭī khāndī, bahindī manjhīn gān.

Dhartī Mātā dī sompā rakhdī, kol Khwājā Pīr kitā ogāhī.

Hun tēn nādh tainūn kadhī nahīn thiāunā, Jatt ne karārī dhār bagāī.

Eh Jatt hai barkat-wālā, inhān nādh tainūn kadhī vī denā nāhīn."

445 "Tille utte main Gorakh baiṭhā; Gorakh hān badā khidārt.

Bārān chhakke de nard pherān, tere Rānjhā bājī jit lewān sārī.

Je bal karān satter pīr dā, bhāj jānge ithe, rahnān kisi nūn nāhīn.

Mārān pawwā Dhartī nūn, gārat kar deān, Khwājā dā sukhā deān pānī.

Bhall chāhe tānādh pharā; nahīn, kar deān Lankā Wālī.

The sand hath eaten thy conch, and cows and buffaloes rest upon it.

He gave it to the care of Mother Earth and made the Saint Khwājā (Khizar) witness.

Thou shalt never recover thy conch, for the Jatt hath buried it deep.

This Jatt is a wizard and will never give thee thy conch."

445 "I, Gorakh, am sitting on my Tīllā; I, Gorakh, am a great magician.

I can throw the twelve and move the men (accordingly)\* and will win the game from thee, Rānjhā.

If I use my strength against the 70 Saints they will all fly hence and none will remain.

I will strike the Earth with my shoe and make her sink, and will dry up the waters of Khwājā (Khizar†).

If thou desire thy good, then give up the conch, or I will use thee as the Lord of Lankā.‡

\* See Vol I., p 244, &c

† As Lord of the Flood

‡ Allusion to the tale in the *Rāmāyana* Rāvana, Lord of Lankā, carried off Sītā, wife of Rāma Chandra, and was slain in revenge,

450 Eh gall merî mân le, Rânjhîâ, tainûn saohî âkh sunâî."  
Rânjhâ aggiou âkhâ: "Gorakh, mainûn jhûmân  
tohmataû na lâin.

Put main Maujû dâ, Matte dâ potâ, lakkhân pagân dâ

Je gidar-wâlî chungrâhî mârân, tâu mere sab âwange  
bhâî :

Ehnân Jogtâ ne bhaj jânâ, ethe rahnâ kist ne nân !

455 Bhâlî châhe Gorakh âsan chak lo ; nahîn, dholân khâko

Hon bhûn zor sârâ lâ le, nâdh bajâi bin dindâ nânî,"

Sajje Rânjhâ nâdh bajâiâ, kabhe murî bhî.

Biche turîân bhîrkân, kus bâjî dâ orakh nân.

Sunke bâjî Devî Mâtâ bhajî, karko sherân dî aswârî.

450 Listen to my words, Rânjhâ, for I tell thee truth "  
Then said Rânjhâ: "Gorakh, bring no false charges  
against me.

I am the son of Maujû, the grandson of Mattâ, and lord  
of 100 heads.

If I make a call as a jackal\* then all my brethren will  
come :

And all thy Jog will fly hence and none remain !

455 If thou seek thy good, Gorakh, go hence, or thou wilt be  
thrust away.

Bring the whole force of the world, and yet I will not  
give up the conch until I have sounded it."†

On the right Rânjhâ sounded the conch, on the left he  
played the flute.

There was no end to the music in the couch.

Hearing the music came the Mother Goddess riding on  
her lion.†

\* The tribal cry of the Rânjhâ Jatts to collect the tribe in time of  
danger This custom still exists in the Panjâb

† i.e., made himself as great as Gorakh

† i.e., Durgâ!

- 460 Paune sai chappe Machhandar Nâth de sabhi chapke âe.  
Sunke bâji Adalî Râjâ bhajâ âke, bahindâ Kachahrî lâtî.  
Sunke bâji chele Gorakh Nâth de khush hoe, sabhnân  
ne bhall manât.

Sunke bâji Gorakh khush hoiâ, kan phâre dî sartî dhât.  
Sajje Rânjhe de pakki mundrâ, kabhe kachî pât.

- 465 "Chhoṭî nûn kahnâ 'bibi,' bhanân, badî nûn kahnâ 'mâî.'  
Nagarî sârî chîtke lâtî, mere bhikh nûn lāj na lâtî."  
"Rosîân bhajân de kan phârdân, terî akal thikâne  
nâhî.

Kan banânde mundrâ le le, main Jogi banân nân.  
Jede khâtir main Jogi ban gîâ, oh nûn kyûnkar âkhân  
'mâî' ?

- 460 Three quarters of a hundred followers of Machhandar  
Nâth\* came together.

Hearing the music came Râjâ Adalî with his Court.

Hearing the music the followers of Gorakh Nâth were  
happy and the saints were happy.

Hearing the music Gorakh Nâth was pleased and made  
ready to bore (Rânjhâ's) ears.

Into Rânjhâ's right ear he put a *pakka* ring, and into his  
left ear a *kachâ* one.†

- 465 (Said Gorakh Nâth to Rânjhâ): "My Saint, call the  
young women 'sister' and the old women 'mother.'  
Beg throughout the whole city and bring no shame to  
my (profession of) begging."

(Said Rânjhâ): "Hast lost thy senses that thou borest  
the ears of runaways and fugitives.

Make whole my ears and take thy rings, I will be no  
Jogi.

How shall I call her 'mother,' for whose sake I would  
be a Jogi ?

\* See Legend of Gopi Chand, *ante, passim*. † See below line 607

‡ *Kachâ* and *pakka* mean respectively unbaked and baked pottery, of  
which material the rings were made.

- 470 Jogî banân, mihinân lâj sâdî kul nûn lâl."  
 "Sun, Rânjhiâ, main tainûn âkhdâ, Gorakh Sâin :  
 Jeriân gallân tusûn te bakhshâunâ, eh sâde karam  
 phakîrân de nân.  
 Jâ, Rânjhiâ, tainûn Hîr bakhshî Makke Madîne tâin.  
 Hîr terî, tûn Hîr dâ, kitte hor pâse jhânke nân."
- 475 Jog Rânjhâ ne le lîâ, Hîr' bhûldî us nûn nân.  
 "Gurûjî, bhajke kâlâ kâg Hîr dî khabar de mangâin."  
 Gorakh kâg nûn âkhdâ, "Tûn Kheriân nûn ud jâin.  
 Uthe Hîr hai Rânjhe dî, oh dî jâke khabar lo âin."  
 Tillion kâg ur gîâ, Khere bardâ jâe.
- 480 Ghar ghar phirdâ bhûldâ, unhoi Hîr thiâwandî nân.  
 Ghar Sîde de jâke kâg lendâ Rânjhe dâ nân.
- 470 If I become a Jogî my family will be disgraced."  
 "Hear, Rânjhâ, I, the Lord Gorakh, speak to thee :  
 The thing thou dost desire cannot be granted by a  
*fuqîr*.  
 Go, Rânjhâ, Hîr is granted thee from Makkâ and  
 Madînâ.\*  
 Hîr is thine and thou Hîr's, and look thou not on  
 another "
- 475 Rânjhâ took on the Saintship, but forgot not Hîr.  
 (Said he) : " Sir Gurû (Gorakh Nâth), send thy black  
 crow to bring news of Hîr."  
 Said Gorakh to his crow : " Fly thou to the Kherâs,  
 Where is Rânjhâ's Hîr, and bring news of her."  
 The crow flew from the Tîllâ and entered Khe.â.  
 480 He looked into every house, but found not Hîr.  
 The crow went to the house of Sîdâ, and called out  
 Rânjhâ's name, (and said) :

i.e., by Muḥammad, the highest Mussalmân authority.

- “ Rānjhe mainūn bhajiā, Hīre, ā giā tere pās,  
 Je dharam terā kām hai, tūn tur pio sādē nāl.  
 Oh tūn Jogī ho giā, nit lendā hai terā nān.”
- 485 “ Āvīn, kag rasīliā, āvīn mero pās.  
 Sau sau salām tainūn main karān, tūn Rānjhe de dās.  
 \* Chūri kūtān phul khaṇḍ dī, bhattā ghī rālī,  
 Je Rānjhā mainūn mil pawe, tūn oh khāne khāo.”  
 “ Akhān sachī, ākh sunāwān, main jhūṭh boldā nān.”
- 490 Rānjhe mūe nūn tin din ho gae, utte Tille de kabar banāi.  
 Main tūn Rānjhā chele ban ikke Nāth de, donon ban  
 gur-bhāi.  
 Oh dī tūn aurat lagdī, meri lagdī bhujāi,”  
 Jad eh gall sunī Hīr no sabar dī mārḍī dhān : “ Ithoñ  
 ur jā tūn, kāliā kōwān !  
 Je Rānjhā mar giā, tūn main kaṭārān khāwān.”

- “ Rānjhā hath sent me, O Hīr, and I am come to thee.  
 If thou art still faithful, then come with me.  
 He hath become a Jogī and is ever calling on thy  
 name.”
- 485 “ Come, friendly crow, come to me, (said Hīr) :  
 I make thee a hundred salutations, thou servant of  
 Rānjhā.  
 I will make thee cakes of fine sugar and mix butter  
 with thy food.  
 If thou bring Rānjhā to me this shall be thy food.”  
 “ I say to thee truth and I tell no lies.”
- 490 Rānjhā hath been dead there three days and his grave is  
 on (Gorakh Nāth's) Tilla.  
 I and Rānjhā were disciples together, the brother-  
 followers of one Nāth.  
 Thou art his wife and my sister-in-law.”  
 When Hīr heard these words she could keep no patience  
 (and said) : “ Fly hence, thou black crow !  
 For if Rānjhā be dead, then will I stab myself with a  
 dagger.”

- 495 "Eh gall hai jhūṭhī, Hirē, main tainū eviṁ sunāi.  
Rānjhā ho gū Jogī, ang babhūt charḥāp.  
Gorakh hoī khush utte Rānjhe, oh ne tūn bakhshāi.  
Main udnā ithon; de snehā Rānjhe tāiṁ."  
"Uḍiṁ, kāwān kag rasliā, ud jā, kālīā kāwān.
- 500 Ik snehā main Talt amman nūn denā, oh dī main kakh  
vichh samāwān.  
Dūjā snehā mere Chūchak, bāp nūn kahnā, oh de main  
mastak charḥke āwān.  
Tijā snehā piṇḍ de panchān nūn kahnā, jinbeṁ ditiān  
Rānjhe nāl lāwān.  
Chanthā snehā Fatti Nāin nūn kahnā, jē te main sohnā  
āis gudhāwān.  
Panjwān snehā Fattū Kājī nūn kahnā, jih dī mahjit\*  
parḥne jāwān.
- 495 "It was not truth, O Hīr, that I said to thee just  
now.  
Rānjhā hath become a Jogī and rubbed ashes on his  
body.  
Gorakh hath been pleased with Rānjhā and given thee  
to him.  
Let me fly hence with a message for Rānjhā."  
"Fly, O friendly crow, fly, O black crow.
- 500 My first message is for my mother Tulī, that bore me  
in her womb.  
My second message is for my father Chūchak, from  
whose head I was born.†  
My third message is for the village elders, that gave me  
in marriage to Rānjhā.  
My fourth message is for Fatti, the Barber's wife, that  
used to dress my hair so well.  
My fifth message is for Fattū, the Qāzi, that taught me  
in the mosque.

\* For masjid.

† Natives believe that the seat of procreation is the forehead.

- 505 Ik snehâ merâ chhatrî tãlî nûn kahâ, jithe tain baiþhke  
lãwân.  
Ik snehâ khandî pîpal nûn denâ, jit Sâwan dî pigtân  
pãwân.  
Ik snehâ merâ Luðan mallâh nûn kahâ, oh dî beþî bich  
"ohhej bichâwân.  
Sârâ snehâ Rânjhe yâr nûn denâ, main jîs dî Hîr sadâ-  
wân."  
Kheriân te kâg ur piâ Tille Gorakh de âiâ.  
510 Pâs Rânjhe de bahke, sârâ Hîr dâ hâl sunâiâ.  
"Hîr tûn sukh kî kânâ ho gai, main âkheñ vekhke âiâ.  
Chhetî, Rânjhiâ, jâñ kheriân nûn": kâg ne Rânjhe nûn  
âkh sunâiâ.

Tillôn Rânjhâ utariâ, utariâ nâdh bajâe.  
Majilon majilon â gîâ, bâg Kheriân de lathâ âe.

- 505 A message from me is for the spreading tree, beneath  
which I was married.  
A message from me is for the sweet *pîpal* tree, where  
I used to swing in the rains.\*  
A message from me is for Luðan the boatman, that  
spread my bed in his boat.  
Give all my message to my lover Rânjhâ, whose Hîr I  
call myself."  
The crow flew away from Kherâ and came to Gorakh's  
Tillâ.  
510 It sat down beside Rânjhâ and told him all the story of  
Hîr (saying):  
"Hîr hath become as a dry reed, I have seen her with  
my own eyes.  
Go quickly, Rânjhâ, to Kherâ:" said the crow to Rânjhâ.

Rânjhâ came down from the Tillâ sounding his conch.  
Stage by stage he came and entered the Kherâ's garden.

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\* Swinging under *pîpal* tree in the month of Sâwan for luck is a universal custom in Northern India among the young.

- 515 Subeh sâr fajar dâ belâ, Rânjhâ Kherên ba:ia bichhâ  
nûn jâe.

Ko:ia Rânjhe chûrmân, lîâ jholî bich pâc :

Jad piñd de yâne katthe ho gae, tân sabhnân nûn bartâiâ.

Rânjhe 'âlakh' jagâ dittâ bûhe Bhûge Jatt Kherô de jâe :

Rânjhe bichhâ mangdâ dar Bhûge de nâdh bajâiâ.\*

- 520 Bachian yâne ne rasi torâ lie, tân gâian ne ârâ pâiâ.

Phutiân dudh diân kûriân, sârâ dudh sa:âiâ.

Khere kahde: "Eh kî raulâ ho giâ ? Eh sabhrathâ Jogî  
kidharôn âiâ ?"

Rânjhâ Hîr dî saunrî jâ ba:â, bhukke bāj māngon pich-  
hon tâwandâ.

Agge raugale palang utte Hîr barthî, jholî sitke ho giâ  
bâwarâ.

- 515 It was early morn when Rânjhâ went to the Kherâs to  
beg alms.

Rânjhâ made cakes and put them into his wallet,

And when the village children collected, he distributed  
them amongst them.

Rânjhâ called 'âlakh'\* before the door of Bhûgâ the  
Kherâ Jatt

And sounding his conch he demanded alms of Bhûgâ

- 520 The young calves tore at their ropes and the cows  
lowed.†

They overset the milk-pails and spoilt all the milk.

Said the Kherâs: "What is this disturbance ? Whence  
bath come this wizard Jogî ?"

Rânjhâ entered the home of Hîr's father-in-law, sorrow-  
ing like a hungry falcon.

Hîr was sitting before him on a painted couch, and  
throwing down his wallet he became frantic.

\* See Vol I, p 32, etc.

† Should be Siyâl: the father-in-law of Hîr.

‡ i. e., on hearing the conch.



- 525 Jad Rânjhe nâdh bajâi Sîtî khaiṛ chîne dâ pâiâ.  
 “Kidharon â giâ, Jogîâ ? Taiñ kishâ makar banâiâ ?  
 Leke bichhâ mur jā; tîn kihâ jhagrâ pâiâ ?  
 Eh ghar hai Sîde Khere dâ : tîn ithe kâs nûn aiû ?”  
 “Gorakh Tille te Jogî utarâ, Jogî badâ nakinâ !
- 530 \* Âke Khereñ ‘âlakḥ’ jagât, milke baiṭhâ Sîde dâ basî mân.  
 Âṭe dî bichhâ mainûn koî nahîn pâwandî, jo koî pâune  
 Nâth nûn chinâ !  
 Âṭe hove sâdh madhû-garî pakāve ; terâ bhaṭh nahîn  
 bhujdâ, Sîtî, chinân.”  
 “Jamiâ mar jā, gharîâ bhaj jā ; eh bandâ hai utalî  
 Parbatgâr\* dâ.  
 Sâhûkârân de mâl khizâne luṭ gae ; phaṭṭe kânse nûn  
 kâh nûn chatârdâ ?
- 525 When Rânjhâ sounded his conch Sîtî brought him some  
 millet as alms (and said) :  
 “Whence comest thou, Jogî ? and what is thy story ?  
 Take thy alms and go ; why create a disturbance ?  
 This is Sîdâ’s house : why hast thou come ?”  
 (Said Rânjhâ) : “A Jogî comes from Gorakh’s Tîllâ,  
 and a comely Jogî too !
- 530 Coming to Kherâ he calls out ‘âlakḥ’ and sits at Sîdâ’s  
 threshold.  
 No (wheaten) flour is given him in alms, but what is  
 given to the Nâth is millet !  
 Were it (wheaten) flour the saint could cook it : thy  
 millet, Sîtî, will not even parch in an oven.”  
 “What is born will die,† what is made will be broken :  
 man is a creature of God.  
 Merchants are robbed of their wealth and goods : why  
 art thou grieving over a broken bowl ?

\* For *Parvaidigâr*. See *ante*, p. 407.

† Sîtî says this : something seems to have been omitted before this speech.

- 535 Je tain kânsâ matfi dâ lenâ, bûhâ milain kist kumbâr dâ.  
 Je tain kânsâ lakri dâ lenâ, bûhâ milain kist tarkhân dâ.  
 Je kânsâ chândî sone dâ lenâ, bûhâ milain bare sâhukâr dâ.  
 Kânsâ nâlon tainûn garwâ le deân, bharke de deân, Nâth,  
 kanak te jawâr dâ.  
 Mâre—mûṭe dâ eh ghar nahin, eh ghar hai Sîde Sarfâr dâ.  
 540 Â jõe Sîdâ, tere akal gauwâve, phir phirengâ Hîr nûn  
 bhâidâ.\*

Jadon Rânjhe wal Hîr ne dekhâ, uthke bah gal bichârî :  
 Jad âshikân nûn mâshûk mil pie, sukhlî harî hoî tarkarî.  
 Wâste Rânjhe de milan nûn Hîr tân Sîti ne banat banâî.  
 Sajje hatth dî ungall baddî, sar sarap dî lâlî.

- 535 If thou dost want an earthen bowl, go to some potter's  
 house.  
 If thou dost want a wooden bowl, go to some carpenter.  
 If thou dost want a bowl of silver or gold, go to some  
 great merchant.  
 I will get thee a bowl made and fill it, Nâth, with  
 wheat and millet.  
 This house belongs to no low man, but to the Lord  
 Sîdâ.  
 540 When Sîdâ comes thou wilt be frightened and then where  
 shalt thou find Hîr ?"

When Hîr looked towards Rânjhâ she got up and sat  
 down, and was restless :  
 When lover meets beloved the flesh grows moist and  
 (then) dry.\*  
 Then Hîr and Sîti made a plan for (Hîr's) meeting with  
 Rânjhâ.  
 (Hîr) cut a finger of her right hand (and said) a snake  
 had bitten it.

\* i.e., they become restless.

- 545 "Bhābū nī, ik Jogī vekhiā, Jogī anj khiālī.  
 Sūkhān banān nūn Jogī hare kardā, pat pat lāwandā dālf.  
 Āke Kherēn 'ālakḥ' jagā gīā; tain kyūn kaḥiā khālī?  
 Akhe tūn Jogī nūn Kherēn basāo; nahīn, main, Sītī,  
 chalnevalī."
- "Kherio, Hīr nag ne dāngī, dāngī nāg ne yānī.  
 550 Ghatak lamman, rang dā sunehri, kar giā mandī bhānī.  
 Sajje hath dī chīchī par larīā, bis charḥdī hai zor  
 dhagānī.  
 Utteñ dhāb de ik Jogī sunī dā; oh sar sappān dī jānī."  
 Sīdā chālke kol Jogī de ā gīā, hor Sītī bhī nāl āī.  
 Hatth banhke Sīdā kardā arjān: "Sun le, Jogīā Sātī,  
 555 Ikī Kherē bich Chaudharī kahāwān; ghar dāulat dī  
 kammi nālī.

- 545 (Said Hīr to Sītī): "O sister, I have seen a Jogī, a  
 Jogī beyond belief.  
 A Jogī that can make green the dried forest and bring  
 leaves on every branch.  
 He hath come to the Kherā's and called 'ālakḥ'; why  
 dost send him away empty?  
 Do thou make the Jogī a dweller in Kherā, or, Sītī,  
 I shall run away."  
 (Said Sītī): "O Kherās, a snake hath bitton Hīr, a  
 young snake hath bitten her.  
 550 A finger long it was and of golden hue, and it hath  
 put her in sore trouble.  
 It hath bitten the little finger of her right hand and  
 the poison is strong.  
 There is a wise Jogī on the hill that knoweth about  
 serpents."  
 Sīdā went to the Jogī and Sītī went with him.  
 Said Sīdā with joined hands: "Hear, my Lord Jogī,  
 555 They call me Chief of the 21 Kherā (clans) and there is  
 no lack of wealth in my house.

- Râtîn Hîr nûn sap lar gîâ, bachdî dikhdi nân.”  
 “ Âkhân sachi, âkh sunâwân, merâ jânâ bandâ nân.  
 Sânnûn âsan chhadnâ charaj hai, sôî satîâ rahindî nân.  
 Je tuhâ nûn dard badherî hai, tân lâr sâde pâs.  
 560 Je shap dâ mârâ mar jâvo, main âpe pâ dowân sâns.”  
 Sîtî te Rânjhâ mil gae, ikko kttî salâh.  
 Sidâ mungdâ baithâ rah giâ, unhân kus khabar na sâr.  
 Dhûn te ~~râk~~ chakke, dindâ Sîtî de hatth pharâî.  
 “ Unhân dhûnî gûgal dî do doo, râjî karo Khudâo.”  
 565 Murke Sidâ â giâ, â bahindâ Hîr de pâs :  
 Jo kus Jogî ne dasiâ, oh kttâ ilâj :  
 Hîr aggon vî aukhî ho gai, bhattî kardî kûk pukâr :  
 “ Nâ ik gharî nûn mar jâwângî, lo chalo Jogî do pâs.”  
 Doli vichh Hîr pâ lîe, leke ture kahâr.

In the night a snake bit (my wife) Hîr and she will not  
 be saved.”

“ I tell thee truth I cannot go there.  
 I cannot leave my seat without losing my virtue.  
 If thou art in great trouble bring her to me.

- 560 Even if she be dead of the snake-bite I myself will  
 give her breath.”

Sîtî and Rânjhâ together made a plan.  
 Sidâ sitting beside them had no knowledge of it.  
 (Rânjhâ) took some ashes from his fire and gave them  
 into Sîtî's hand (and said) :

“ Give her incense of my smoke and God will make her  
 well.”

- 565 Sidâ went back and sat beside Hîr,  
 And did all that the Jogî had said.  
 Hîr then became in great trouble and cried out with a  
 loud voice :  
 “ If thou wouldst not that I die in an hour take me  
 to the Jogî.”  
 They put her into a litter and bearers carried her.

- 570 Nâl chimtî de Jogî jhârdâ, dittî bis utâr.  
 Mele bichhârî de ho gae, yârân nûn mildî yâr.  
 Yârân chorân âshikân dî pat rakhe Kartâr !  
 Dhâb utton Jogî şur piâ, ţuriâ Sîde de nâl.  
 Ghar Sîde dâ âko âsan dittâ, chaubâre bich læe.  
 \*575 Dindâ khalkat nûn bûţân te golîân, kardâ jinn bhût de  
 ilâj.

Jad bahle din rahinde nûn ho gae, tad Hîr de kâdhan  
 dî kittî salâh.

Aggion Sîtî boldî : "Tainûn sachîân deân sunâe :  
 Jaisî hai tubâdî dohân dî dostî, aisî hai merî Murâd de  
 nâl.

Je tûn kall Hîr nûn lo giâ, main dewân dohât pæe.

- 580 Dohât tainûn Gorakh Nâth dî merâ yâr milâo."  
 Rânjhâ nâdh bajâiâ, Gorakh nûn lendâ dhyâo.

- 570 The Jogî charmed her with his (fire) tongs and took out  
 the poison.

The separated met and the lover met his lass.

(For) God preserves the honour of lovers and thieves !

The Jogî came down from the hill and went with Sîdâ.

And going to Sîdâ's house took up his abode in the  
 upper story.

- 575 Giving the people herbs and medicines he cured (those  
 possessed of) goblins and sprites.

When many days had passed (Rânjhâ) made a plan to  
 carry off Hîr.

Then said Sîtî : " I tell thee truth :

As ye two love, so do I love Murâd.

If thou take off Hîr alone, I will demand redress.

- 580 I adjuro thee by Gorakh Nâth to bring me to my  
 love."

Rânjhâ sounded his conch and meditated on Gorakh.

Nâdh bich Makke de sun piâ, Murâd Baloch nûn âiâ khwâb.

"Tere âshik yâd kardi chhetî mile Sîtî nûn jâe."

Jaisâ Sassî nûn Punnûn mil piâ, aisâ Sîtî nûn mile Murâd.

585 Jethî râit Itwâr dî, Rânjhê lie Hîr nûn churâe.

Leke Hîr nûn jhal vichh bay gîâ, Kheriân nûn khabar na sâr.

Sîtî ajân bhî, nahîn pichhâ chhadî, bâṭî ghar dî jâe.

"Tainûn kasam hai Gorakh Nâth de, mainûn chhad jâ Murâd de pâs."

Rânjhâ Murâd sadiâ, ohhin mâtar bich gîâ âe.

590 Sîtî utte dâchî de châṛh lie, hoîâ Chinâûn pâr.

The sound of the conch reached to Makkâ\* and Murâd, the Baloch, had a dream :

(That) his love remembered him and that he should go quickly to Sîtî.

As Punnûn went to Sassî,† so Murâd went to Sîtî.

585 It was on a Sunday night in June that Rânjhâ carried off Hîr.

He took Hîr off into the wilds and the Kheriâs knew nothing of it.

Nor Sîtî knew, but she followed them and caught them up on the road home (and said) :

"I adjure you by Gorakh Nâth leave me with Murâd."

Rânjhâ called Murâd, who came in the twinkling of an eye.

590 He mounted Sîtî on a camel and was across the Chinâb.

\* i.e., a very long way.

† The hero and heroine of a very old and famous Baloch love tale, found all over the Panjâb in many a form.

Magar khabar Kherân nûn ho gai, ditti das Chhatti ne pao.

"Tuhâdi Hîr nûn Rânjhâ le gîâ, Sitti nûn le gîâ Murâd."  
Jadoñ mahilen warke Hîr nûn na dokhdo, ghorî lende phakarân pao.

595 "Chalo Jogi nûn chalke mariye, dâg gîâ knl nûn lâo"—  
"Sun, be chakâ, chhâ piakâ, tainûn mat na kâl.

Tukre khândâ beh subeh, phirdân jû phirâtî.

Katti bachi chârânwâlîâ, pâ lîâ tain Kheriân dî Hîr churâe.  
Jinhân Siyâlân dîân majjî chârân, magare dhâr Siyâlân dî âi.

Panj sai ghorî Sîde dî gararî chambî ghatte urdî Kheriân dî râhtî!"

600 "Nâ main chaph gai kâlî parbat, nâ Chândan Nabâ tapâi:

Afterwards Chhatti\* gave news to the Kherâs, (saying):  
"Rânjhâ hath carried off thy Hîr and Murâd hath taken Sitti."

When they entered the palace and found not Hîr, they saddled their mares,

(And said): "Come, let us slay the Jogi that hath disgraced the family."

595 (Said they): "Hear, O servant, drinker of skimmed milk, thou hast no sense.

Thou dost wander about eating stale bread, wandering in the wilds.

Thou herdman of young buffaloes, thou hast stolen Hîr of the Kherâs.

The Siyâls whose buffaloes thou dost graze are after thee."

"The five hundred bay and grey mares of Sîdâ raise the dust along the path of the Kherâs!"

600 (Said Hîr to Rânjhâ): "I have not ascended the dark mountain, nor crossed the Chândan (Chinâb) River:

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\* One of Hîr's maids

Nā dekhiā Tillā Gorakh Nāth dā, nā Takht Hazārā āi.  
Nā dekhiā Adalī Shahr suhānā, jithe bahindā Kachahrī  
nāl lāi.

Deke baḍī Adalī Rāje nūn mil pawo, apnī dohān dī jūn  
bachān.

Tainūn mārānge, mainūn baḥhke le jānge : sādī maut  
ikattān dī āi."

605 Chahke Kherās ne Rānjhā phar lā; kalle dī bāh na  
chaldī kāl.

Ik kahinde: "Hir to Rānjho nūn chhaḍ deo; Hir sādē  
kamm dī nān."

Ik kahinde: "Adalī Rāje kol chalo; inhān use chhaḍo  
nān."

4. Baḥhke Rānjho nūn Rāje Adalī de le gae; unheṇ surat  
Gorakh wal takāl.

Nor have I seen Gorakh Nāth's Tillā, nor reached  
Takht Hazārā :

Nor have I seen the beautiful City of Rājā Adalī, where  
he sitteth in his Court.

Let us give Rājā Adalī a bribe and save both our lives.  
They will slay me and take me away bound, and we  
shall both die together."

605 The Kherās came up and caught Rānjhā, for one man's  
power availeth naught.

Said one: "Let Hir and Rānjhā go; Hir is of no use  
to us."

Said another: "Let us go to Rājā Adalī\*: release them  
not here."

They bound Rānjhā and took him to Rājā Adalī, while  
he meditated on Gorakh (Nāth).

\* This worthy seems to have been ruling at the time in the neigh-  
bourhood of the Kherās' holdings, (P) at Kot Addū in the Muzaffar-  
garh District



- Adali Râjâ Kheriân nûn âkhdâ : " Eh kaisâ jhagrâ pâiâ ?  
 610 Kî tuhâdîân ghorîân kaqhîân ? Kî khizânâ churâiâ ?"  
 " Âkhân sachîân, âkh sunâwân, Adali nûn sachî âkh  
 sunâi :  
 Kalûâ te Tulsîâ Ohhiyâlân\* te tur pie, kar gae Rangpûr  
 • Kheriân nûn dhâi.  
 \ Bhari kachahri vichh Sîdâ Kherâ bahe gîâ : oh de muuh  
 nûn gur dî reorî lai.  
 Baihke jan† Sîdâ Siyâlân vichh dhank piâ ; agge ghar  
 hai Rânjhâ Chûchak de mâhi.  
 615 Fattâ Kâjî kahine parh lie, Hîr sharâh de nâl biyâhîn.  
 Lakh rupae vichh Siyâlân de bandîâ, daulat banûn de  
 vichh khadâi.  
 Sir Rânjhe de tamak de lîâ, âwandâ piṇḍo piṇḍ bajâîn.

- Said Râjâ Adali to the Kherâs : " What is this quarrel ?  
 610 Hath he stolen your mares, or money ?"  
 " We say to theó truth, O Adali :  
 Kalûâ and Tulsîâ† set out from the Siyâls and came to  
 Rangpûr of the Kherâs.  
 Before the whole assembly they sat Sîdâ the Kherâ and  
 put the sweets into his mouth.§  
 Making a marriage procession Sîdâ went to the Siyâls  
 and there found that Rânjhâ was Chûchak's neat-  
 herd.  
 615 Fattâ, the Qâzi, performed the ceremony and Hîr was  
 married according to the law.  
 A lakk of rupees was given to the Siyâls and money  
 was scattered in the forests.  
 The drum was placed on Rânjhâ's head and he played  
 it in every village.

\* For *Siyâlân*† For *janj*

‡ The Brâhman messengers to arrange a marriage. This settles the  
 position of the Kherâs at Rangpûr in the Muzaffargarh District  
 § i e, betrothed him to Hîr.

- Jadoñ Rānjhā Rangpūr Kheriān vichh ā gīā, sohanī  
mohanī banjali bajāi.  
Sunke banjālī shahr ikatthā ho gīā, inhān parjā vekheñ  
āe.
- 620 Biyahān kurtān murke sohre nahīn jāndiān, kawārī koī  
biyāh karwā deñ nahīn.  
Mārke dhakke Rānjhe nūn bāhar kaddhiā, kar gīā  
Gorakh de Tille nūn dhāi.  
Jāke sidhān dā nādh choriā, inhān kan vichh mundarān  
pāt.  
Dhāke Bangālē Jogī parhke ā gīā, sikhiā dī lai bāl  
gudāi.  
Uthon turke Rangpūr Kheriān ā gīā, āke bāg vichh dhūnī  
lāi.
- 625 Sākhā bāg hariā kītā, pat pat dālī nūn lāi.

- When Rānjhā reached Rangpūr of the Kheriās beauti-  
fully and ravishingly he played the flute.  
Hearing the flute the city collected and all the people  
came to see.
- 620 The married girls would go not to their husbands and  
maidens would not wed.  
So we thrust Rānjhā away and he went to Gorakh  
(Nāth's) Tilla.  
There he stole the saint's conch and obliged him to  
put the ring in his ears.\*  
The (new) Jogī went to Dhākā and Bangāl† and studied  
and learnt the ways of holiness.  
Returning thence he came to Rangpūr Kheriā and made  
his (Jogī's) fire in the garden.
- 625 He made the dried up garden green and brought leaves  
on every branch.

\* i.e., to make him a follower.

† Vague terms, meaning a long way off

Âthon vele Jatt gaje nûn chahdâ, jâke Kheriân vichh  
'âlakh' jagâi.

Dah ghar chorhdâ, do ghar mangdâ, phirdâ chorân mang  
takâi.

Luhâ mârâ Sîtî kamli ne Rânjhe nûn khair chine dâ lât.  
Hiton chhadke kânsâ bhaniâ, bah giâ berâ bich bheûnâ  
pât :

- 630 Nâl nihân de chine nûn chugdâ, maidâ sabar dî dohân :  
'Dââ ann men chhadke na jânâ; eh sikkhâ mainûn  
Gorakh ne samjhâi.'

Sappân tholân dî phendî bandhdâ, Hir Sîtî kolon bâg  
vich mangâi.

Lekê Hir nûn râwal Jogî uth giâ, Sîtî khabar nahin kerê  
khâte pâe.

Bhale châhunâ, Adalîâ, inhân phâi châk lo, eh lâik  
chhadan de nân."

During the 8 watches the Jatt went a-begging and  
called out '*âlakh*' at the Kherâ's houses.

Passing over ten houses he begged at two, wandering  
and begging like a thief.

The simple Sîtî did wrong in giving millet as alms to  
Rânjhâ.

So that he let drop his begging bowl and took a firm  
seat in the courtyard :

- 630 And picked up the millet with his nails, praising (the  
virtues of) patience, (saying) :

'Never leave the scattered corn; thus did Gorakh teach  
me.'

He could take the stings from snakes and scorpions, and  
called Hir to Sîtî in the garden.

The wily Jogî carried off Hir and none knoweth what  
hath happened to Sîtî.

If thou dost desire thy good, O Adalî, thou shouldst  
hang him up, as he ought not to live."

- 635 Bich Kachahri de Adali ākhā Rānjhe nūn, ākhke sunāi :  
 "Naukar lenī, roz dā rupāe le le ; orak nūn do likhān.  
 Dola lenā, tūn golī bāndī dā le le ; tainūn Hīr thiāwandī  
 nāhīn.  
 Mahīnā lenān, tūn adhi bānd le ; tainūn sārīnā thiā-  
 wandīn nāhīn.  
 Naukar lenā, tūn merā tahlīwā le jā ; jāke apnī ghar  
 dīnā mahīn charānī.
- 640 Bhalī chāhe, tūn Kachahriān nikal jā ; nāhīn dhaulān  
 khāke jānī."  
 Itne chir nūn Rānjhā boliā, boliā Adali de tātū :  
 "Maujū dā put, main Matte dā potā, lakkhān pagān dā  
 Tere nālōn mēre kol rāj badherī ; mainūn ruliā bhāle  
 nāhīn.  
 Naukarī denī, sattān bādshāhīān dā lāl de de ; itne kām  
 rupāe de nāhīn.

- 635 In the midst of the Court said Adali to Rānjhā :  
 "If thou wouldst have service take a rupee a day ;  
 take as far as two (rupees).  
 If thou wouldst marry take slaves and maids ; thou  
 canst not keep Hīr.  
 If thou wouldst buffaloes, take half (nine) ; thou canst  
 not take all  
 If thou wouldst servants, take mine to tend the buffaloes  
 of thy house.
- 640 If thou wouldst thy good, leave the Court, lest thou be  
 thrust out."  
 Then spake Rānjhā and said to Adali :  
 "I am son of Maujū and grandson of Mattā and Lord  
 of a lākḥ of heads.  
 I have a greater empire than thou ; think me no (mere)  
 wanderer  
 If thou wouldst give me service pay me with the ruby of  
 seven kings ; I have no need for rupees.

- 645 Mahîrân dené, sâre de de; kujh chhadke jânda nahîn.  
 Golî bândî kîsî garîb nûn de de; sâde kârn pîndâwâlîân  
 de nahîn.  
 Je sâk Kherîân dâ le denâ, tûn Chhattî Sîtî dâ sâk diwâlîn.  
 Abbâl tûn apnî dhî Niwâzân de de, merî chāk dî jholî  
 bich pânî.  
 Wâste Allāh de, wâste Nabî de, Hir de de mainûn  
 bhagî-wâlê nûn; merî jorî vichh bhāng na pânî.
- 650 Je Hir tûn mere se khoî lortî, tainûn, Dargah milāngî  
 sazâîn.”  
 Vichh kachahri de Kaidû kûkdâ: “Sachî âkh sunâî.  
 Bâp de ghar aaf tin beṭe, tinnî sage bhâî.  
 Chûchak de lekḥ Chaudhar likhî: Mîhrî dî Padchhâhî.\*  
 Merî Kaidû dî lekḥ likhî Fakîrî: Dâde ne kalam bagâî.

- 645 If thou wouldst give buffaloes give all and leave none.  
 Give slave-girls and maids to some poor man; slave-  
 girls are of no use to me.  
 If thou wouldst wed me amongst the Kherîs, give me  
 Sîtî and Chhattî.  
 First of all give me thy own daughter Niwâzân, to put  
 into my wallet.†  
 For the sake of God and (Muḥammad) the Prophet  
 give Hir to me, the wearer of the blanket;‡ spoil  
 not the match between us.
- 650 If thou wilt take Hir from me, thou shalt be ruined and  
 disgraced.”  
 Kaidû§ called out in the Court: “I say truth.  
 We were three brothers in our father's house: three  
 own brothers.  
 Chiefship was written in Chûchak's fate, and Lordship  
 in Mîhrî's:  
 In my, Kaidû's, fate was written Saintship: it was the  
 writing of God.

\* For *bâdshâhat*  
 † i.e., a *faqr*

† i.e., as charity.  
 § Hir's uncle.

- 655 Jis dīn dā chāk Chhiyālān vichh barīā, tīn saī kufī biyāhwan  
dittī nān.

Bhālī chāhunā, inhān phāe de de; lāik ohhādan de nāhīn."

Adālī Rājā Chūchak nūn ākhdā: "Tūn saohī saoh sunān.

Jeh nūn Hīr dittī hai, oh nūn das de; evīn jhūth na  
lān."

Vichh Kachhri de Chūchak ākhdā: "Main jhūth boldā  
nān.

- 660 Sattar Khān, bahattar umre, Hīr main Rānjhe de hatth  
pharāī.

Barān barsān Rānjhe merīān manjhi chārīān, maithe  
kaudī nahīn lī chhamāī.

Bhāichāre ne dhakkā kitā, Hīr chakke Kheriān doli bich  
pāī.

Ehdhon jhūth hai, tūn Hīr nūn pūchh le: terī vichh  
Kachhri de Hīr āī.

Ehdhon gallon jo jhūth nikale, tūn bich Dargeh main  
bharān sazāī."

- 655 Since this servant (Rānjhā) came to the Siyāls 360  
maidens have refused to marry.

If thou wouldst thy good, (O Adālī) hang him; he is  
not fit to live."

Said Rājā Adālī to Chūchak, "Tell me the truth.

Show me to whom thou hast given Hīr: tell me no lie  
in this."

In the Court said Chūchak: "I tell no lies.

- 660 Before 70 Khāns\* and 72 nobles I gave Hīr to Rānjhā.  
Rānjhā grazed my buffaloes for 12 years and took no  
pay at all from me.

My brethren thrust him away, and seizing Hīr married  
her to the Kheriās.

If there be a lie in this ask Hīr: she is in thy Court.

If there be a lie in this may I be punished in the Court  
(of God)."

---

\* Chiefs of the Siyāls.

- 665 Ūbi tanî Hîr pair piâde chalke Kachahri vichh âi.  
 "Bikhat painde râjâ rânîân ; main bhî bikhat pai te âi.  
 Pahilân bikhat piâ Râm Chand nûn, oh di Sîtâ dah-sir  
 ne churâi.  
 Phir 'bikhat utte dah-sir nûn pai gîâ, us de sone di  
 Lankâ lutâi.  
 Phir bikhat piâ utte Mansûr de, jeh de khâtir Dâde ne  
 sâli gadâi.
- 670 Phir bikhat piâ Samâsmarez nûn, jo pûthî khâl le âi.  
 Hun bikhat mainûn Hîr nûn pai gîâ, Adaliâ, bich  
 Kachahri de main âi.  
 Leke baqt gall Kheriân kardâ ; merâ dîr-andeshân dâ  
 kallâ mâhî !

- 665 Without a veil and on foot came Hîr into the Court.  
 (Said she): "Kings and queens have suffered ill : I too  
 am fallen into trouble.  
 First trouble fell upon Râm Chandar, whose Sîtâ the  
 ten-headed (Râvana) stole.  
 Then the ten-headed came to trouble, whose golden  
 Lankâ was stolen.\*  
 Afterwards trouble fell upon Mansûr, for whom God  
 allowed gallows to be erected.
- 670 And then trouble fell upon Shams Tabrez, whose skin  
 was flayed.†  
 Now hath trouble come upon Hîr, O Adali, that she  
 should come into thy Court.  
 Taking bribes thou dost side with the Kherâs, and my  
 uncared-for weath'rd is all alone !

\* See above *passim*.

† Shekh Hussain Hallâj Baizî, more commonly and wrongly called Mansûr Hallâj, or shortly Mansûr, and Maulânâ Shamsu'ddîn Muhammad Tabrezî, better known as Shams Tabrez, are two of the great martyrs of the Sôfi sect of the Muhammadans. Mansûr was put to death at Baghdâd by Al-Muqtâdir B'illah, the 18th Abbaside Khalîfa of Baghdâd, about 919-922 A.D. Shams Tabrez was murdered at Qunia (Iconium) in 1274 A. D.—the flaying alive is a legend—by an opposition party of Sôfis, headed by 'Alâ'u'ddîn Mahmûd, nephew of his own celebrated pupil Maulânâ Jalâlu'ddîn Rûmî, better known as the Maulavi Rûmî, founder of the Sôfi *dervishes* of Qunia. See ante, p. 404.

Daulat leke Side nûn muḍh bahāwanā; kaudī jorke  
khisāne vichh pāī!

Uṛdā ohhāpā mainūn Sīdā lag gīā, korī kāghaz nūn lagī  
siāhī.

- 675 Rānjhā merā phul gulābī; main hān us de jal dī murgābī.  
Gīlān khamṭīn maite uṛdā na jāndā; mainūn lāj ishīk ne  
lāī!

Jaisī terī ghar dī Niwāzān, Adalīā, aisī main Chūchak  
Mihar dī jāī.

Hakk hān main Rānjhe dā, oh nūn de de: merī jorī bich  
bhang na pāī.

Itnī gall jad Adalī ne sunī, Hīr sadke pās bithāī.

- 680 Jad muṇh Hīr dā Adalī ne dekhiā, tāt sudh budh rah  
na kāī.

Hīr mahilēn apnī chāṛhā lē, bahīr Kheriān de uṭhāe.

Rānjhe nūn kahindā Adalī: "Tūn bhī jhūtān hai; pahilān  
kītī thī Hīr dī merī kurmāī!"

For wealth thou dost side with Sīdā, to collect pence  
to put into thy treasury!

Sīdā clings to me like a stray thorn, like ink to clean  
paper.

- 675 Rānjhā is a rose-tower to me: I am to him as a water-  
fowl on the water.

My wings are wet and I cannot fly: I am not ashamed  
of my love!

As Niwāzān is a daughter to thee, O Adalī, so am I  
daughter of Mihar Chūchak.

I am Rānjhā's by right, gave me to him, and spoil not  
the match."

When Adalī heard these words he called Hīr and sat  
her beside him.

- 680 When Adalī saw Hīr's face he lost his wits and wisdom.  
He sent Hīr to his own palace and put away the Kherās.  
Said Adalī to Rānjhā: "Thou too art a liar: Hīr was  
first of all betrothed to me!"



Dhakkâ kitâ Adalî Râje, Hîr dâ palang chaubâre bich  
qhâiâ.

- 685 Jâd hoîâ sânj da belâ Adalî palang Hîr de nûn âiâ.  
 "Adalî Râjîâ, tain adal nâ kamâiâ, dâmân de munhtâje !  
 Kalar terî khandî lag jâ, Adaliâ, bhâ lage darwâje.  
 Mar jâin, Adaliâ, tainûn roin ranîân, 'tere Kâjî parhen  
 janâje.

- Shahr tere it it ho jâ, utte lohe dî phiran sohâgi.  
 Pakke hand pânî de bhar le, kâm âwange tuhâde.  
 690 Gorakh muniân mainûn tâhîân jânî, bachan birthe nahîn  
 jânî sâde."

Âthon bakhat dhadholiâ, Adalî kol Hîr de âiâ.  
 Adalî Râjâ adal nâ kitâ : pair Hîr de palang utte pâiâ.  
 Jadoñ Adalî pair dhariâ, Hîr ne Rabb dhyâiâ.  
 Âtish agg Adalî dî deh nûn lagî, utte pânî chhirkâiâ.

Râjâ Adalî committed sin and had Hîr's bed placed on  
the upper-story.

When it was evening, Adalî came to Hîr's bed.

- 685 (Said she) : " O Râjâ Adalî, thou didst not justice, and  
 turned astray thy face for money !  
 May rot destroy thy walls, O Adalî, and fire thy gates.  
 Mayest thou die, O Adalî, and thy queens bewail thee,  
 and the Qâzî perform thy funeral service.  
 May thy City become a heap of bricks and may iron  
 harrows be dragged over it.  
 Better fill thy brick reservoirs, for they will be of service  
 to thee.

- 690 Know me for a (true) disciple of Gorakh, when my words  
 fail not."

It was the hour of dusk when Adalî came to Hîr.

Râjâ Adalî did not justice and put his foot on Hîr's  
bed.

When Adalî lifted his foot Hîr thought on God.

Fire seized Adalî's body and he throw water over it.

- 695 Ghorā tatti mardān jandā ; parton Hīr Ranjhe ne lāiā !  
Jad Hīr ne bintī kītī, Gorakh ne pherā pāiā.

Dagā kamāiā Adalī Rājē, khoke Hīr chaubāre chārhi.  
Mārke dhakkā Rānjhe nūn kadḥiā Kachahri ; rondā  
jandā albelā māhi.

Jāke bāg de richh dhūni lā lie, sohanī mohani banjalt  
bajāt.

- 700 Bajātān banjaltān bich Makke de suniān, sattarān pīrān  
di porī chārḥke āi.

Bajātān banjaltān bich suniān Multān de, Panjān Pīrān ne  
azmat lāi.

Bajātān banjaltān suniān Devī Mātā ne, shorān par  
chārḥke Rānjhe kol āi.

Bajātān banjaltān suniān Sarwar Jodhe, utte Kakki de  
pākhar pāe.

- 695 Horses and ponies began to die ; Hīr and Rānjhā per-  
formed this miracle !

When Hīr besought him, Gorakh came (to help).

Rājā Adalī committed sin and seizing Hīr took her into  
the upper chamber.

He thrust Rānjhā from the Court : the beautiful neat-  
herd went away weeping.

He lighted a (sacred) fire in the garden and played on  
his beautiful and ravishing flute.

- 700 The sound of the flute reached to Makkā and a company  
of 70 saints came up.

The sound of the flute reached to Multān and the Five  
Saints came in majesty.

The sound of the flute brought the Mother, the Goddess  
(Durgā), on her lion to Rānjhā.\*

At the sound of the flute came (Sakhi) Sarwar the  
Warrior, caracoling on (his mare) Kakki.†

\* See *ibid.*, p. 373.

† See Vol. I., p. 96.

Bajāññ banjallāñ sunñāñ Hanumāñ ne, senā-wāñ phauj  
charhāñ.

- 705 Bāgññ Adalī de pat sūt le, senā ne koñ būṭā chhaḍā nāñ.  
Sabbñ suliā kaṭṭhe ho gae, puchhde Rāñjhe tāñ :  
“Sach kah, bālīā, tainūñ bhīr kāk dī pai gal ? Sanūñ  
sachī ākh sunāñ.”

Boliā Rāñjhā : “Tuhāde hondiāñ Hīr kho lie Adalī ne,  
chākke chaubāre charhāñ.”

Phare muāte āg de shahr Adalī nūñ āg lāñ.

- 710 Jaldā baldā Adalī haudāñ vichh ḍigīā, jāñdā logāñ  
kolon pāñ chhiṛkāe.  
Jūñ jūñ aggoñ utte pāñ paindā, agg bhaṛkḍī dūñ sawāñ !

Kahe Wazīr Rāje Adalī nūñ : “Eh Rāñjhe neñ ḍhār  
bagāñ.

At the sound of the flute came Hanumāñ,\* the leader,  
with his army.

- 705 The army cut down the garden of Adalī and left not a  
tree remaining.

All the saints collected asked of Rāñjhā :

“Say truly, thou youth, what evil hath befallen thee?  
Tell us the truth.”

Said Rāñjhā : “Before you all Adalī hath seized Hīr  
and taken her to the upper-chamber.”

They took burning logs, and set fire to Adalī's city.

- 710 Burning went Adalī into the reservoirs and water was  
thrown over the people.

And when the water reached the fire it blazed forth  
twofold !

Said his Minister to Rājā Adalī : “Rāñjhā hath used his  
power.

---

\* The monkey God, Hanumāñ, was one of Rāma Chandra's chief  
Generals and is constantly called in to help in legends.

Je taîn bachnâ, Hîr nûn chhad de laŕ Rânjho de lâlî.”

Eh gall sunt Adalî ne Hîr muḍh mangât.

- 715 Jun jûn Hîr muḍh Adalî de âwandî, Maule no ṭhandâ  
âp bartâe.

Bhaje chobdâr bhâlan Rânjhâ; kitte thiâwandâ nâhîn.

Bhâldiân bhâldiân nûn bâg vichh thiâ giâ, baithâ sohanîân  
dhanîân.

“Chalo, Nâthjî, tainûn Adalî yâd kardâ, kol baithî ~~hai~~  
Siyâlân di jâl.”

Rânjhâ âkhdâ: “Bhæn marâwandâ tuhâdâ Adalî Râjâ!  
Main kî jandâ Siyâlân di jâl?”

- 720 “Oh nahnî âwandâ, badîkhwariâ Adalî, tûn âp jâko  
lâlî.”

Nangî pairiñ Adalî â giâ, â giâ Rânjho de taîn.

“Jaisî, Rânjhâ, edî karûmât tere vichh, tain mainûn  
zâhîrî karûmât dikhâin.

If thou wouldest be saved give up Hîr to the youth  
Rânjhâ.”

When he heard this Adalî called Hîr to him.

- 715 When Hîr approached Adalî God himself cooled him.

Messengers ran to search out Rânjhâ, but nowhere could  
they find him.

Searching they found him in the garden beside a beauti-  
ful fire.

(Said they): “Come, Sir Nâth, Adalî calls thee and by  
him sitteth the daughter of the Siyâls.”

Said Rânjhâ: “A curse upon your Raja Adalî! What  
know I of the daughter of the Siyâls?”

- 720 (Said the messenger): “He cometh not, O bribe-taking  
Adalî, thou shouldst go to him.”

On his bare feet went Adalî to Rânjhâ, (and said):

“O Rânjhâ, thou hast shown me the miraculous power  
that is in thee.

- Jaisi edī kārāmāt tere vichh, kyūn ohhadi Takht Hazāre  
dī badchhāhī?\*
- 725 Jaisi edī kārāmāt tere vichh, kyūn Gorakhwālī dhūnf tapāī?  
Jaisi edī kārāmāt tere vichh, kyūn lagā Chūchak dā māhī?  
Hīr dā tere nāl nikāh parhāvūr"! Eh gall Adalī ne ākh  
sunāī :
- "Je tere man bharam hai, Rānjhā, tūn Hīr main ne  
banāt hai dharam dī jāī."
- Jadon Adalī eh gall ākhe Rānjhe nūn, Rānjhe ne kari  
Kachahrī nūn dhāt.
- "Jug jug jīvū, Adalī Rājā, tain merī adālat hakk  
pahunchāī!"
- 730 Jadon Rānjhā nādh bajāīā Indar ne barkhā pāī;  
Shahr Adalī dā sukh bas giā kul lukāī.  
Rānjhe dā Hīr dā melā ho giā; phariān Rabb rajhān.  
Adalī Rājē ne adal kamātā, dammān de munhūjē.

- With such miraculous power in thee, why gavest thou  
up the rule of Takht Hazārā?
- With such miraculous power in thee, why didst tend the  
fire of Gorakh?
- 725 With such miraculous power in thee, why wast thou  
Chūchak's neatherd?
- I will marry thee to Hīr!" Then thus spake Adalī:
- "If thou doubt this in thy mind, O Rānjhā, I make Hīr  
my daughter by the law."
- When Adalī spake thus to Rānjhā, Rānjhā went to the  
Court, (and said:
- "Live for ever, O Rājā Adalī, thou hast preserved my  
honour and my rights!"
- 730 When Rānjhā sounded his conch, Indra caused rain;  
And all the people in Adalī's city lived in happiness.  
Rānjhā and Hīr came together, for God favoured them.  
Rājā Adalī did justice and turned away his face from  
bribes.

"Kandhe tere channan lage, mushk lage darwâje!"

735 Adalî Râje Adâlat kîfî: Hîr de biyâh dî kîfî tayyârî.

Shahr sârâ katthâ ho gîâ, râlat katthî kar lî sârî.

"Rânjhe nûn Hîr main dene lagân: eh potri lagdî mahârî!"

Dekho, je koi ~~Hîr~~ nûn mandâ bole, nagarî garak jâe sârî!"

Agge Hîr ditte Chûchak ne Rânjhe nûn; hun asal Adalî ne biyâhî.

740 Leke Hîr nûn tur piâ Rânjhe, leke Makke dî râhn.

Rânjhâ Takht Hazâre dâ, Jhang Siyâlân dî Hîr,

Unhân dohân dî dostî madad Panj Pîr.

Katthâ Ludan Mallâh ne karko badî tadbîr.

Jatt gâwande nâl ~~shad~~hân sârangiân de, dar dar fukre mangen fakir.

(Said the people): "May sandal-wood cleave to thy walls and a sweet scent to thy gates!"

735 Râjâ Adalî held his Court and prepared for Hîr's marriage.

All the city and the dependants collected together.

(Said Adalî): "I give Hîr to Rânjhâ; she is now my granddaughter!"

Hold, if any speak evil of Hîr, his whole city shall be buried!"

First Chûchak gave Hîr to Rânjhâ and now Adalî properly married her (to him).

740 Rânjhâ took Hîr and took the road to Makkâ.

Rânjhâ of Takht Hazâra and Hîr of Jhang Siyâl

Were helped in their loves by the Five Saints.

Ludan, the boatman, made this lay with much ability.

The Jatt sings it to the drum and the fiddle, and the *faqîr*\* bogs from door to door.

---

\* i.e., the bard who actually sings it.

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